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# RELIQUIÆ ANTIQUÆ.

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## SCRAPS

FROM

## ANCIENT MANUSCRIPTS,

ILLUSTRATING CHIEFLY

## EARLY ENGLISH LITERATURE

AND THE

## ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

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TO

CHARLES PURTON COOPER, ESQ.

THIS VOLUME IS INSCRIBED,

A TESTIMONY OF RESPECT

FROM HIS

HUMBLE, FAITHFUL, AND OBLIGED SERVANTS,

THE EDITORS.

# PREFACE TO VOL. II.

In concluding the present work, the Editors take again the opportunity of thanking both the contributors who have enabled them to enrich the collection with many curious pieces which could not otherwise have been obtained, and the subscribers who have encouraged them to proceed. They feel confident that these two volumes of short miscellaneous documents will be found of use to future philologists, and to all who take an interest in the history of our language and literature. The publication was begun in the consciousness that many of the most valuable materials of this description, illustrations of words, traits of manners, facts of different kinds, lay scattered among those short scraps on the margins and spare leaves of manuscripts which had been neglected, chiefly because there was no previous publication in which they could be conveniently inserted. The present work has not been discontinued on account of dearth of materials, but because it was thought that a large work is often felt by the purchaser as an evil, and that if the design should be taken up again, it will have better success when published as a new series or as a new work.

To the list of contributors mentioned in the preface of the first volume, we have to add the names of David Laing, Esq. of Edinburgh, J. Gough Nichols, Esq., Dr. Endlicher of Vienna, and MM. Paulin Paris and D'Avezac of Paris. The Editors

have felt it their duty to dedicate their volumes to two gentlemen whose names will be long remembered in connection with the history and literature of England in the Old Time. Sir Thomas Phillipps, who has permitted his name to be placed at the head of our first volume, has sought distinction in the same honourable manner as the Cottons and Harleys of former days, and has collected together the most precious and extensive private library of ancient manuscripts that exists in our days, and we may add that no possessor of such treasures has ever been more liberal in allowing them to be used by scholars. Mr. Purton Cooper, who has with equal condescension allowed us to dedicate to him this second volume, merits the warmest gratitude of all lovers of our ancient literature as well as of the general historian, for the active and enlightened zeal with which, while managing secretary of the late Record Commission, he caused the libraries of the continent to be explored in search of the numerous documents which had been carried from our island during the revolutions of the sixteenth century, whereby he has dragged from oblivion some of the most valuable monuments of the Anglo-Saxon language.

May, 1843.

# RELIQUIÆ ANTIQUÆ.

## EXTRACTS FROM THE RULE OF NUNS.

At p. 65 of our first volume, we have already given a long extract from this work. For the sake of exhibiting the differences of the language, we now give specimens from the other two manuscripts.

I. From MS. Cotton. Cleopatra C. VI. of the beginning of the thirteenth century.

*Of Greek Fire, fol.* 186, *r°.*

Grickisch fur is i-maked of read monnes blod; ⁊ þet ne mei nan þing bute migge, sont, ⁊ eisil, as me seiŏ, acwenchen. þis Grickisch fur is þe luve Jhesu ure laverd, ⁊ ge hit schule makien of þe reade monne blod, þ is Jhesu Crist i-readet mid his achne blod on þe deore rode, ⁊ wes in read cundeliche, as me weneŏ, þis blod for ou i-sched upon þe arre twa treon schal maken ow sarraptaines, þ is oncende, mid þis Grickische fur, þ as Salomon seiŏ, nane wattres, þ beoŏ worldliche tribulaciuns, nane temptaciuns nouŏer inre ne uttere, ne muchone þis luve acwenchen. Nu nis þenne on ende, bute witen ow warliche wiŏ al þ hit acwencheŏ, þ beoŏ migge ⁊ sont ⁊ eisil, as ich seide. Migge is stench of sunne. On sond ne groweŏ na god, ⁊ bitacneŏ idele dedis, ⁊ acwencheŏ þis fur. Sturieŏ ow cwicliche in gode werkes, ⁊ þ schal heaten ow, ⁊ ontende þis fur agean þe brune of sunne. For alswa as þe an neil driveŏ ut þe oŏer, alse þe brune of Godes luve driveŏ þe brune of ful luve ut of þe heorte.

*Of the sobriety and works of the Nuns, fol.* 190, *r°.*

Ge ne schulen eoten flesch ne saim bute i muche secneise, oŏer hwase is over feble. Potage eoteŏ bliŏeliche, ⁊ wunieŏ ou to lute drunh. Nodeles ower mete ⁊ ower drunh haveŏ i-þucht me ofte leise þenne ic walde. Ne feste ge nan dei to bred ⁊ to water bute ge habbe leave. Sum ancre make hire bord wiŏ hire gest utewiŏ, þ is to muche freontschipe, for of

alle ordres þenne is hit uncumelukest ȝ mest agein ancre ordre, þ is al dead to þe world. Me haveð i-herd ofte þ deade speke with cwike, ah þ ha eten wið cwike ne fond ich ȝet neaver. Ne make ge nane gestninges, ne ne tulle ge to þe gete nane uncude harloz, þach þer nere nan oðer uvel bute hare medlaseschipe, hit walde letten oðer hwile heovenliche þochtes. Ne limpeð naut to ancren of oðer monne almesse to maken hire large. Nolde me lachgen an beggere to bismare, þe laðede men to feste. Marie ȝ Marðe ba were sustren, ach hare lif sundreð; ge ancren beoð i-numen ow to Marie dale þe God seolf herede, *Maria optimam partem, etc.* Marthe, Marthe, quod he, þu art in muche baret; Marie haveð i-core bet, ȝ ne schal hire nawicht reowen hire dale: husewifschipe is Marthe dale, Marie dale is stilneise ȝ reste of alle worldes noise, þ nan þing ne lette hire to heren Godes stevene. ȝ loke hwat God seid, þ nan þing ne schal ow reave þis dale. Marthe haveð hire mester, leoteð hire i-wurðen, ge sitten wið Marie stan stille ed Godes fet ȝ hercneð him ane. Marthe meoster is to fede povre ȝ schruden as hus lefdi. Marie nach naut to antermetten hire þrof, gef ei blameð hire þrof, God seolf ich wer wereð hire, as Hali Writ witneð. On oðer half nan ancre noch neme bute gnedeliche þ hire to neodeð. Hwer of þenne mei ha maken hire large? ha schal libben bi almesse ase naruliche as ha eaver mei, ȝ naut gederen for te geovenne. Ha nis nan husewif, ach is an chirche ancre. Gef ha mei sparien ani povre schraden, sende ham al dearneliche ut of hire wanes; under semblant of god is ofte i-huled sunne. ȝ hu schule þeos riche ancres þe tilieð oðer habbeð rentes i-sette, don to povre necheburs dearneliche hire almes? Ne wilni naut to habbe word of an large ancre, ne for to geone muchel ne beo nan þe gredure for to habbe mare. Beo gredineise rote of hire bitterneise, alle beoð þe bowes bittere þ of hire spruted. Bidden hit for to geoven, hit nis naut ancre richte; of ancre curteisie, of ancre largesce is i-cumen ofte sunne ȝ scheome on ende. Wimmen ȝ children þ beoð i-swunken for ow, þach ge sparien hit on ow, make ham to eotene. Na mon bute he habbe neode ne laðe ge to drinken. Nawicht ne girne ich þ me telle ow, hende ancren. Edgode freont, neomeð al þ ow con to deð, hwen ha beodeð hit ow, for nan bode ne neome ge naut wiðute nede, þ ge ne kecche þe nome of gederinde ancren. Of mon þ ge misleveð, nouðer ne neome ge lesse ne mare, naut swa muche þ beo an rote of gingivre. Muche neode schal driven ow for to bidden ei þing, þach edmodliche schawið to owre leoveste freont outher meoseise.

Ge, mine leove sustren, ne schule ge habben nan beast bute cat ane. Ancre þe haveð achte, þuncheð betere husewif as

Marthe wes, for nanes weis ne mei ha beon Marie wiþ griþfulneise of heorte, for þenne mot ha þenchen of þe cuwes foddre, of heordemenne hure, elch ni þe haiwart, warien hwen he wunt hire, ȝ gelde þach þe harmes. Ladlich þing is wat Crist hwen me make i-cune man of ancres achte. Nu þach gef ani met ne dunge habben hit, loke þ hit na mon ne eili ne ne harmi, ne þ hire þocht ne beo nawicht þron i-vestned. Ancre ne ach to habben nan þing þ utwart drage hire heorte.

Na cheffere ne drive ge ancre, þ is chepilt, ha cheapeþ hire saule to þe chepmon of helle. Naut ne wite in ouwer hus of oþer monne þinges, ne achte ne claþes. Of swich witung is muchel uvel i-lumpen ofte siþen. Inwiþ ower wanes ne lete ge nan mon slepen. Gef muche neod mid alle make breoken ower hus, hwil hit eaver is i-broken habbeþ þrinne wiþ ow an wummon of cleane lif, deies ȝ nichtes. For-þi þer nan mon ne siþ ow ne ge him, wel mei don of ouwer claþ, beo hit hwit beo hit blac, bute hit beo unorne, warm ȝ wel i-wracht, felles wel i-tauwet, ȝ habbeþ ase monie as ow to neodeþ to bedde ȝ to rugge. Nest flesch ne schal nan werien nan linnene, bute hit beo of harde ȝ greate heorden. Stamin habbe hwase wule ȝ hwase wule buten. Ge schulen i nan hetter ȝ i-gurd liggen. Ne beore nan iren ne here, ne ylespiles felles, ne ne beate hire þer-wiþ ne wiþ scurge i-leadet, wiþ holine ne wiþ breres ne biblodegi hira seolf, wiþute schriftes leave. Ne neome ed eanes to feole disciplines. Ower scheon beon greate ȝ warme. In sumer ge habbeþ leave barfot gan ȝ sitten. Hosen wiþuten nampeþ ligge in hwase wule. Sum wummen i-noch raþe wereþ þe brech of here fulwel i-cnotted þe strapeles dun to þe fet i-laced ful neste. Gef ge muchil beoþ wimpelles, beoþ bi warme cappen, ȝ þruppon blake veilles. Hwase wule beon i-segen, þach ha atifi hire nis nan muche wunder, ach to Godes echnen ha is lufsumere þe is for þe luve of him untiffet wiþuten. Ring ne broche nabbe ge ne gurdel i-membred, ne gloven ne nan swich þing þ ow ne i-burþ to habben

Eaver me is leovre, se ge don grattere werkes, ne make ge nane purses for to freonden ow wiþ, ne blod bindon of seolc, ach schapeþ ȝ seoweþ ȝ mandeþ chirche claþes ȝ povre menne hettren. Nan þing ne schule ge geven wiþuten schriftes leave. Hiweþ wiþ ower achne swinch se forþ se ge muchgen, to schruten ow seolven, ȝ þeo þ ow serviþ, as seint Jerome leareþ. Ne beo ge neaver idel, for anan richtes þe feont beot hire his werc þe in Godes werc ne swinkeþ, ȝ tuteleþ anan towart hire; for hwil he siþ hire bisi, he þencheþ þus, 'for naut ich schulde cumen nu nech hire, ne mei ha naut i-geinen to lustin min lare.' Of idelneise awakeneþ muchel flesches fondunge. *Iniquitas Sodomæ saturitas panis et otium.* þ is, Sodomes cwedschipe

com of idelnesse ȝ of ful wombe. Iren þ liȝ stille gedereȝ muche rust; water þ ne sturesȝ naut readiliche stinkeȝ.

II. From MS. Cotton. Titus, D. xviii, written early in the thirteenth century.

*Domestic manners of the Nuns. fol.* 103, *r°.*

Ancre ne schal nawt for-wurðe scole-meister, ne turnen ancres hus to childrene scole. Ge ne schulen senden lettres, ne underfon lettres, ne writen, bute leave. Ge schulen beo i-dodded iþe ger fiftene siðe, ȝ fowr siðe i-leten blod, ȝ oftre gif ned is. Hwase mai wel beo wiðuten, ich hit mai þolien. Hwen ge arn i-leten blod, ge ne schulen do þreo daies na þing þ ow greves, ah talkes to owre servanz, ȝ wiȝ þeawfule tales schurtes ow to gederes. Ge muhen swa don ofte, hwen ow þunches hevie, oðer arn for sum worldliche þing sari oðer seke. Swa wisliche wites ow in owre blod letinge, ȝ haldes ow i swuch rest, þ ge longe þrafter muhen i Godes servise þe monluker swinken. And alswa hwen ge felen ani secnesse. Muche sotschipe hit is to lose for an dai, tene oðer twelve. Wasches ow hwer se ned is as ofte as ge wiln. Anker þ naves nawt neh hond hire fode, beos bisi twa wimmen, an þ leave eaver at hame, an oðer þ wende ut hwen ned drives, and tat beo ful unorne oðer feir ealde. Bi þe wei as ho gas, ga seiende hire beodes, ni ne halde na tale wiȝ mon ne wiȝ wummon, ni sitte ne stonde bute þe leaste þ ho mei ear þen ho ham cume. Nohwider elles ne ga, bute þider as mon sendes hire. Wiðute leave ne ete ho ne ne drinke ute. þe oðer beo eaver inne, ne wiðute þe gate ne ga wiðute leave. Baðe beo obedient to hore dame in alle þing bute in sunne ane. Na þing nabben þ ho hit nute, ni underfo na þing, ne ne give nowðer wiðuten hire leve. Na mon ne leten in ni þe gungre ne speke wiȝ na wepmon wiðute leve. Ne ga noht ut of tune wiðuten siker fere ne ne ligge ute. Gif ho ne con o boke, segge bi paternostres ȝ bi avez hire hures, ȝ wurche þ mon bides hire wiðute grucchinge. Habbe eaver hire eares opene toward hire lafdi. Nowðer of þe familiers ne beo fram hire lafdi ni ni bringe nowðer to hire idele tales, ne newe tiðinges, ne bitwenen ham self ne singen, ni ne speken nane worldliche speches, ne lahhen swa ne pleien þ ani mon þ hit sehe mihte to uvel turnen hit. Over alle þinge leasinges ȝ luðere wordes hatien. Hore her beo i-corven. Lah lokinge habben. Eiðer ligge ane. Ho ne schule cusse na mon, ne cuð mon ne cunnes mon, ni for na cuððe cluppen. Ni loke faste o na mon ne toggle wiȝ ne pleien. Hare wede beo of swuch schape, ȝ al hore aturn swuch, þ hit beo eðscene hwer to ho beon i-turnde. Hare lates loken warliche, þ nan ne edwite ham in hus, ne ut of hus. On alle wise forbeoren to wradðen hore dame, and as ofte

as ho hit don, ear ho drinken oðer eten, makien hire venie o cneos dun before hire, ȝ seggen, *Mea culpa*, and underfo þe penitence þ ho leis upon ham lutende hire lake. þe anker þ ilke gult neaver mare þrafter ne upbreide for na wradðe, bute gif ho eft sones falle i þat ilke, ah do hit allunge ut of hire heorte. Gif ani strif rises bitwenen hame utewiþ, þe anker make eiðer to make oðer venie o cneos dun to þe eorðe, ȝ eiðer rihte up oðer, ȝ cussen on ende, and te anker leie on eiðer sum penitence, mare up o þ ilke þ greatluker gulte. þis is a þing witen ho wel þ is Godd levest, sahtnesse ȝ somentale, ȝ te feond laðest, for-þi he is eaver umben to reare sum ladðe. Nu seos te swike wel, þ hwen fur is wel o brune, ȝ mon wite þ hit ga ut, mon sundres te brondes, ȝ he dos hond to þ ilke. Luve is Jhesu Cristes fuir, þ he will þ blasie in owre heorte, and te deovel blawes for to puffen hit ut; hwen his blast ne geines nawt, he bringes up sum word, oðer sum oðer hwat hwer þurh ho to huren, eiðer framward oðer, ȝ te hali gastes fur cwenches hwen þe brondes þurh wradðe beon i-sundret. For-þi halde ham i luve faste to gederes, ȝ ne beo ham nawt of hwen þe feond blawe, nomeli gif monie beon i-fest to gedere, ȝ wiþ luve ontendet. þah anker on hire servanz for openliche giltes leie penitence, to preost noðere latere schriven ham ofte, ah eaver þah wiþ leave. Gif ho ne cunen noht to mete graces, seggen in hore stude paternoster biforen ȝ ave Maria, after mete alswa, ȝ credo mare. And seggen þus on ende, Fader, Sune, Hali Gast, an almihti Godd, give ure lavedi his grace, se lengre se mare, ȝ leve hire ȝ us baðe nime god ende, for-gelde alle þ us god son, ȝ milce hore sawle, ȝ þ us god i-don haven, hore sawle and alle cristene sawle. Bitwene meal ne gruse ge nawt, nowðer fruit, ne oðer hwat, ne drinke bute leave, ȝ te leave beo liht in al þ nis sunne. At te mete na word oðer lut, ȝ ta stille, alswa after þe ancres cumplie aðet prime, ni do þing ne seggen, hwer þurh hire silence muhe beo desturbet. Nan ancres servante ne ah bi rihte to asken i-set hure, bute mete ȝ claþ þ ho mai flutte bi ȝ Godes milce. Ne mis-leve nan godd hwat se tide of þe anker þ he hire trukie, þeo þ arn wiðuten; gif ho serven þe anker al swa as ho mahen, hore hure schal beo þe eche blisse of heovene. Hwa se haves ehe of hope toward se heh hure, gladli wile ho serven, ȝ lihtliche alle wa ȝ alle tene þolien, wiþ eise ne wiþ este ne bueþ mon nawt blisse.

Ge ancres ahen þis laste lutle stucche rede to owre servanz euche wike eanes, til þ ho hit cunnen, and muche ned is þ ge to ham nimen god geme, for ge muhen muche þurh hom beo i-godet ȝ wursnet. On oðer half gif ho sunehen þurh owre gemeles, ge schule be bicleopet þrof bifore þe hehe deme, for-þi as ow is muche ned ȝ hom gette mare, geornliche leares ham

to halden hare riwle, baðe for ow ȝ for ham seolf, liðeliche ȝ luveliche, for swuch ah wummones lare of religiun to beon, luvelich, ȝ liðe, ȝ seldscene sturne. Baðe is riht þ ho ow dreden ȝ luvien, ah þ ter beo eaver mare of þe luve þen of drede, þenne schal hit wel faren. Mon schal heolde eoli ȝ win baðe in wundes after Godes lare, ah mare of softe eoli þen of bitende win, þ is, ma of liðe wordes þen of suhiende, for þer of cumes þinge best, þ is, luve eie. Lihtliche ȝ swetelich for-gives ham hore gultes, hwen ho ham arn cnawe, ȝ bihaten bote. Ase forð as ge muhen baðe of drinch ȝ of mete, of claðes ȝ of oðer þing, þ ned of flesch askes, beos large toward ham, þah ge narewe beon ȝ harde to ow seolven. Swa dos þ wel blawes, wendes te narewe of þe horn toward his ahne muð, ȝ utward te wide. And ge do alswa, as ge wiln þ owre beodes bemen wel ȝ dreamen i Drihtinis eare, nawt ane to owre anres, ah to alle folkes heale, as ure Laverd leve þurh þe grace of him self þ hit swa mote.

O þis boc redes hwen ge arn eise, euche dai lesse oðer mare. Ich hopie hit schal beon ow gif ge hit reden ofte swiðe biheove, þurch Godes grace, elles ich hafde uvele bitohen muche hwile. Me were levere, Deu-le-set, to do me toward Rome, þen for to biginnen hit eft for to donne. Gif ge finden þ ge don alswa as ge reden, þonkes Godd georne. Gif ge ne don nawt, biddes Godd are, and beos umben þer onuven þ ge hit bettere halden, after owre mihte. Fader, Sune, Hali Gast, an almihti Godd, wite ow in his warde, he gladie ow ȝ frovre ow, mine leve sustre, and for al þ ge for him drehen oðer drehden, ni give ow neaver lasse huire þen al to gedere him selven. Beo he ai i-hehet fram worlde into worlde a on ecnesse. Amen.

Ase ofte as ge haven red oht o þis boc, gretes ure Lavedi wið an ave for him þ swanc her abuten.

*Wrt.*

## SI DEDERO.

From MS. Reg. 8, B. VI. fol. 18, r°, of the sixteenth century.

Dum cano "si dedero," protinus mea commoda quæro.
Si dedero, decus accipiam flatumque favoris:
Ni dedero, nil percipiam, spem perdo laboris;
Si dedero, genus accumulo famamque potentis;
Ni dedero, clauso loculo parit ars sapientis;
Si dedero, mihi laus, lex, et jus prospera dantur:
Ni dedero, mihi fraus, fel, fæx adversa parantur;
Si dedero, mercor in summa sede locari:
Ni dedero, tenui compellor in æde morari;
Si dedero, veneratus ero, vocor et gratiosus:
Ni dedero, diffamor ego, vocor et viciosus.

*Wrt.*

## ALLITERATIVE POEM ON FORTUNE.

From MS. Laud. 108. fol. 237. in the Bodleian Library, written early in the fifteenth century.

*Here bigynneth Somer Soneday.*

[U]pon a somer soneday se I the sonne,
Erly risinde in the est ende;
Day daweth over doune, derk is in towne,
I warp on my wedes, to wode wolde I wende.
With kenettes kene, that wel couthe criez conne,
I hiede to holte, with honteres hende;
So ryfly on rugge roon and raches ronne,
That in launde under lynde me leste to lende,
And lenede;
Kenettes questede to quelle,
Al so breme so any belle,
The deer daunteden in the delle,
That al the downe denede.

Denede dale and downe, for dryft of the deer in drede,
For meche murthe of mouth the murie moeth made;
I ros, and romede, and sey roon raches to ȝede,
They stalke under schawe, schatereden in schade.
And lordes lenged, lenged, and ladies leces to-lede,
With grithle grehoundes gode to game and glade;
And I cam to the game, ther gromes gonne grede,
And at a water wilde I wende over han wade,
Ther was;
I stalked be the stremȝ, be the strond,
For I be the flod fond,
A bot doun be a lond,
So passed I the pas.

So passede I the pas, prively to pleye,
And ferde forth in that frith, folk forto fynde;
Lawly longe I lustnede, and under lowe lay,
That I ne herde hond, horn, hunte, hert, ne hynde.
So wyde I walkede, that I wax wery of the wey,
Thanne les I my layk, and lenede under lynde;
And als I sat be side, I say soth for to sey,
A wifman with a wonder whel wene with the wynde,
And wond;
Upon the whel were I wene,
Meryc menȝ madde i-mene,
To hire I gan gon in grene,
And fortune to fond.

Fortune frend and fo, fayrest fere,
Ferli fals fikel to fonde is i-founde;
The whel ȝe torneth to wo, fro wo into wele,
That were in the ronynge ryng of the roe, that renneth so rounde.
A lok of that levedy, with lovelich lere,
Mi gode gameliche game gurte to grounde;
Couthe I carpe carpying, trestly and clere,
Of that birde bastons in bale ire bounde,
Ful bowne;
Natheles, ne mene I nat nay,
I wile, ar I wende away,
Redy resons in a ray,
Radely to rowne.

Redely to roune rounes to rede,
A loveloker levedy liveth non in lond;
I wolde han went with that whyt, in worthlich wede,
So ferly fair of face, to fore hire I fond.
The gold of hire gurdel gloud as a glede,
That blisful burde in bale me bond;
Of hire lyȝth heved in herte I hadde hede,
And with a wonderful whel that worthi wyth wond,
Wyth mayn;
A wifman of so much myȝth,
So wonder a whelwryȝth,
Sey I nevere with syȝth,
Soth forto seyn.

Sothe to seye, sitte I sey, as my siȝthe sente,
A begyngge gome, gameliche gay;
Bryȝt as the blostme, with browes i-bente,
On the whel that the wyȝth wonede in the wey,
Wyterly him was wel, whan the whel wente,
For he layked and low, lenyng als he lay;
Loveliche lokyngges the love lime lente,
A meriere man on molde, monen I ne may,
In mynde;
The gome I gaf a gretyng,
He seyde, 'Sestou, swetyng,
The crowne of that comely kyng,
I cleyme be kynde.'

'Be kynde it me cometh to cleyme kyngene kyngdom,
Kyngdom be kynde to me, the whel wile wynde;
Wynd wel, worthliche wyȝth, fare fortune, frendene flyȝth,
Flitte forth, flyȝtte, on the selve sete to sitte.'

'Sitte, I say, and sethe on a semeli sete,
Ry3th on the rounde, on the renny[n]g ryng;
Caste kne over kne, as a kyng kete,
Comely clothed in a cope, crouned as a kyng.'
Hey herte hadde he, of hastif hete,
He leyde his leg oponly at his likyng;
Ful loth were the lordyng his lordsschipe lete,
He wende al the world were at his weldyng,
Ful wy3th;
On knes I kysed that kyng,
He seyde, 'Sestou, sweting,
How I regne with ring,
Richest in ry3th?'

'Richest in ry3th, quen and knyth, knyg conne me calle,
Mest man of my3th, fair folk to fote me falle;
Lordlich lif ledi, no lord lyvynde me i-liche,
No duk ne dred I, for I regne in ry3th as a riche.'

Of riche thenketh, rewthe is to rede and roune,
That sitten on that sameli sete, seththe with sorwe thoruout sout;
And I beheld on hadde an heved hor als horhowne,
Al blok was his ble, in bitere bales browth.
His diademe of dyamans droppede a-doun,
His weyes were a-weyward, wrothliche wrout,
Tynt was his tresor, tente, tour and toun,
Nedful and nawthi, naked and nawth,
I-nome;
That gome I grette with grith,
A word he warp, and wepte with,
Hou he was crouned kyng in kith,
And caytif be-come.

'Be-comme a caytif, a cast kyngus king couthe me calle,
Fram frendes falle, lond, luthe, litel, lo! last,
Last, litel, lordene, lif fikel is, fortune nou fer fro,
Here wel, here wo, here knyth, her kyng, her caytif.'

A caytif he was be-come, and komed on care,
He myste many merthes, and meche maistri;
And ech I say, soriere likyng ful sare,
A bare body in a bed, a bere I brouth him by
A duk drawe to the deth, with drouping and dare.

* * * * * * * *

*The poem ends imperfectly.*

*Mdn.*

## PROGNOSTICS.

From MS. Harl. 4043, fol 1. r°. of the sixteenth century.

Clara dies Pauli bonitatem denotat anni;
Si fuerint venti, crudelia prælia genti;
Quando sunt nebulæ, pereunt animalia quæque;
Si nix aut pluvia sit, tunc fiunt omnia chara.

Fevrier de tous les mois,
Le plus court et moins courtois.

En Mars me lie, en Mars me taille,
Je rends prou quand on m'y travaille.

Le curé disoit, Les Pasques pluvieuses, sont souvent froumenteuses. Et son clerc respondit, et souvent fort menteuses.

Depuis Pasques au jeu,
Depuis Noel au feu.

En May rosée, en Mars gresil,
Pluye abondante au mois d'Avril,
Le laboureur contentent plus
Que ne feroient cinq cens escus.

En Mars quand il tonne,
Chascum s'en estonne;
En Avril s'il tonne,
C'est nouvelle bonne.

Es mois d'Aoust et de Juillet,
Bouche moite, et l'engin sec.

Hoc mihi dixit hiems, Si sim quandoque morosa,
In candeloso semper ero radiens.

Dès le sainct Martin,
Boy le nouveau vin.

Qui voit à Noel les mouschons,
A Pasques verra les glaçons.

La Lune est perilleuse au cinq,
Au quatre, six, et huict, et vingt.

Prens du temps la reigle commune,
Au premier Mardy de la lune
Le soleil fait par excellence
Au Samedy la reverence.

Du Dimanche au matin la pluye
Bien souvent la semaine ennuye.

Vendredy de la semaine est
Le plus beau jour, ou le plus laid.

Pauvre Laboureur, tu ne vois
Jamais ton bled beau l'an deux fois;
Car si tu le vois beau en herbe,
Tu ne l'y verras pas en gerbe.

Janvier le frilleux,
Fevrier gresilleux,
Et Mars le poudreux,
May clair et venteux,
Font l'an et l'om heureux.

*Wrt.*

## PALAMON AND ERSYTE.

This fragment is copied from a MS. of the time of Henr. VI. preserved in the library of Trinity College, Dublin.

*Palamon.*

This Palamon in his bed lay,
And herd Emlyn syng so dowcely,
That unto his brother he gan say,
Wer is my love and my lady?

*Emlyn.*

Goyng merely in a garden grene,
Singyng herself this lady bright,
She ravisshed bothe the hertes, I wene,
Of Palamon and his brother Ersyte.

*Palamon.*

Syr Palamon it is my name,
And for this lady I ber gret blame
In preson stronge, Emlyn I chese
Unto my love and my maystres.

*Emlyne.*

O thou, Emlyne, thi fayrenes
Brought Palamon and Ersyte in gret distresse;
In a garden whan thou didist syng
So fresshely in a May mornyng.

*Ersyte.*

I Ersyte with my brother lay,
Palamon, whan he chese this may;
I had or he of her a sighte,
Therfore I chalenge hir to righte.

(No more in the MS.)

*Edinburgh.* *D. L.*

## METRICAL PROPHECIES.

From MS. Publ. Libr. Camb. Kk. 1. 6. written at the beginning in a hand of the sixteenth century.

In the yere of owere lorde a thowsande v$^{c}$. lij. and one,
Schalle theys be doynge and done.

In Brettane thys ilond, that ys callyd Albyone,
Grete sorrowe ys lyke to be there in.

*Warwik.* A Beare fowlle and gryssely grette harme schalle begyne,
And mayntenyd he schalle be there ine.

*Pen.* A Dragone alle grene hys syde schalle of-take,
But at the laste sowthly he schalle hyme for-sake.

*Schrowe.* And thene, jentylle Talbott, be-ware thy hed,
For swerly a grene Dragone schalle put the to dred.

*Derbe.* And (*sic*) Eagelle alle bryghte schalle fly alle abowyte,
And helpe the frome there handes, that er so hygthe of rowte.

*Wyn.* The Fawcone in mewe wylle hyrselfe alle gates be,
The Fennyxe alle sumynge schalle make wepynge eyes.

*Arendel.* The Wyghte Horse with leappynge schalle make an end
Of the fowlle evelle Bere, wyche God hathe send.

*Pen.* But the Dragon alle grene a falle schalle then be-tyde,
And wandere thowe schallte, with owte any gyde.
And the Coke of the Northe schalle ease thy payne,
Butt a Wolffe schalle dashe the a-gayne.
A Bogett of wayttere schalle umble, and also brynge
A flok at hys tayle, to helpe hys lyege kynge;
The wyche lyes wepynge, withowte halle or bower,
Or plase for hyme mete, but one a barre flore.
And then, alase! thy yere ys fere spentte,
Strangeres and tyrrantes that schalle the tormente.
Also gyde yowe wylle, ladys, that dwelle in bower,
For your maydens and yowe, theye schalle meste dewore.

Trwe wedynges for-gottone of eche mane,
And lemans for spowses schalle every mane take in honde :
The kynge a pooer maydene schalle ine hys mynde,
And hys playfelowes hyme seke, but none schalle hyme fynde.
And of thys lady he schalle get a flowere,
That schalle warne all kynges as he leste every owere.
Thene gret tokens schalle be sene in the elementtes,
And sone alle blody, schalle feldes be wer wayt-teres doo rene,
Thene schalle the kynge gyde as he lyste eche waye,
But he schalle hyme be-hed, for hys folyshe pleye.
And more traytores he schalle owytte cry at the last,
But smal redrese makynge, the thynges be soo fare past.
Thene hangynge and drawynge thow schallte stylle see,
But moche adewe to set thynges as they hawe bee.
But at the last God schalle hyme helpe the olde waye,
And schalle alle set in concorde and staye.
And then, yowe mayddens, that lyes in your stronge walle,
For after thys to your reame schalle no hurte falle,

*Finis.*

*Anno Regny Marie, Regene Anglie primi, primo, xix. daye Julij.*

*Mdn.*

## RULES OF CONDUCT.

From MS. Sloane, No. 1360, written in the year 1545.

Pray not to God wyth thy lyppes only,
But wyth thy heart vervently.
In the mornyng ryse erley,
And serve God devoutly,
Go to thy meat appertly,
And syt thereat dyscrytly,
And receve yt of God thanckefully.

*Hlll.*

## GRAMMATICAL RULES.

From MS. Sloan. No. 1210, fol. 123, v°, of the fifteenth century.

My lefe chyld, I kownsel ye
To furme thi vj. tens, thou awyse ye;
And have mynd of thi clensoune,
Both of nowne and of pronowne,
And ilk case in plurele,
How thai sal end, awyse the wele;
And thi participyls forgete thou nowth,
And thi comparysons be yn thi thowth;
Thynk of the revele of the relatyfe,
And then schalle thou the bettyr thryfe;
Lat never interest downe falle,
Nor *penitet* with hys felows alle;
And how this Englis schalle cum in,
Wyt *tanto* and *quanto* in a Latyn,
And how this Englis schalle be chawngede,
Wyt verbis newtyrs qwen thai are hawede;
And how a verbe schalle be furmede,
Take gode hede that thou be not stunnede;
The ablatyfe case thou hafe in mynd,
That he be saved in hys kynd;
Take gode hede qwat he wylle do.
And how a nowne substantyfe,
Wylle corde with a verbe and a relatyfe;
*Posculo, posco, peto.*
And yf thou wylle be a grammarion,
Owne thi fyngers to construccyon,
The infenytyfe mode alle thorowth,
Wyt his suppyns es mykylle wroth;
And thynk of propur nownnys,
Both of kastels and of townnys;
And when *oportet* cums in plas,
Thou knawys *miserere* has no gras,

*Hllll.*

## PROVERBIAL VERSES.

Written in the margin of MS. Cotton. Cleopatra C. vi. fol. 21, v°. and 22 r°. in a hand of the thirteenth century.

Liþer lok and tuinkling,
Tihing and tikeling,
Opin brest and singing,
þeise midoutin lesing
Arin toknes of horelinge.

King conseilles,
Bissop loreles,
Wumman schameles,
Hold-man lechur,
Jong-man trichur,
Of alle mine live
Ne sau I worse five.

Ne be þi winpil nevere so jelu ne so stroutende,
Ne þi faire tail so long ne so trailende,
That tu ne schalt at evin al kuttid bilevin,
And tou schalt to bedde gon so nakid as tou were [borin].

*Wrt.*

## DIRECTIONS FOR WRITING IN CIPHER.

From MS. Sloan. No. 351, fol. 15, v°, of the fifteenth century.

C for B, D for C, F for D, G for F, H for G, K for H, L for K, M for L, N for M, P for N, Q for P, R for Q, S for R, T for S, B for T.

E for A, A for E, I for O, O for I, V for *himself*, and Y for *himself*.

Item, in every word the first consonant shal be changed as is abovesaid, and never elles.

Item, when ij. consonants comen togider which will not be sowned, ther shal be set bitwene hem, or next afore or after, as hit wil falle, this silable *ex*, the which shal stande for nought save for the sownyng of the word.

Item, for W, sh, Item, for ch, th, and for th, ch, whenevere hit happeth in bigynnynge or ende or the myddes of any word.

Item, wherever Q standeth ther shal folwe an U, which shal stande for nought but for the sownyng of the word.

Item, wherever this word *the* comith, ye shal sette afore this lettre R, which wil make Rthe.

Item, ye shal never set this lettre Y save in such places as he may stande for himself, as *your*, *yold*, *yif*, and not for *Joy*, *Justes*, or *Jhesus*.

*Hllll.*

## QUEEN CATHARINE PARR'S CHILD.

The following curious letter from the Duchess of Suffolk to Mr. Cecil is extracted from MS. Lansd. No. 2, art. 16.

It refers to the child of Queen Catharine Parr by her third husband, Sir Thomas Seymour, Baron Seymour of Sudley, nursed at the Duchess's house at Grimesthorpe in Yorkshire, (see the Archælogia, vol. ix. p. 8.): it also contains an inventory of Plate belonging to the Nursery. It is dated 27th August, 1548. 2 Edw. VI.

Hit is sayd that the best meane of remedie to the sicke, is first playnly to confesse and to disclose the disease; wherfore bothe for remedie and agayne for that my disease is so strong that hit will not be hidden, I will discover me unto you. Ffirst I will as hit were under Benedicite and in hiegh secrecie declare unto you that all the world knowethe, though I goo never so covertly in my nette, what a veary begger I am. This sicknes as I have sayde I promise you increasethe mightily upon me. Amongest others the causes therof is you will understand not the least, the Quenes child hathe layen and yet dothe lye at my howse with her companie abowte her, hooly at my chardges. I have writen to my lady Somerset at large, which was the let I wrote not this with myne awne haund unto you, and amongest other thinges for the child that there may be some pentions alotted unto her, acording to my lordes grace promise. Now good Cicill, help at a pinche all that you may helpe. My lady also sent me word at Whitsentide last by Bartue,* that my lordes grace at her suite had graunted certeyn nurserye plate shuld be delyvered with the child; and lest there might be stey for lacke of a present bill of suche plate and stuffe as was there in the nurcerye, I send you one hereinclosed of all suche parcelles as were apointed out for the childes only use; and that ye may the better understand that I cry not before I am pricked, I send you also mistress Eglenbies (governess) letter unto me, who with the maydes nourrice and others dayly call on me for there wages, whose voyces myne eares may herdly beare, but my coufFers much wurse,—wherfore I cease, and committe me and my sickenes to your diligent care, with my hertie commendations to your wiefe.—At my mannour of Grymesthorpe, the xxviith. of August.

Your asured loving frend,

K. SUFFOULK.†

Sugleye.

* Richard Bartue, Esquire, ancestor of the Lords Willoughby d'Eresby, the Duchess's husband.

† Daughter of William, Lord Willoughby, and the fourth wife (relict) of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk.

*A bill of all suche plate and other estuf as belongethe to the norcerye of the Quene's child.*

Plate

Ffirste, ij. pottes of silver, all white.
Item, iij. goblettes, silver, all white.
Item, one sallt, silver and parcell gilt.
Item, a maser with a bande of silver and parcell gilt.
Item, xj. spones, silver, all white.

Beddinge and other estuf.

Item, a quyllt for the cradell, iij. pillowes, and j. pair fustians.
Item, iij. fetherbeddes, iij. quyltes, and iij. pair fustians.
Item, a testour of scarlette, embrothered, with a counterpoint of silke saye, belonging to the same, and curtens of crymsyn taffetta.
Item, ij. counterpointes of imegerye for the norces bedd.
Item, vj. pair shetes, little worthe.
Item, vj. fair peces of hanginges within the inner chambre.
Item, iiij. Carpettes for wyndowes.
Item, x. peces hanginges of the twelve monethes, within the utter chambre.
Item, ij. cuyshens, clothe of golde.
Item, j. chayre of clothe of golde.
Item, ij. wrought stooles.
Item, a bedstedde, gillt, with a testour and counterpoint, with curtens belonginge to the same.

Item, ij. mellche beastes, whiche were belonginge to the norcerye, the which it maye please your grace to wryte maye be bestowede uppon the ij. maydes towardes ther maryages, which shalbe shortelye.

Item, one lute.

*Indorsed.*

To my loving frend Mr. Cecill,
attendant upon my Lord
Protectors Grace.
27 of August.
From my Lady of Suffolkes grace to my Mr.
Concerning the Quenes child nursed at her house at Grimsthorp, with a bill of plate belonging to the nurcery.
Anno. 2. Ed. 6.

*G. J. A.*

## FRAGMENTARY VERSES.

From the fly-leaf of MS. Bodley 622, written early in the fourteenth century. A later copy occurs in the Cotton MS. Cleop. D. viii. f. 1.

That in thi mischef forsakit the noȝth,
That in thi bonchef axit the noȝth,
That wanne thou trespassest for-berit the noȝth,
That in thi nede wernit the noȝth,
He is thi Frende.

---

Wan y was pore, than was y fre,
Wenne y gan gedere, tho let y be;
Wanne y was ryche, tho was y harde,
And er y wyste, y deies [deied *Cott.*] amidwarde.
Alas! richesse, so mich in thouth,
To-day y was riche, and now have y [riȝt *Cott.*] nouth.

---

A scheld of red, a crosse of grene,
A croune y-writhe with thornes kene;
A sper, a sponge, with nayles thre,
A body y-bounde to a tre;
Who [so *Cott.*] this schild in herte wul take,
A-monge his enimes thar he noȝt quake.

*Mdn.*

## BENEDICTION AND PROPHECY.

From the Pontificale of Egbert, Archbishop of York, in the Bibliothèque du Roi at Paris, a fine MS. written about A. D. 950. The first is written on a scrap of velum inserted; the other in a vacant space at the end.

h'. Broðer ða leofestan, we onlysað eow of synna bendum, on ge-wrixle ðæs eadegan Petres ðara Apostola ealdres, ðam ðe ure dryhten ðone anweald sealde synne to ge-bindienne ⁊ eft to onlysenne. Ac swa miclum swa eow to belimpð eowra synna ge-wregednes ⁊ us to ge-byreð sio for-gifenes, sie God ælmihtig lif ⁊ hælo eallum eowrum synnum for-gifen ðurh ðone ðe mid him leofað ⁊ ricsað geond world aworld. Amen.

Anno millesimo septingentesimo nonagesimo, rex captivus, regina pene occisa, væ ecclesiæ! principes fugient, sceptrum confractum, paulo post reviviscit ferrum et ignis in nobiles, spoliatio templi. Hæc Dunstanus servus Dei.

*Wrt.*

## SCRAPS OF LOVE SONGS.

From a MS. in the College of Arms, marked E. D. N. No. 27; written in a small illegible hand of Edward II. time. The second is written as prose in the manuscript.

A levedy ad my love leyt, the bole bigan to belle,
The cokeu ad the kite keyt, the doge is in the welle;
Stod y in my stirop streyt, i-schake out of the schelle,
As ryt as ramis orn.
Filipe with is fauchun fantes, be god, sayd, rake in hille,
With arm an . . . the bolle get in the corne, but mi lema[n]
love well.
If you love a wenche wel, cry laude and stille,
Bestir wel, but yef hir noute, grant hir al hir welle,
Be thou nowt so hardy hir onis to grille;
Wan thou hast thin welle, dan let hir morne still with an
I swar be the leves, let hir ches, were sche wel love or bene.

---

As I stod on a day, me self under a tre,
I met in a morueninge a may, in a medwe;
A semlier to min sithe saw I ner non,
Of a blak bornet al wos hir wede,
Purfiled with pellour doun to the teon;
A red hod on hir heved, shragid al of shridis,
With a riche riban gold be-gon.
That birde bad on hir boke evere as he yede,
Was non with hir but hir selve a-lon;
With a cri gan sche me sey, sche wold a-wrenchin awey,
But for I was so neye.
[*A line gone*]
I sayd to that semly that Xpx [Crist] should hir save,
For the fairest may that I ever met;
'Sir, God yef the grace god happis to have,
And the lyginges of love,' thus she me gret.
That I mit becum hir man, I began to crave,
For nothing in hirde fondin wold I let;
Sche bar me fast on hond, that I began to rave,
And bad me fond ferther, a fol for to feche.
'Quaer gospellis al thi speche?
Thu findis hir nont hire the sot that thu seche.'

For me thothe so fair, hir wil wold I tast,
And I freyned hir of love, therat she lowe;
'A! sire,' she sayd, 'hirt thow for non hast,

If it be your wille, ye an sayd innowe.
It is no mister, your word forto wast,
Ther most a balder byrd billin on the bow;
I wend be your semlant a chese you for chast,
It is non ned to mak hit so tow.
W . . . ri wet ye wat I rede,
Wend fort ther ye wenin better for to spede.'

*Mdn.*

## ALLITERATIVE VERSES.

From MS. Harl. 3724, fol. 4, r°, of the thirteenth century.

*De sancto Petro martire.*

Petre, piis plausibus pro petra punito,
Plaudat præsens populus pectore polito;
Petrus pater pauperum purus prædicator,
Petram plebi prædicat pacis propagator;
Pungit prædicatio pregnans puritate;
Pravos parant prælium pleni pravitate;
Promunt paricidium patrem perimentes,
Primipulum puerum primitus petentes;
Passo Petro pateram pœnis perpetratis
Panditur potentia patris pietatis;
Pululant prodigia Petro promerenti;
Pedes, palmæ, palpebræ præbentur petenti;
Pellitur paralisis, podagra, putredo,
Pavor, pestilentia, prominens pinguedo;
Pagem, Petre, postula prolem procedentem,
Pacem præsta populo, perde persequentem,
Præbe posse pariter propulsis peccatis
Poli palmis perfrui probis præparatis.
Amen! *Hllll.*

## SCRAPS.

From MS. Bib. Publ. Cantab. Ee. i. 5. of the fourteenth century.

Al it is fantam that we mid fare,
Naked and povre hemne we shul fare;
Al shal ben other mannes that we fore care,
Ant that we don for Godes love, have we no mare.

From MS. Dd. xi. 78, also of the fourteenth century.

*Lege hoc versum netrograde et invenies contrarium sensum,*
*Abel.* Sacrum pingue dabo non macrum sacrificabo.
*Caim.* Sacrificabo macrum non dabo pingue sacrum.
*Hllll.*

## THE SIEGE OF CALAIS.

From MS. Cotton. Galb. E. ix. fol. 110. v°. Written on the fly-leaf in a hand of the period.

*Her biginyth the seige off Calays,*
*in the yer off our Lord j M^l iiii^c.*

In Juyl whan the sone schon,
Tres, levys, and herbis grene,
Wyth many sonder colowris;
And fresch flowris that April mad,
Gane for to feynt and to fad,
Of lusty colowris,
And of swete odowris.
And fruyte on tre both gret and smale,
Gan for to rip and wex fulle pale,
Than comyth time off labowr;
To profit and to wirchip wyne,
In armes, so ther be no treson inn,
Untruth, ne fals colowr.
The duk of Burgayn off grete prid,
Mad gret assembille in landes wyd,
In Flanders, and in Breban;
Of his power and in chevalry,
In Burgayn, and in Pikardye,
Of Henaw, and off Holand.
A c. l. M^l. and mo,
That weryne alle to ryd and go,
To ber sper and schild;
And mak avant Calys to wyn,
And schuld dye that wer theryn,
Both man, woman and chyld.
The wolles and the merchandyss,
And othir god with the ymprise,
They wold have a serteyne;
The walles they wold ber a downe,
Towr, castelle, and dongen,
Alle schuld be mad fulle playn.
And so with red baners displayed,
With o[r]dir in the bateyllys arayed,
They cum they cum (*sic*) the towne abote;
Statly tentes anon they py3te,
Larg and long and gret of sy3th,
It was a ryalle rowte.
Wyth gunnes gret, and other gret ordinance,

Them to help and to avanc,
With many a prowd pavys;
Gayly peynted and stuffed welle,
Ribawdes armyd with iyrne and stele,
Was never better off devyce.
Ix. M$^{l}$. cokkes to crow at ny$\mathfrak{z}$th,
And viij. M$^{l}$. cressetes to brene li$\mathfrak{z}$th,
Gret wonder to her and se;
How sone the had mad her logyng,
Defens off herth and dikyng
Redier my$\mathfrak{z}$th non be.
The erle of Mortayne mad a diner,
And felowys be of good chere,
Off no thing hav we no dred;
I trust to god to se that day,
That for alle the proud aray,
Fulle low schalle thay lowth.
The levetent Ser Johne Raclyf,
That ever lovyd worschyp and dred repreve,
Kept fulle god governance;
And so did the baron off Dudley,
In the castell, the soth to say,
Mad fulle good ordinance.
My lord Camoys at Bolyn-gate,
The bulwerkes he did undertak,
At no tyme wuld he fayle;
Nether late ne erly,
Yff any without wer so hardey,
It onys to assayle.
At the Mylk-gate Ser Johne Aston,
And Ser Jefferey Warbulton,
With a many a hardy man;
The trompetes lowd they dyd blow,
That the duk my$\mathfrak{z}$th well know,
The wach whan yt bigan.
The porters kept the gattes full manly,
The gattes opyn continually,
To wate they wer not irk;
The trew sodiers both day and nythe,
Lay on the walles in harnes brighe,
Hit was ther hows and kirk.
The burges and men wer full bown,
For to defend the possession,
Hit longith to them off ry$\mathfrak{z}$th;
The merchanttes wer full redy,
At all tymes and every skry,

Hyt was a full good syȝth.
And so did the good comyns,
That had stuffed well the town,
With the good and vitayle;
In town and feld to rid and go,
And all odur werkes to doo,
In all that myȝth avayle.
The women, both yung and old,
Wyth stones stuffed every scaffold,
The spared not to swet ne swynk;
With boylyng cawdrens both gret and smalle,
Yf they wold assaute the walle,
All hote to gev them drynk.
The furst day ther enmys prowd,
Gan to skirmysch with schowtes lowd,
But countred they wer anon;
Gonners to schew ther arte,
In to the town in many a parte,
Schote many a fulle gret stone.
Thankyd be God and Mary myld,
The hurt nothir man, woman, ne chyld,
To the howsis thow they did harm;
Sent Babara! than was the cry,
When the stone in the stone (*sic*) did fly,
They cowd non other charm.
And for the duk lay them no nere,
At the sowth west corner,
Off gonnes he had a song;
That anon he left that place,
And to the west end he mad a chace,
Hym thowth he bod to long.
Ther men myȝth se archerys good,
Cast from them both gown and hood,
The better for to schote;
That Frensch and Flemysch was ful fayn
To ther tentes to retorn ogayn,
They saw non othir boote.
And one amang, an Iyrysch man,
Uppone his hoby swyftly ran,
Hyt was a sportfulle syghte;
How hys darttes he did schak,
And when him lyst to leve or tak,
They had fulle gret dispite.
All so a hownd that did hyeghe go by,
That longid to the water bayly,
Fulle swyftly wold he ren;

And every skyrmysch to travayle,
Man and hors he wold assayle,
Fulle welle he coude them k[e]nne.
And so hit byfelle upone a Thyrsday,
The erle of Mortayn made a fray,
At seynt Peturs on the playne;
And drove them to there tentys nere,
And toke many a prisonere,
And many off them were slayn.
And after they com with gret navi,
With bolgit schipis ful craftly,
The havyn for to han schent;
At Friday but on the morow,
Than began the dukes sorow,
Hys schypis when he saw brent.
And so after within a whyle,
Drawyn a down was hys castell,
With many a hardy man;
His men of armes wer layd to grownd,
And sum askapid with dethys wond,
And few off them wer tan.
The next morow or yt was day,
Erly the duk fled oway,
And with hym they off Gant;
And after Bruges and Apers both,
To folow after they wer not loth,
Thus kept they ther avaunt.
For they had very knowyng,
Off the duk off Gloceturs armyng,
Caleys to rescue;
By caus they bod not ther,
In Flanders he soght hem fer and ner,
That ever may they yt rew.
Only God, in whom ys all,
Sav Caleys that ryall towne,
That ever yt mot wel cheve
Unto the crown of mery Yngland,
Whils that this world wyll stand,
That neany enmys ytt greve.
Lytell wote the fool,
Who myȝth ches,
What harm yt wer,
Good Caleys to lese. *Amen.*

*Explicit the sege off Caleys.*

*Mdn.*

## PROPHECIES RELATING TO EDWARD III.

From the Bibliotheque du Roi, at Paris, MS. Ancien fonds, No. 5178. (Regius, olim Colbertinus).

*Versus inventi Londoni in una pila de corio, de Rege Edwardo iii^o. post conquestum.*

En pila regalis vocitor, tum ludus ejusdem.
Anno milleno tercenteno duodeno
Edwardus ternus natus est sub Bricio Sancto;
Hic duodecimus est ab arbore nomine regum
Angliæ, Francorum rex gloriosus erit.
Trans mediterraneum volabit et aquila grandis,
Errantes multos adducet ad altitonantem,
Rebelles cædens mactabit et annumerabit,
Post rediens pardus prædis visitatis abibit
Ad reges sanctos, quibus jungetur et ipse.
Unctio trina patet, quarto nec unctio decet;
Post tractum Lachesis infœlix Atropos occat (secat!),
Proch dolor! et gemitus sic deficit Anglicus honor.
Tolle caput milvi, cancer ter simile fiat;
Et medium solis sex lustra notabis et unum.
Anglorum Regnum Bastard bello superavit,
Et monasterium construere rex properavit;
Jejuniis orans, cupiens de sobole scire,
Divinum mox responsum merebatur audire.
Quot pedibus fiat ecclesia Batalliæ longa,
Tot annis tua posteritas regnabit in Anglia.
Quamlibet ecclesiam prolongare voluerunt,
Trecentos pedes excedere non potuerunt.
Bruti posteritas cum Scotis associata,
Anglia regna premet Marte, labore, voce.
Flumina manabunt hostili tincta cruore,
Perfida gens omnium fraude subacta ruet;
Quem Britonum fundet Albanis juncta juventus,
Sanguine Saxonico tincta rubebit humus.
Regnabunt Britones Albanæ gentis amici,
Antiquum nomen insula tota feret.
Ut profert Aquila veteri de turre loquuta,
Cum Scotis Britones plurima regna regent.
Regnabunt pariter in prosperitate quieta,
Hostibus expulsis, judicis usque diem.
Historiæ veteris Gildas luculentus orator
Hæc retulit parvo carmine plura notans.

*Versus vaticinales editi a Gilda hystoriographo.*

Regnum Scotorum fuit inter cætera regna
Terrarum quondam nobile, forte, potens;
Reges magnifici Bruti de stirpe regebant
Fortiter egregie Scotica regna prius,
Ex Albiniaceo trina pote potentis Æneæ
Dicitur Albania, litera prisca probat.
A Scota nata Pharaonis regis adepti,
Ut veteres tradunt, Scotia nomen habet.
Post Britones, Dacos, Pictos, Hunnosque repulsos,
Nobiliter Scoti jus tenuere suum.
Fata ducis celebris super omnia Scotia flebit,
Qui loca septa solo junget ubique sibi;
Principe magnifico tellus viduata vacabat,
* * * *
Antiquos reges justos, largos, locupletes,
Formosos, fortes, Scotia mœsta luget.
Ut Mellinus ait, post reges belligerosos,
Regis more carens regia sceptra geret;
Serviet Angligeno regi pro tempore quodam,
Proch dolor! Albania fraude subacta sua.
Quorum respirabit post regis funus avari,
Versibus antiquis prisca Sibilla canit.
Candidus Albanus Patotis causa ruinæ,
Traditione sua socia regna teret.
Rex Barrolis eum numerosa classe potitus,
Affliget Scotos ense, furore, fame.
Extera gens tandem Scotorum fraude peribit,
In bello princeps Noricus ense cadet;
Gallica quem gignet, qui gazis regna replebit,
O dolor! o gemitus! fratris ab ense cadet.
Anglia Neustrenses fœtu decorata leonis,
Regibus offensis sit pluribus aucta coronis.
Anno milleno tercenteno medioque,
Centum cum deno, populo pugnatur utroque;
Mens, cur, cor cupiens, lex Christi, vita jocunda,
Formam cunctorum tibi primam dabit futurorum.
Albus draconem draco rubeum superabit;
Anglorum nomen tollit, rubeique durabit.
Cum fuerint anni completi mille ducenti,
Et decies deni, post partum Virginis almæ,
Et sex et seni, sulcabunt æquora remi,
Inter saxosum vicum castrumque nodosum
Corruet Anglorum gens perfida fraude suorum.

*D'A*.*

## EXTRACTS ILLUSTRATING COSTUME, &c.

From MS. Laud. 416. olim. C. 90, fol. pap. circa 1460. A paraphrase of the Ten Commandments, in 7. line stanzas, illustrated by "Narraciones" or Tales. Imperf. at beginning, as the first fol. is marked xxxvij.

Under the Third Commandment not to break the Sabbath, occur these lines, f. 44. v°.

Also use not to pley at the dice ne at the tablis,
Ne none maner gamys uppon the holidais;
Use no tavernys where be jestis and fablis,
Syngyng of lewde balettes, rondelettes, or virolais;
Nor erly in mornyng to fecche home fresch mais,
For yt makyth maydins to stomble and falle in the breirs,
And afterward they telle her councele to the freirs.

Now y-wis yt were wele done to know
The dyfference bytwene a damselle and a maide,
For alle bene lyke whan they stond in a row;
But I wylle telle what experience said,
And in what wyse they be entyrid and araied;
Maydyns were callis of silk and of thred,
And damsellis kerchevis pynnid uppon ther hed.

Wyffis may not to chirch tille they be entyred,
Ebridyllid and paytrellid, to shew her aray,
And fetyd alle abowte as an hacony to be hyred;
Than she lokyth aboute her if eny be so gay;
And oon thyng I comend, which is most to my pay,
Ther kerchef hanggyth so low, that no man can a-spye,
To loke undirnethe oons to shrew her eie.

Jangelyng in chirche among hem is not usid,
To telle alle her howswyfry of the weke byfore;
And also her husbondis shalle not be accusid,
Now crokyd and crabbed they bene ever more;
And suche thyngges lo! they can kepe no store,
They bene as close and covert as the horn of Gabrielle,
That wylle not be herd but from hevyn to helle.

Under the Sixth Commandment the writer is very severe against women in the following lines; *f.* 54.

But and the wyf oons happe to go astray,
Hyt hard is for evyr to gete yt a wey.

Tylle dethe depart she wylle not blynne,
She is nothyng jelows of her name;

For she is so bold off her synne,
She seith it is but a comyn game;
Why shuld she than have eny shame,
Yf she can eny goodly man a-spie,
Wyth her crokyd instrument encrese and multeplie.

In suche foule lustis is moste her delyte,
And to make her fresh wyth gay attyris;
She sparith no cost to yef men aptyde,
To sette up her hornys with long wyris;
And to be made muche of she gretly desyris;
She wil be redy with the twynkelyng of an eie,
And wyth her lytille whetyng-corne to encrese and multeply.

Of oon straunge thyng she held hir not paide,
She must eche day have chaunges new;
And if eny be bettyr than she araide,
Or have clothyng of a fressher hew,
Then to have ther of she wille fast pursew;
And if that she have it not, ye must sey her why,
Or els wyth her twachylle wille encrece and multeply.

Bochas rehersith of wyfis many oone,
Which to her husbondis were contrarious;
Among alle other he wrytyth of oone,
Semeramis hir name, of levyng vicious,
Quene of Assirie, he callyth hir thus;
Which wold no man in eny wyse denye,
But wyth her crokid shap encrece and multeply.

She ne sparid straunger ne other,
And if he come not, she wold hym calle;
She toke her sonne and eke her brother,
Suche a fals lust was on her falle;
Hir corage was to have ado with alle;
She had no mynd that she shuld die,
But with her prety tytmose to encrece and multeply.

And yet the most party, by God, I dare welle saye,
Are of an hole mynde fulle stedfast and sure;
Buxom and bonaire, and meke as a maie,
And without man they can right welle endure;
Of clennes and chastyté they have bothe in cure;
And yet som men wille thynk and say that y lie,
There are so many workars to encrece and multeplye.

* * * * *

*f.* 60.

I can fynd no man now that wille enquere,
The parfyte wais unto Dunmow;
For they repent hem within a yere,
And many within a weke, and sonner, men trow;
That cawsith the weis to be rowgh and over grow,
That no man may fynd path or gap,
The world is turnyd to another shap.

Befe and moton wylle serve wele enow;
And for to seche so ferre a lytill bakon flyk,
Which hath long hanggid, resty and tow;
And the wey I telle you is comborous and thyk,
And thou might stomble, and take the cryk;
Therfor bide at home, what so ever hap,
Tylle the world be turnyd into another shap.

*Mdn.*

## THE PROPERTIES OF GOOD WINE.

From MS. Lansdowne, No. 397, fol. 9, v°. of the fourteenth century. It is a different and more complete copy of the scrap printed at p. 273 of our first volume.

*De vino.*

Savez-vous coment homme deit le vyn prisir, quant homm le trove freit et de bon boysoun? xx. lettres y ad, bien les sai, ore les escotez et jeo les vous nomerai. iij. B, iij. C, iij. N, iij. S, et viij. F. Les iij. B dient q'il est bons, beus, et bevale. Les iij. C dient q'il est court, clers, et crespe. Les iij. N, q'il est net, neays, et naturels. Les iij. S dient q'il est sek, sayn, et sade. Les viij. F dient q'il est freit, fresche, fryant, fremissaunt, furmentel, feire, fyn, e Fraunceys. Et où crust-il? Il crust sur le croupel de la mountaigne en coundos d'un lary en agayt du soleil où li un grayn regard lui autres sicom confel fait poucin en arrys du vilayn, où onkes grayn de feus n'i entra, si le douz russinolle ne le portast en son duz bek volaunt, et ret cum rasoure de gyngaunt qe ret mil moignes à un afilée, estencele cum carboun de chenvert, rampaunt cum esquirel du boys, beaux cum chevaler, pleisaunt cum dame, fort cum toure, descendant cum foudre, ciliaunt cum fuge de charrete, poignant cum aloyn de cordewaner, cler cum lerme de senge qe plort par force de vent de bise quant set sur croup de somer, poysoun au vilayn, treacle à dame. E coment fait à boivre? un tenum, od un tendre flemyschele cllise cognule ryolle, un soffle et descreve cum emfs qui ad la verole. Eye, vin, bons es-tu, douz es-tu, mult des melles fais-tu, mès quant tu les ad fait tu les peeses, ore tere ta bouche, si ma beses.

*Wrt.*

## SONG OF THE BOAR'S HEAD.

From MS. Porkington, No. 10. sm. 4to. sec. 15. on paper. This Song or Carol differs from the two on the same subject printed in Ritson's Ancient Songs, p. 126.

Hey, hey, hey, hey, the borrys hede is armyd gay.
The boris hede in hond I bryng,
With garlond gay in porttoryng,
I pray yow alle with me to synge,
With hay.

Lordys, kny3ttes, and skyers,
Persons, prystis, and wycars,
The boris hede ys the furt mes,
With hay.

The boris hede, as I yow say,
He takis his leyfe, and gothe his way,
Gone after the xij. theyl ffyt day,
With hay.

Then commys in the secunde kowrs with mykylle pryde,
The crannus, the heyrrouns, the bytteris by ther syde,
The pertrychys and the plowers, the wodcokus and the snyt,
With hay.

Larkys in hot schow, ladys for to pyk,
Good drynk therto, lycyus and fyne,
Blwet of allmayne, romnay and wyin,
With hay.

Gud bred alle and wyin dare I welle say,
The boris hede with musterd armyd soo gay;
Furmante to pottage, with wennissun fyne,
And the hombuls of the dow, and all that ever commis in;
Cappons i-bake, with the pesys of the roow,
Reysons of corrons, with odyre spysis moo.

It ends abruptly thus at the bottom of a page.

*Mdn.*

# A BRIEF DIARY.

Written apparently by some citizen of London, temp. Hen. VII. and Hen. VIII. from MS. Vespasian A. xxv.

## K. H. the vij.

M. Remyngton, mayir. Then came yn my lady Kataryn, the kyngges doughter, of Castell, into Ingland.

M. Schawe, mayir. Then was prince Arthur, the son of kyng H. the vij., maryid unto my lady Kataryn above said, at Polles; and agaynst her commyng into London was many goodly pageantes made in the citte, at Alhalowtide, when they weere maryid.

M. Bartilmew Reede. Then dyid prynce Arthur above sayd.

M. Capelle, mayir. Then was London Bridge a fyir.

M. Wynggar, mayir.

M. Kneisworth, mayir. Then came in dewke Phillip, of Burgon, agaynst his wille with tempast of wethir, as he was goyng into Spayn, whiche afterward was kyng of Castelle. Then was Polles wethir-cok blown doun.

M. Haddon, mayir.

M. Brown and M. Elmar, mayir.

M. Jenyngges, mayir. Then dyid K. H. the vij. the xxij. day of Aprelle; then did the duke of Yorke, whiche was brothur unto prynce Artur aforesayd, mary with my lady Kataryn his brothers wife, and was crounyd bothe kyng and quene, on Midsomer day, Sonday next after following.

## K. H. the viij.

M. Bradbery and M. Capell, mayrs. Then was Richard Emson and Edmond Dudley, which was afore chefe men with K. H. the vij., behedid at Touer hille, and then was pette waals in Temmys strete a fyir.

M. Kebylle, mayir.

M. Arsscheley, mayir.

M. Cepynger and M. Haddon, mayrs. Then went K. H. the viij. into Ffraunce, with a grete pouer. Then the emprour that then was, whois name was Maximyanus, and alle his oste, toke wages of our Kyng, and then was Torwyn and Torney won and gevyn away anone after. Then came yn Kyng Jamys of Skotlond, with a grete powar, ffull cowardly when our kyng

was in Ffraunce, and was kylde for his labour. And on saynt Laurans day was the Regent of Ingland and the grete caricke of Fraunce burnd, whiche was ij. the gretist shippes in Crisindom.

M. Brown and M. Tate, mayirs.

M. Monox, mayr.

M. Butlar, mayir.

M. Rest, mayir. Then was the Ille May-day, the comons of the citté and prentesis did rob and spoylle strayngars; and then was in diverce places of the citté galous set up, and there was hanggid and quartarid. Then was Midsomer terme kept at Oxford a litille while.

M. Exmew, mayir.

M. Morfyn, mayr. Then was the Menoris burnd.

M. Yarford, mayir.

M. Brigges, mayir. Then was the Deuke of Buckynggame behedid at Towr Hille, the xvij. day of Maye, Fryday, and is beryd at freer Austens.

M. Mylburn, mayr. Then came in the emprour Charlus, whiche was son of the Kyng of Castelle aforesayd.

M. Mundy, mayir. Then came yn the Kyng of Denmark, and his quene, and lay in the Bisshop of Bathis place, withoute Tempulle bar, and then was the Roodes lost.

M. Bawdre, mayir.

M. Bayly, mayir.

M. Allen, mayir,

M. Semer, mayir.

M. Spenser, mayir. Then was no watche kepte at Midsomer.

M. Rudstone, mayir.

M. Dodmore, mayir. Then was the Cardenalle pute oute of his Chauncelarship, and Sir Thomas Moore Knyght, was made Chauncelar of Ingland.

M. Pargetar, mayir.

M. Lambart, mair. Then came in a grete ffisshe at Tynmouth.

M. Pecok, mayir. Then was quene Kataryn lady douagear put aside; then did the Kyng mary with my lady An Bullen, and crounyd her queene at Westminster on Witsonday, the fyrst day of June.

M. Askew, mayir. Then was the holy mayde of Kent, ij. freers, ij. monkes, and the parson of Aldermary, drawn from

the Touer to Tiburn, there hangid and hedid; then was Mr. Doctor Taylar, prest, put oute of the Rolles, and Mr. Thomas Cromwelle, temporalle man, made master of the Rolles and the Kyngges secretary, and after that lord prevé sele, and after that vicar generalle of alle Ingland and Knyght of the Gartar, and after that lord Chamburlayn and Erlle of Esex.

M. Champney, mayir. Then was iij. monckes of the Chartarhouce of London, and the ffather of Syon, and a preest, drawen from the Towr to Tiburn, ther hangid, hedid, and quartarid; and after that iij. monckes more of the Chartarhouce, and the Bisshop of Rochester, behedid at Tour hille on Midsomer eve, is eve, and is beryid in Barkyng churcheyard, by the northe doore; and Sir Thomas Moore, Knyght and Chauncelar of Inglond, behedid at Tour hille, on Saynte Thomas eve after Midsomer, and was beryid within the Tour of London; then the Kyng made his owne hed to be pold, and many lordes and knyghtes and alle the Corte.

M. Allen, mayir, agayn twyis hole for hymselfe. Then dyid quene Kataryn aboute twelfetide, and was beryid in Peturborow Abbey. The xvij. day of Maye was behedid at Tour hille, my Lorde Recheford, quene Ans Brothur, and M. Noris, M. Weston, M. Breuton, and M. Marke for treson, and beryid alle in the Tour; the xix. day of Maye was beheded within the Tour, apon a skaffold, quene An, and there was beryid. Then the kyng did mary with my lady Jane Semer. Then dyid the Kyngges bastard son, deuke of Rechemond, at saynt Jamys be yend Charyng ✝. Then roos up the comons of Lyncolshere and of Yorkesheer. Then was dyverce halidays put doun, and then began the abbés to go down.

M. Waren, mayir. Then was my lord Garet, the Erlles son of Kildare in Erlond, and v. of his unckulls, drawen from the Tour to Tiburn, there hanggid, hedid, and quartarid, the morow after Candilmas day, Satterday the xxv. day of Maye. Fryday, Inbir day, was sir John Browmer Knyght drawn from the Tour to Tiburn, there hanggid, and hedid, and his wife that same our burnd in Smythfeld, both for treson, and sir Hevyn Hamorton Knyght, and sir Nicolas Tempas, the abbot of Fountans, the priour of Gisburgh, and doctor Pekeryng, drawn from the Tour to Tiburn, there hanggid, hedid, and quartarid. The ij. day of June, Satterday, was sir Thomas Perci Knyght, my lorde Lumley, is son sir Ffraunces Beygot Knyght, the abot of Jarvis, drawn from the Tour to Tyburn, ther hanggid, hedid, and quartarid. On Saynt Peturs eve, was my lorde Hussey, and sir Robart Constabulle Knyght, and M. Aske, which was the hed capten of alle, sent home into the

northe contre, and there they suffred dethe, and M. Aske was hanggid in York castell in cheynys. The last day of June, Satterday, was my lorde Darcy behedid at Tour hille. On Saynte Edwardes eve, Ffryday, in the mornyng, was prince Edward boorn, the trew son of K. H. the viij. and quene Jane, his mothur, in Hamton Corte. His godffathurs was the deuke of Norfock, and the deuke of Suffocke, and the bisschop of Caunturbery, and his godmothur, was his owne sister, whiche was dooughter of quene Kataryn aforesayd. On Saynte Crispyns eve, Wensday, dyid quene Jane in childbed, and is beryid in the castell of Wynsor.

M. Gressam, mayir. On Saynt Mathies day thapostulle, the xxiiij. day of February, Sonday, did the bisshop of Rochester preche at Polles Cros, and had standyng afore hym alle his sermon tyme the pictur of the Roode of Grace in Kent, that had byn many yeris in the abbey of Boxley in Kent and was gretely sought with pilgryms, and when he had made an ende of his sermon, the pictor was toorn alle to peces; then was the pictour of Saynte Saviour, that had stand in Barmsey abbey many yeris in Sowthwarke, takyn down. The xxij. day of May, Wensday, was there set up in Smythfeld, iij. skaffoldes, then one was for my lord mayir and aldyrmen, and the deuke of Norfock, the deuke of Suffocke and my lord prevé sele, and the tothir for the bisshop of Worcetter, wheeron he stoode and preche, and the third skaffold was made over agaynst the bisshop, where on stode doctor Fforrest, a graye freer of Grenewitche, at Polles Crosse, and beside hym was there a pictour set up, that was brought oute of Walis that was callid Dervelle Gadern, and a litille beside that, a payr of galous set up, and when the bisshop had made an end of his sermon, then was the freer had to the galous, and hanggid alive by the myddyll, and the armys with chaynys, and there burnd, and the pictour cast into the fyir to. Then was the pictour of our lady of Worcetter brought to London. Then was the rode that stode in Saynt Margit Pattens Churcheyard takyn awaye, which had stonde there xxxv. yere and more, and withyn a litille while after, there was burnd on a nyght over agaynst the same churche, a grete mayné of housis. Then was the pictor of our lady of Walsynggame whiche was the grettist pilgremage in alle Ingland, brought to London. Then was the rode of Northor and Saynt Unckumbur, that stode in Polles many yeris, takyn down, and Our Lady of Grace that had stond in Polles many yers. Then was Saynt Thomas schryne of Canterbury, take down, whiche had byn many yeris a grete pilgremage. Then was every man, woman, and child, commaundid to lerne ther pâtar noster, ave, and crede, in Englissche. Then hit was com-

maundid that no light shuld be set in churchis afore no image, but all take awaye.

M. Fforman, mayir. Then was the monckes of the Chartar-house, and alle the freers in London, put oute of ther housis. The ix. day of Dissembar, Monday, was beheddid at Tour Hille the erlle of Devensheer, othurwyis callid Markes of Excetter, whiche was nye kyn unto the kynge and my lorde Muntegewe and Sir Edward Nevelle, knyght. The viij. day of Maye, Thursday, did all the citté of London every house-holdar hymselfe, and every servant that he had that was parsonabulle, had harnes les or more, and white cotes and a red crose, and a swerd set apon the cote, bothe behynd and before, and alle the chefe men had ther cotes some of white satten and som of white damaske, and crossis and swerdes upon them, as alle the tothir had; then went they alle, and my lorde mayir, and alle the aldirmen, to Myle-end withoute Algate, in the mornyng, and there they weere set forthe, be five in a ray, with standardes born afore them, and drounslates playing afore them alle the way, and they weer devided in iiij. battelles with bowis, gonnys, mores, pikes, and billes, and so came thorow alle the Citte and thorow alle Westmynster, and aboute alle the newe parke, and came homwarde by Saynt Jamys, and so over the feldes, and thorow Holburn, and so home agayn; and the kyng stode at Westmynster over the new gate, and saw them alle from the begynnyng to the endyng. Then was no watche kepte at Midsomer. The ix. day of July, Wensday, was beheddid at Tour Hille, sir Andry Ffoskew Knyght, and a Knyght of the Roodes. Then did the bisship of Worcetter, whois name was Latemar, geve up his bisshiprike to the kyng.

M. Hollys, mayir. The iijde. day of Jenyver, Satterday, did the kyng, and alle the noblis of the reme, and the mayir, and alle the aldirmen in ther best araye, and every craft in ther best araye, went down in ther barges to Grenwitche, and every barge as goodly drest as they coude device, with stremars and bannars, and ther the kyng did mete and reseve on Blackeheth my Lady An, the deukes doughter off Kleve, and made her queene of Inglond. The xxviij. day of July, Wensday, was behedid at Tower hille, Thomas Cromwelle, whiche that had byn afore master of the Rolles, and after that the Kynges secretary, and after that vicar generalle, Knyght of the Gartar. Erlle of Esex, and lord Chamburlayn of Ingland; and my lord Hunggurford was beheddid theer that same tyme too. The xxx daye of July, Fryday, was there drawn from the Tower to Smythfeld vj. doctors, iij. of them was burnd and the tothir iij. was hanggid and quartarid; they that were burnd, ther namys weer doctor Barns, doctor Garet, parson of Honny-

lane, doctor Jherom, vicar, of Stepney; and ther namys that was quartarid, doctor Powelle, doctor Abelle, and doctor Fethurstone; and the heddes of my lord Croumwell, and my lorde Hungurford, weer set up on London bridge, and ther bodyis beryid in the Tour. This same yere was quene An, the dewkes doughter of Kleve aforesaid, pute aside. The viij. day of August, Sonday, did the kyng maré with my lady Kataryn Haward, the deuke of Norfocke his brothurs doughter, and made her quene of Ingland. That yere dyid my lorde of Saynt Jhons in his bed, whois name was William Weston; and that yere was new sargeantes of the queff made and kepte ther ffeste at Saynt Jhons. That summer was a hoote, and drye, and of grete dethe, and greete of the agew.

M. Roche, mayir. That wynter, was a very colde wynter, as was many yeris afore. The xxvij. day of May, Fryday, was the countes of Salisbery beheddid within the Tower.

The xxviij. day of June, Tewisday, was my lorde Lenard Markes behedid at Tower hille. The xxix. day of June, Wensday, Saynt Peturs day, was my lord Dakars of the southe led betwene bothe the scherevis of London afote from the Tower to Tiburn, and there was he hanggid. That yere the kyng rode in progrece to Yorke, and all the contré aboute. That yere was take doun the loyt in Polles, whereyn stode the roode of Northor and Saynt Artuolles Schryme in Polles, and Saynt Edwardes schryne at Westminster, and the said lord Dakars above saide was beryid in Saynt Powlkurs Churche, and the said lord Dakars was hanggid for robbré of the kyngges deer, and murther of the kepars.

1542.

M. Dormor, mair, the x. day of Dessember, Satterday, was M. Cowlpeppir and M. Duran drawn from the Tower to Tiburn. Cowlpeppur was heddid, and Duran was hanggid and quartarid, bothe them for playng the harlotte with queen Kataryn that then was.

The xiij. day of Febreuary, Monday, was queene Kataryn and my lady Recheford behedid, bothe in the towr of London; the xvij. day of Marche, Friday, was a mayde boyld in Smythfeld, in a grete led, for poysenyng of many that she had doon. This yere came oute of Erlond the erlle of Desmond, and the grete Aneel and othur lordes of Erlond, and did submyt themselfe to our kyng; and this yere the dewke of Norfocke and othur erlles and lordes with a grete army of men into Skotland.

This yere was Chounceré-lane, and Ffayter-lane, and Scholane, alle thorow pavid. And this yere was the new chamburs in Tempulle garden. And alle this summer was a colde summer and wete.

M. Gotes, mayir. Then came into Inglond kynge Jamys of Skotland, with a pouar of men, after Alhalow tide, and one John a Musgrave, with his company, met with hym, and in that skyrmysche the kyng was hurte or drounde; and there was takyn of the Skottes xxj. or xxiij. personars, that is to say, ij. erlles, vj. lordes, and alle the othur knyghtes and jentilmen, and they were brought to the kyng, to London, the xix. day of Dessember. In the monthe of July the kyng did mary with my lady Kataryn Latemer, wedow, and made her queen; and this wynter was a colde wynter, hit began afore Cristmas and lastid tell Ester Monday, of and on, and of grete dethe, and parte of Mighellmas terme was kepte at Saynt Albons. How be hit that M. Bowear was at that tyme mayir, for the terme begain after Alhalow tide, bycause of the grete dethe that was the sommer before.

M. Bowear and M. Waren, mayrs. This yere dyid in his bed at Crichurch, sir John Audeley, lorde Chauncelar of Inglond, and M. Bowear beyng mayir. This yere was moche harm doon in Skotland, as Edynborow and othur townys burnd and spoylid; and this yere the suffragis that longgid to the lateny was songe in Englissche toung; and this yere the kyng, in the monthe of July, went into Ffraunce with a gret powar of men. And this yere was the yere of our lord God, 1544, and the xxxvj. yere of the reng of kyng Hary the viij. And this yere was Bullen won and gevyn up; and this yere was the angelle nobulle reysyd to viij. s.

M. Laxton, mayir. This yere was Jhesus stepulle, that stode in Polles churche yerde, take down, and no watche kepte at Midsomer, nor Midsomer terme kepte. The xxij. day of August, dyid in his bed, in Gilford, the dewke of Suffocke, whois name was Charles Brandon. The xij. day of Septembar, Satterday, in the mornyng, about five of the klocke, was Saynte Jylis churche burnd, belles and alle, withoute Crepille gate. The viij. day of Octobar, Thursday, at nyght, aboute vij. a klok, was a ship of a nothur cuntré burnd at Blackewalle, thorow mysefortune of fyir.

M. Bowser. This yere dyid my lorde Bawdwyn, chefe justise of the Commen place. Then did my lorde Muntegew, whiche was chefe justise of the Kyngges benche, make labour for to be chefe justise of the Commen place, and so he was; then was my lorde chefe baarn of the Kyngg's Excheker, whois name was Lister, made chefe justise of the Kynngs benche and sargeant, alle oone day, the day the ix. day of November, Monday, in the yere of our lorde God xv C. xlv. in the xxxvij. yere of the reng of K. H. the viij.

## DEFINITION OF ROBBERY,

From MS. Sloane, 1785, of the fourteenth century.

*De latrocinio manifesto.*

Aperte thefte dos he that man,
That thorou sleght apertly stele can,
And hauntis of that foly,
To susteyne hym and his therby;
He were worthe. as I understond,
To be hanged thorou lawe of lond.
A pryvé thefte dos he this,
That takes ouȝt that is not his,
And holdes it pryvely as his owen,
And ȝut is he for trewe man knowen;
But whether he take more or lesse,
A pryvé thefte he that es;
But al if he here befor trew kid,
Fro God may not that theft be hid;
And if he scape her the law of londe,
To Gods law hym behoves stonde.
For whan his soule is hethen flemed,
Thorou Gods law he shal be demed,
And parchaunce to endles payne,
But he ȝelde it here agayne.
A covert thefte dos he in case,
Wich kepynge of his lordis goodis hase.
As bailyfes, sergeaunt of grayve,
That falles his lordis rent receyve;
And his acountes recken les
The receytes than the spence es;
So sleghly he can his acountes sette,
That his lorde rennes in his dette,
And puttes hymself to avauntage,
There he shuld be in arerage,
So sleghly steles his lordis rente,
Methinke he were worthi to be shent.
ȝette thorow colour of his offyce,
He hauntes coverly this vice,
Avauntage of other men to take,
With falce sleythes that he can make;
Thus can he covertly stele,
And ȝitte it semys that he were lele,
But ȝif he west what he were worthi,
For seche dedis he auȝt be sory.

Also a ȝife schuld honour stonde,
That takes the goodes of hyre husbond,
Agayne his leve or his wylle,
She stelis that good and dos ful ille;
Or he that is a man of religiouse,
That takys the godis of his house,
Witoutyn leve of his soverayne,
He stelis thoo goodys for certayne;
For wyfe ne man of religioun,
Of thoo goodis that ar comoun.

*Hlll.*

## A BALLAD.

From MS. Harl. 1370, of the seventeenth century.

I have been in debt, in love, and in drinke,
This many, many yeare;
And those three plagues were enough on would thinke,
For any mortall to beare.

'Twas love made me fall into drinke,
And drinke made me run into debt;
And although I have strugled and strugled and strove,
Yet I cannot get out of them yet.

'Tis mony that only can cure me,
And ease me of my paine;
Itt will pay of all my debts,
And remove all my letts,
And my mistris that could not indure me,
Would love me and love me againe,
And then I'd fall to lovinge and drinkinge amaine.

*Hlll.*

## A SONG.

From MS. Harl. 1317, of the time of Henry the Eighth. It appears to be incomplete.

Wep no more for me, swethart,
Wepe no more for me!
As sharpe as a dart
Hathe perysht my hart,
That yo shod morne for me.

Upon a mornyng of May,
In the mornyng grey,
I walkyd plesantly,
To a garden gren,
So fresh be-sen,
That joy hyt was to se.

Ther walkyd I,
Al so burly,
Musynge myselffe alone;
Tyll sodenly
I blenkyd my ny,
Wher I spyyd wone.

Whych in gret payne,
Methowt sarteyne,
Hyt semyd that he was;
Hys gowne al blake
Apon hys bake,
Lyke lede hys colore was.

*Hlll.*

## SCRAPS.

From MS. Sloane, No. 1210, of the fifteenth century.

fol. 126, r°. *Characteristics of the Months.*

Januarius Februarius Martius
Poto, ligna cremo, de vite superflua demo,
Aprilis Maius Junius
Do gramen gratum, mihi servit flos, mihi pratum,
Julius Augustus September
Fœnum declino, segites tero, vina propino,
October November December
Semen humo jacto, mihi pasco sues, mihi macto.

fol. 134, r°. *Proverbial Sayings.*

Qworle in tho qwew go lyghtly,
Qwene I was a ȝong man so dyd I.
Gira in algore leniter,
Quum fui juvenis ita feci.

Tho smallere pese tho mo to the pott;
Tho fayrere woman tho more gyglott.
Quo graciles pisæ plures offendimus ollæ;
Quo mage formosa mulier mage luxuriosa.

*Wrt.*

## CHARACTERISTICS OF COUNTIES.

The following piece, which differs a little from the copy given in our first volume, p. 269, was printed from a different MS. by Thomas Hearne, in the Introduction to the fifth volume of Leland's Itinerary.

*Here sueth the propertees of the shyres of Engelond.*

The propyrté of every shyre
I shal you telle, and ye will here.
Herefordshire, sheeld and spere;
Worsetershire, wryng pere.
Gloucetershire, sho and nayle;
Brystowe, shippe and sayle.
Oxenfordshire, gyrde the mare;
Warwykshire, bynde bere.
London, resortere;
Sowtherey, gret bragere.
Esex, ful of good hoswyfes;
Middlesex, ful of stryves.
Kentshire, hoot as fire;
Sowseks, ful of dyrt and myre.
Hertfordshire, ful of wode;
Huntyngdonshire, corn ful goode.
Bedfordshire is nought to lakke;
Bokynghamshire is his maakke.
Northamptonshire, ful of love,
Benethe the gyrdyll and noth above.
Lancastreshire, fayre archere;
Chestreshire, thwakkere.
Northumbrelond, hasty and hoot;
Westmerlond, tprut Scotte.
Yorkshire, ful of knyghtys;
Cambrygeshire, ful of pykes;
Holond, ful of grete dykes.
Northfolk, ful of wyles;
Southfulk, ful of styles.
I am of Shropshire, my shines be sharpe,
Ley wode to the fyre, and dresse me my harpe.
Notynghamshire, ful of hogges;
Derbyshire, ful of dogges.
Leycetershire, ful of benys;
Staffordshire, ful of quenys.
Wilkshire, fayre and playne;
Barkshyre, fyll the wayne.

Hampshire, drye and wete;
Somersetshire, good for whete.
Devenshire, myghty and stronge;
Dorseteshire wil have no wronge.
Pynnokshire is not to prayse,
A man may go it in to dayes.
Cornewayle, ful of tynne;
Walys, full of goote and kene.
That Lord that for us all dyde dye
Save all these shires! Amen, say we.

*Hlll.*

## A SERMON AGAINST MIRACLE-PLAYS.

From a MS. volume of English Sermons, written at the latter end of the fourteenth century, and now preserved in the library of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, London.

*Here bigynnis a tretise of miraclis pleyinge.*

Knowe ȝee, Cristen men, that as Crist God and man is bothe weye, trewth, and lif, as seith the gospel of Jon, weye to the errynge, trewth to the unknowyng and doutyng, lif to the strynge to hevene and weryinge, so Crist dude nothinge to us but effectuely in weye of mercy, in treuthe of ritwesnes, and in lif of ȝildyng everlastynge joye for oure continuely morning and sorwynge in this valey of teeres. In myraclis therfore that Crist dude heere in erthe, outher in hymsilf outher in hise seyntis, weren so efectuel and in ernest done, that to synful men that erren thei brouȝten forȝyvenesse of synne, settynge hem in the weye of riȝt beleve; to doutouse men not stedefast, thei brouȝten in kunnyng to betere plesen God and verry hope in God to been stedefast in hym; and to the wery of the weye of God, for the grette penaunce and suffraunce of the trybulacioun that men moten have therinne, thes brouȝten in love of brynnynge charité, to the whiche alle thing is liȝt, and he to suffere dethe, the whiche men most dreden, for the everlastynge lyf and joye that men moste loven and disiren, of the whiche thing verry hope puttith awey alle werinesse heere in the weye of God. Thanne sythen myraclis of Crist and of hyse seyntis weren thus effectuel, as by oure bileve we ben in certeyn, no man shulde usen in bourde and pleye the myraclis and werkis that Crist so ernystfully wrouȝte to oure helye; for whoevere so doth, he errith in the byleve, reversith Crist, and scornyth God. He errith in the bileve, for in that he takith the most precious werkis of God in pley and bourde, and so takith his name in

idil, and so mysusith oure bileve. A! Lord! sythen an erthely servaunt dar not taken in pley and in bourde that that her erthely lord takith in ernest, myche more we shulden not maken oure pleye and bourde of tho myraclis and werkis that God so ernestfully wrouȝt to us; for sothely whan we so done, drede to synne is taken awey, as a servaunt whan he bourdith with his mayster leesith his drede to offendyn hym, namely, whanne he bourdith with his mayster in that and that his mayster takith in ernest. And riȝt as a nayl smyten in holdith two thingis togidere, so drede smyten to Godward holdith and susteyneth oure bileve to hym. Therefore riȝt as pleyinge and bourdynge of the most ernestful werkis of God takith aweye the drede of God that men shulden han in the same, so it takith awey oure bileve and so oure moste helpe of oure salvacioun. And sith takyng awey of oure bileve is more venjaunce takyng than sodeyn takyng awey of oure bodily lif; and whanne we taken in bourde and pley the most ernestful werkis of God, as ben hyse myraclis, God takith awey fro us his grace of mekenesse, drede, reverence, and of oure bileve; thanne whanne we pleyin his myraclis as men don nowe on dayes, God takith more venjaunce on us than a lord that sodaynly sleeth his servaunt for he pleyide to homely with hym; and riȝt as that lord thanne in dede seith to his servaunt, "pley not with me, but pley with thi pere," so whanne we taken in pley and in bourde the myraclis of God, he fro us takynge his grace seith more ernestfully to us than the forseid lord, "pley not with me, but pley with thi pere". Therefore siche myraclis pleyinge reversith Crist; firste, in takynge to pley that that he toke into most ernest; the secound, in takyng to myraclis of oure fleysh, of oure lustus, and of oure fyve wittis, that that God tooc to the bryngyng in of his bitter deth, and to techyng of penaunse doynge, and to fleyinge of fedyng of oure wittis, and to mortifiyng of hem. And therfore it is that seyntis myche noten that of Cristis lawthyng we reden never in Holy Writt, but of his myche penaunse, teris, and schedynge of blod, doyng us to witen therby that alle oure doyng heere shulde ben in penaunce, in disciplynyng of oure fleyssh, and in penaunce of adversité, and therfore alle the werkis that we don and ben out of alle thes thre utturly reversen Cristis werkis, and therfore seith seynt Poul, "ȝat ȝif ȝee been out of disciplyne of the whiche alle gode men ben maad perceveris, thanne avoutreris ȝee ben and not sones of God." And sith myraclis pleynge reversen penaunce doying, as thei in greet likyng ben don and to grete likyng ben cast biforn, there as penaunce is in gret mournyng of hert and to greet mournyng is ordeynyd biforne, it also reversith dissipline, for in verry discipline the verry voys of oure mayster Crist is herd, as a scoler herith the vois of his mayster; and the

werd of God in the hond of Crist is seyn, in the whiche si3t alle oure othere thre wittis for drede tremblyn and quaken as a childe tremblith seyng the 3erde of his mayster; and the thridde in verry dissipline is verry turnyng awey and for3etyng of alle tho thingis that Crist hatith and turnyde hymsilf awey heere, as a chi[l]de undir dissipline of his mayster turnith hym awey fro alle thingis that his mayster hath forbedun hym, and for3etith hem for the greet mynde that he hath to done his maystris wille. And for thes thre writith seynt Petur seyinge, "Be 3ee mekid undur the my3ty hond of God, that he henhaunce you in the tyme of visityng all 3oure bisinesse throwynge in hym". That is; *be 3ee mekid*, that is to Crist, herynge his voyce, by verry obeschaunce to his hestis; and *undur the my3ty hond of God*, seeing evere more his 3ird to chastisen us in his hond 3if wee waxen wantown or idil, bethenkyng us, seith seynt Petre, that "hydous and ferful it is to fallen into the hondis of God on lyve;" for ri3t as most joye it is to steyen up into the hond of the mercy of God, so it is most hydous and ferful to fallen into the hondis of the wrathe of God. Therfore mekely drede we hym heere evere more seynge and thenkynge his 3erde overe oure hevyd, and thanne he shal enhauncyn us elliswhere in tyme of his graceous visityng. So that alle oure bysinesse we throwyn in hym, that is, that alle othere erthely werkis we don, not bitt to don his gostly werkis, more frely and spedely and more plesauntly to hym tristyng, that to hym is cure over us, that is, 3if we don to hym that that is in oure power he schal mervelously don to us that that is in his power, bothe in delyveryng us fro alle perilis and in 3yvyng us graciously al that us nedith or willen axen of hym; and sythen no man may serven two lordis togydere, as seith Crist in his gospel, no man may heren at onys efectuely the voyce of oure mayster Crist and of his owne lustis. And sythen myraclis pleyinge is of the lustis of the fleyssh and myrthe of the body, no man may efectuely heeren hem and the voyce of Crist at onys, as the voyce of Crist and the voyce of the fleysh ben of two contrarious lordis; and so myraclis pleyng reversith discipline, for as seith Seynt Poul, "eche forsothe discipline in the tyme that is now is not a joye but a mournynge". Also sithen it makith to se veyne si3tis of degyse, aray of men and wymmen by yvil continaunse, eyther stiryng othere to letcherie and of debatis, as aftir most bodily myrthe comen moste debatis, as siche myrthe more undisposith a man to paciencie and ablith to glotonye and to othere vicis, wherfore it suffrith not a man to be holden enterly the 3erde of God over his heved, but makith to them ken on alle siche thingis that Crist by the dedis of his passion badde us to for3eten. Wherefore siche myraclis pleyinge, bothe in penaunce doyng, in verry discipline, and in pacience,

reversyn Cristis hestis and his dedis. Also, siche myraclis pleying is scornyng of God, for ri3t as ernestful levyng of that that God biddith is dispising of God, as dide Pharao, so bourdfully takyng Goddis biddynge or wordis or werkis is scornyng of hym, as dyden the Jewis that bobbiden Crist. Thanne sythen thes myraclis pleyens taken in bourde the ernestful werkis of God, no doute that thei ne scornen God, as didden the Jewis that bobbiden Crist, for thei lowen at his passioun as these lowyn and japen of the myraclis of God. Therfore as thei scorneden Crist, so theese scorne God, and ri3t as Pharao wrooth to do that that God bad hym dispiside God, so these myraclis pleyeris and mayntenours, leevynge plesingly to do that God biddith hem, scornen God. He forsothe hath beden us alle to halowyn his name, 3yvyng drede and reverence in alle mynde of his werkis, withoute ony pleyng or japynge, as al holynesse is in ful ernest men, thanne pleyinge the name of Goddis miraclis, as plesyngly thei leeve to do that God biddith hem, so thei scornen his name and so scornyn hym.

But here a3en is thei seyen that thei pleyen these myraclis in the worschip of God, and so dyden not these Jewis that bobbiden Crist. Also, ofte sithis by siche myraclis pleyinge ben men convertid to gode lyvynge, as men and wymmen seyng in myraclis pleyinge that the devil by ther aray, by the which thei moven eche on othere to leccherie and to pride, makith hem his servauntis to bryngen hemsilf and many othere to helle, and to han fer more vylenye herafter by ther proude aray heere than thei han worschipe heere, and seeynge ferthermore that al this wordly beyng heere is but vanité for a while, as is myraclis pleying, wherthoru thei leeven ther pride and taken to hem afterward the meke conversacioun of Crist and of his seyntis, and so myraclis pleyinge turneth men to the bileve, and not pervertith. Also, ofte sythis by siche myraclis pleyinge men and wymmen, seynge the passioun of Crist and of hise seyntis, ben movyd to compassion and devociun, wepynge bitere teris, thanne thei ben not scornynge of God but worschipyng. Also, prophitable to men and to the worschipe of God it is to fulfillun and sechen alle the menes by the whiche men mowen seene synne and drawen hem to vertues; and sythen as ther ben men that only by ernestful doynge wylen be convertid to God, so ther been othere men that wylen be convertid to God but by gamen and pley; and now on dayes men ben not convertid by the ernestful doyng of God ne of men, thanne now it is tyme and skilful to assayen to convertyn the puple by pley and gamen, as by myraclis pleyinge and other maner myrthis. Also, summe recreatioun men moten han, and bettere it is or lesse yvele that thei han theyre recreacoun by pleyinge

of myraclis than bi pleyinge of other japis. Also, sithen it is leveful to han the myraclis of God peyntid, why is not as wel leveful to han the myraclis of God pleyed, sythen men mowen bettere reden the wille of God and his mervelous werkis in the pleyinge of hem than in the peyntynge, and betere thei ben holden in mennus mynde and oftere rehersid by the pleyinge of hem than by the peyntynge, for this is a deed bok, the tother a qu[i]ck.

To the first reson we answeryng seying that siche myraclis pleyinge is not to the worschipe of God, for thei ben don more to ben seen of the world and to plesyn to the world thanne to ben seen of God or to plesyn to hym; as Crist never ensaumplide hem but onely hethene men that everemore dishonouren God, seyinge that to the worschipe of God, that is to the most velenye of hym; therfore as the wickidnesse of the misbileve of hethene men lyith to themsilf whanne thei seyn that the worshipyng of theire maumetrie is to the worschipe of God, so mennus lecherye now on dayes to han ther owne lustus lieth to hemself, whanne thei seyn that suche miracles pleiyng is to the worschip of God. For Crist seith that folk of avoutrie sechen siche syngnys, as a lecchour sechith signes of verrey love, but no dedis of verrey love; so sithen thise myraclis pleyinge ben onely syngnis of love withoute dedis, thei ben not onely contrarious to the worschipe of God, that is bothe in signe and in dede, but also thei ben gynnys of the devvel to cacchen men to byleve of Anti-Crist, as wordis of love withoute verrey dede ben gynnys of the lecchour to cacchen felawchipe to fulfillynge of his leccherie. Bothe for these myraclis pleyinge been verrey leesyng, as thei ben sygnis withoute dede, and for thei been verrey idilnesse, as thei taken the myraclis of God in idil after their owne lust, and certis idilnesse and leesyng been the most gynnys of the dyvul to drawen men to the byleve of Anti-Crist, and therfore to pristis it is uttirly forbedyn not onely to been myracle pleyere but also to heren or to seen myraclis pleyinge, lest he that shulde been the gynne of God to cacchen men and to holden men in the bileve of Crist, thei ben maad ayenward by ypocrisie the gyn of the devel to cacchen men to the bileve of Anti-Crist. Therfore riȝt as a man swerynge in ydil by the names of God, and seyinge that in that he worschipith God and dispisith the devyl, verryly lyinge doth the reverse, so myraclis pleyers, as thei ben doers of ydilnesse seyinge that thei don it to the worschip of God, verreyly lyyn; for as seith the gospel, "not he that seith, Lord! Lord! schal come to blisse of heven, but he that doth the wille of the fadir of hevene schal come to his kyndam"; so myche more not he that pleyith the wille of God worschipith hym, but onely he that

doith his wille in deede worschipith hym. Riȝt therfore as men by feynyd tokenes bygilen and in dede dispisen ther neyȝboris, so by siche feynyd myraclis men bygylen hemsilf and dispisen God, as the tormentours that bobbiden Crist.

And as anentis the second reson, we seyen that riȝt as a vertuous deede is otherewhile occasioun of yvel, as was the passioun of Crist to the Jewis, but not occasioun ȝyven but taken of hem, so yvele dedis ben occasioun of gode dedis otherewhile, as was the synne of Adam occasioun of the comyng of Crist, but not occasion ȝyven of the synne, but occasion takin of the grete mercy of God, the same wise myraclis pleyinge, albeit that it be synne, is othere while occasion of convertyng of men, but as it is synne it is fer more occasion of pervertyng of men, not onely of oon synguler persone but an hool comynté, as it makith al a puple to ben ocupied in veyn aȝenus this heeste of the Psauter Book, that seith to alle men and namely to pristis that eche day reden it in ther servyse, "Turne awey myn eyen that thei se not vanytees," and efte, "Lord, thou hatistde alle waytynge vanytees." How thanne may a prist pleyn in entirlodies, or ȝyve hymsilf to the siȝt of hem? sythen it is forbeden hym so expresse by the forseyde heste of God; namely, sythen he cursith eche day in his service alle tho that bowen awey fro the hestis of God; but alas! more harme is, pristis now on dayes most shrewyn hemsilf and al day, as ma[n]y that al day crieth "watte, shrewe!" shrewynge hymsilf. Therfore myraclis pleyinge, sythen it is aȝenus the heest of God, that biddith that thou shalt not take Goddis name in ydil, it is aȝenus oure bileve, and so it may not ȝyven occacioun of turnynge men to the bileve but of pervertyng; and therfore many men wenen that ther is no helle of everlastynge peyne, but that God doth but thretith us and not to do it in dede, as ben pleyinge of miraclis in sygne and not in dede. Therfore siche myraclis pleying not onely pervertith oure bileve but oure verrey hope in God, by the whiche seyntis hopiden that the more thei absteneden hem fro siche pleyes, the more mede thei shuld then have of God; and therfore the holy Sara, the douȝter of Raguel, hopynge heie mede of God, seith, "Lord, thou woost that nevere y coveytide man, and clene y have kept myselfe fro all lustis, nevere with pleyeris y-myngid me mysilfe;" and by this trwe confessioun to God, as she hopide, so sche hadde hir preyeris herd and grete mede of God; and sythen a ȝonge womman of the Olde Testament, for kepyng of hir bodily vertue of chastité and for to worthily take the sacrament of matrimonye whanne hir tyme shulde come, abstenyde hir fro al maner ydil pleying and fro al cumpany of idil pleyeris; mychen more a prist of the Newe Testament, that is passid the tyme of

childehod, and that not onely shulde kepe chastité but alle othere vertues, ne onely mynystren the sacrament of matrimonye but alle othere sacramentis, and namely sythen hym owith to mynystre to alle the puple the precious body of Crist, aw3te to abstene hym fro al ydil pleying bothe of myraclys and ellis. For certis sythen the quen of Saba, as seith Crist in the Gospel, schal dampne the Jewis that wolden not reseyve the wisdom of Crist, myche more this holy womman Sara at the day of dom schal dampnen the pristis of the Newe Testament that 3yvis hem to pleyes, reversen her holy maners aprovyd by God and al holy chirche; therfore sore au3ten pristis to be aschamyd that reversen this gode holy womman and the precious body of Crist that thei treytyn in ther hondis, the whiche body never 3af hym to pley but to alle siche thing as is most contrarious to pley, as is penaunce and suffryng of persecution. And so thes myraclis pleyinge not onely reversith feith and hope, but verry charité, by the whiche a man shulde weylen for his owne synne and for his neyeburs, and namely pristis; for it withdrawith not onely oon persone but alle the puple fro dedis of charité and of penaunce into dedis of lustis and lik thingis, and of fedyng of houre wittis. So thanne thes men that seyen "pley we a pley of Anti-Crist and of the day of dome, that sum man may be convertid therby," fallen into the heresie of hem that reversyng the aposteyl and seyden, "do we yvel thingis that ther comyn gode thingis," of whom, as seith the aposteyl, dampnyng is ri3twise.

By this we answeren to the thridde resoun, seyinge that siche myraclis pleyinge 3yveth noon occcasioun of verrey wepynge and nedeful, but the wepyng that fallith to men and wymmen by the si3te of siche myraclis pleyinge, as thei ben not principaly for theire oune synnes ne of theire gode feith withinne sorye, but more of theire si3t withoute. Sory is not alowable byfore God, but more reprowable; for sythen Crist hymsilf reprovyde the wymmen that wepten upon hym in his passioun, myche more thei ben reprovable that wepen for the pley of Cristis passioun, leevynge to wepen for the synnes of hemsilf and of theire chyldren, as Crist bad the wymmen that wepten on hym.

And by this we answeren to the furthe resen, seyinge that no man may be convertid to God but onely by the ernestful doyinge of God, and by noon veyn pleying; for that that the word of God worchith not, ne his sacramentis, how shulde pleyinge worchen, that is of no vertue but ful of defaute. Therfore ri3t as the wepyng that men wepen ofte in siche pley comunely is fals, witnessenge that thei lovyn more the lykyng of theire body and of prosperité of the world than lykynge in God and

prosperité of vertu in the soule, and therfore havyng more compassion of peyne than of synne, thei falsly wepyn for lakkynge of bodily prosperité more than for lakkyng of gostly, as don dampnyd men in helle; ri3t so ofte sythis the convertynge that men semen to ben convertid by siche pleyinge is but feynyd holynesse, worse than is othere synne biforehande. For 3if he were werryly convertid, he shulde haten to seen alle siche vanyté as biddith the hestis of God, al be it that of siche pley he take occasion by the grace of God to fle synne and to folowe vertu. And 3if men seyn heere that, 3if this pleyinge of myraclis were synne, while God converten men by the occasion of siche pleyinge? heereto we seyen that God doith so for to comenden his mersy to us, that we thenken enterly hou good God is to us, that whil we ben thenkynge a3enus hym, doynge idilnesse and with-seyinge hym, he thenkith upon us good and sendynge us his grace to fleen alle siche vanyté; and for ther shulde nothinge be more swete to us than siche maner merci of God, the Psauter Book clepith that mercy blessynge of swetnesse, where he seith "Thou cam bifore hym in blessynges of swetnesse," the whiche swetnesse, al be it that it be likynge to the spirit, it is while we ben here, and ful travelous to the body whan it is verry; as the flesche and the spirit ben contrarious, therfore this swetnesse in God wil not been verely had while a man is ocuped in seynge of pleyis. Therefore the pristis that seyn hemsilf holy, and bysien hem aboute siche pleyis, ben verry ypocritis and lyeris; and herby we answeren to the fifte resone, seyinge, that verry recreation is leeveful ocupiynge in false werkis to more ardently worschen grettere werkis, and therefore siche myraclis pleyinge ne the si3te of hem is no verrey recreasion, but fals and wordly, as provyn the dedis of the fautours of siche pleyis, that 3it nevere tastiden verely swetnesse in God, traveylynge so myche therinne that their body wolde not sofisen to beren siche a traveyle of the spirite; but as man goith fro vertue in virtue, so thei gon fro lust into lust, that thei more stedefastly dwellen in hem, and therefore as this feynyd recreacioun of pleyinge of myraclis is fals conceite, so it is double shrewidnesse, worse than thouth thei pleyiden pure vaniteis. For now the puple 3yveth credence to many mengid leesyngis, for other mengid trewthis, and maken wenen to be gode that is ful yvel; and so ofte-sithis lasse yvele it were to pleyin rebaudye, than to pleyin siche myriclis. And 3if men axen what recreacion men shulden have on the haliday after theire holy contemplacioun in the chirche, we seyen to hem two thingis, oon, that 3if he hadde veryly ocupiede hym in contemplacioun byforn, neyther he wolde aske that question ne han will to se vanyté; anothere, we seyn that his recreacioun

shulde ben in the werkis of mercy to his neyebore, and in dilityng hym in alle good comunicacioun with his neybore, as biforn he dilited hym in God, and in alle othere nedeful werkis that reson and kynde axen. And to the last reson we seyn, that peinture ȝif it be verry withoute mengyng of lesyngis, and not to curious to myche fedynge mennus wittis and not occasion of maumetrie to the puple, thei ben but as nakyd lettris to a clerk to riden the treuthe; but so ben not myraclis pleyinge, that ben made more to deliten men bodily than to ben bokis to lewid men, and therefore ȝif thei ben quike bookis, thei ben quike bookis to schrewidenesse more than to godenesse. Gode men therefore seinge ther tyme to schort to ocupyen hem in gode ernest werkis, and seinge the day of the rekenynge neyȝen faste, and unknowyng whan thei schal go hennys, fleen alle siche ydilnessis, hyinge that thei weren with her spouse Crist in the blisse of Hevene.

An half frynde tariere to soule helthe, redy to excusen the yvil and hard of bileve, with Thomas of Ynde, seith, that he wil not leevyn the forseyd sentense of myraclis pleyinge, but and men schewen it hym bi holy writt opynly and by oure bileve. Wherfore that his half frenschip may be turnyd to the hoole, we preyen hym to beholden first in the seconde maundement of God that seith "Thou schalt not take Goddis name in idil;" and sythen the mervelous werkis of God ben his name, as the gode werkis of craftesman been his name, than in this hest of God is forbeden to takun the mervelouse werkis of God in idil; and how mowen thei be more takyn in idil than whanne thei ben maad mennus japynge stikke, as when thei ben pleyid of japeris? And sythen ernestly God dyde hem to us, so take we hem of hym; ellis fosothe we taken hem in veyn. Loke thanne, frend, ȝif thi byleve tellith that God dide his myraclis to us for we shulden pleyn hem, and yn trowe it seith to the, "nay, but for thou schuldist more dredyn hym and lovyn hym," and certis greet drede and gret effectuel loove suffrith no pleyinge nor japyng with hym. Thanne sythen myraclis pleyinge reversith the wille of God, and the ende for the which be wrouȝt myraclis to us, no doute but that myraclis pleyinge is verré takyng of Goddis name in ydil. And ȝif this suffisith not to thee, albeit that it shulde suffisen to an hethene man, that therefore wil not pley in the werkis of his mawmete, I preye thee rede enterly in the book of lyf that is Crist Jhesus, and if thou mayst fynden in hym that he evere exsaumplide that men shulden pleye myraclis, but alwey the revers, and oure byleve cursith that ladden or lassen over that Crist exsaumplide us to don. Hou thanne darst thou holden with myraclis pleyinge, sythen alle the werkis of Crist

reversiden hem, and in none of his werkis thei ben groundyd? namely, sythen thou seyst thiselven that thou wolt nothing leven but that may be schewid of oure bileve, and sythen in thing that is acordyng with the flessh and to the likyng of it, as is myraclis pleyinge, thou wilt nothing don aȝenus it, but ȝif it be schewid of oure bileve; myche more in thing that is with the spirit, and alwey exsawmplid in the lif of Christ, and so fully writen in the booke of lif, as is levyng of myraclis pleyinge and of alle japyng, thou shuldest not holden aȝenys it, but if it myȝte ben schewid aȝens the bileve, sythen in al thyng that is dowtous men shulden holden with the partye that is more favowrable to the spirit, and more exsawmpplid in the lif of Christ; and so as eche synne distruyith hymsilf, and eche falshed, so thi answere distruyith hymsilfe, and therby thou mayst wel witen that it is not trewe, but verré unkyndenesse; for if thou haddist hadde a fadir that hadde suffred a dispitouse deth to geten thee thyn heritage, and thou therafter woldest so liȝtly bern it to make therof a pley to the and to alle the puple, no dowte but that alle gode men wolden demyen the unkynde, miche more God and alle his seyntis demyen alle tho cristen men unkynde that pleyen or favouren the pley of the deth or of the myracles of the most kynde fadir Crist, that dyede and wrouȝte myraclis to bryngen men to the evere-lastande heretage of hevene.

But peraventure heere thou seist, that if pleyinge of myraclis be synnen, never the latere it is but litil synne. But herefore, dere frend, knowe ȝee that eche synne, be it never so litil, if it be mayntenyd and prechid as gode and profitable, is deadely synne; and therefore seith the prophite, "Wo to hem that seien gode, yvel, and yvel, good!" and therfore the wyse man dampeneth hem that gladen whan thei don yvel; and therfore alle seyntis seyen, that mannysche it is to fallen, but develiche it is to abyden stylle therinne. Therfore, sithen thes myraclis pleyinge is synne, as thou knowlechist, and is stedefastly meyntenyd, and also men deliten hem therinne, no dowte but that it is deadly synne, and dampnable, develiche not mannysch. Lord, sythen Àdam and Eve and al mankynde weren dampnyd out of paradise, not onely for etyng of the appul, but more for the excusyng therof, myche more pleyinge of myraclis not onely excusid but stedefastly meyntenyd is dampnable and deadly, namely sythen it not onely pervertith oon man but al a puple, that thei seien good, yvel, and yvel, gode. And if this wil not suffise thee, albeit that it shulde suffisen to eche Cristen man, that nothing schulde done oute of the techynge that Crist tauȝte, tachide to the dedis that God hath done, of whiche we reden that at the biddyng of God, for Ismael pleyide with his brother Isaac,

bothe Ismael and his modir weren throwen out of the hous of Abraham, of the whiche the cause was for bi siche pleyinge Ismael, that was the sone of the servant, myȝte han begilid Isaac of his heretage, that was the sone of the fre wif of Abraham. Another cause was sythen Ismael was born after the fleysh, and Isaac after the spirit, as seith the apostele, to exsaumplen that pley of the fleysh is not covenable ne helpely to the spirit, but to the bynymmynge of the spiritus heretage. And the thridde cause was to figuren, that the olde testament, that is testament of the fleysh, may not ben holden with the newe testament, that is testament of the spirit; and ȝif it be hooly kept with the testament of the spirit, it doith away verré fredom, and bynymmeth the heretage of hevene. Thanne sythen the pley of Ismael was not leveful with Isaac, myche more fleysly pley is not leveful with the gostly werkis of Crist and of his seyntis, as ben hise myraclis to converten men to the bileve, bothe for fer more distaunce of contrarité is bitwene fleyshly pley and the ernestful dedis of Crist than bitwene the pley of Ismael and Isaac, and also for the pley bitwene Ismael and Isaac was figure of the pley bitwene the fleysh and the spirit. Therefore, as two thingis most contrarious mowen not pleyn togidere withouten hurtyng of either, as experiens techith, and most that party schal hurtyn that is most meyntenyd, and that partie schal be most hurt that is lest meyntenyd; than pleyinge that is fleschely with the werkis of the spirit, is to harmynge of ever either, and most schal the fleysh hurtyn the spirit, as in suche pleyinge the fleysh is most meytenyd and the spirite lasse. And as in good thingis the figuride is evermore bettere than that that is figure, so in yvel thingis that that is figurid is fer werse than the figure; than sythen the pleyinge of Ismael with Isaac is figure of the pleyinge of the fleysh with the spirit, and the ton is yvel, thanne fer werse is the tother. Than pleyinge with the myraclis of God disservith more venjaunce, and more synne is, than disservyde the pleyinge of Ismael with Isaac, and lasse yvel was; and as felawchip of a thral with his lord makith his lord dispisid, so myche more pleyinge with the myraclis of God makith hem dispisith, sythen pleyinge to comparisoun of the mervelouse werkis of God is fer more cherl than ony man may ben cherl of a lord; and therefore the pleyinge of Ismael, that was the sone of the servant, with Isaac, that was the sone of the fre womman, was justly reprovyd, and bothe the damme and the sone put out of his cumpanye; myche more mennus pley with the mervelouse werkis of God is reprovable, and worthi to ben put out of ther cumpanye. And therfore, as seith the apostel, as ther is no gode commyng betwene the develis instrument to perverten

men, as pleying of the fleysh, and goddis instrewment to converten men, as be his mervelous werkis, therefore, as this is a verré lesynge to seyen that for the love of God he wil ben a good felowe with the devil, so it is a werry lesyng to seyen that for the love of God he wil pleyen his myraclis: for in neyther is the love of God schewid, but his hestis to-brokun. And sythen the serymonyes of the olde lawe, albeit that thei weren ȝiven by God, for thei weren fleyshly, thei shulden not be holde with the newe testament, for it is gostly; myche more pleyinge for it is fleysly, never bedyn of God, shulde not ben don with the mervelouse werkis of God, for thei ben gostly; for as the pleyinge of Ismael with Isaac shulde han bynomyn Isaac his heretage, so in the kepyng of the seremonyes of the olde lawe in the newe testament shulde han bynomen ther bileve in Crist, and han made men to gon bacward, that is to seie, fro the gostly lyvyng of the newe testament to the fleyshly lyvyng of the olde testament. Myche more pleyinge of myraclis benemeth men ther bileve in Crist, and verré goynge bacward fro dedis of the spirit to onely syngnes don after lustis of the fleysh, that ben aȝenus alle the deedis of Crist, and so myraclis pleyinge is verré apostasye fro Crist, and therfore we schal nevere fyndyn that myraclis pleying was usid among Cristene men; but sythen religious onely in tokenes shewiden ther religioun, and not in dedis, and sythen pristis onely in syngnes and for money schewiden ther pristhode, and not in dedis, and therfore the apostasye of these drawith myche of the puple after hem, as the apostasyie of Lucifer the first aungel droowȝ myche of hevene after hym.

And if this, frend, wil not suffisen to thee, that the eyȝen of the blynd pite takun siȝte, take hede how the pleyinge of two contrari partis togidere, as of the pleyinge of the childre of Abner and of the childre of Joab, weren thre hundrid men and sixti sleyn, and mo out of doute, myche more harm doth pleyinge of gostly werkis, after lustus of the fleysh, as thei ben more enemyes; for it is of myraclis pleyinge as it is of thes apostates that prechen for bodily avauntage; for riȝt as thes han bodily avauntage at more pris than the word of God, as thei maken the word of God but a mene to ther avauntage, so these myracle pleyeris and the fawtours of hem ben verré apostaas, bothe for thei puttun God bihynde and ther owne lustis biforn, as thei han mynde of God onely for sake of ther pley, and also for thei deliten hem more in the pley than in the myraclis silf, as an apostata more delitith hym in his bodily wynnyng than in the trowthe of God, and more preysith seemely thingis withoute forth than ony fayrnesse withinne forth to God-ward. And herfore it is, that siche myraclis pleyinge thretith myche the

maunse of God; for riȝt as a jelous man seeynge his wif to conapun with his kyndnessis, and to lovyn by hem another man more than hym, abidith not longe to don variaunse to chastisynge of hyr, so sithe God is more jelous over his puple, as he more lovyth it, than ony man is jelous upon his wif, he seeynge the kyndnessis of his myraclis put byhynde, and mennus lustis beforn, and so menis wil to ben more lovyd than his owne wille, no wondir thof he sende sone venjaunse therafter; as he moot nede, for his gret riȝtwessnesse and mersy; and therefore it is that the wise man seith, "The ende of myrthis is sorowe, and ofte ȝoure lawȝyng shal be medelid with sorowe. And therfore, as experience proveth, ever sithen regnyde siche maner apostasie in the puple, seside never the venjaunce of God upon us, outher of pestilence, outher of debate, outher of flodis, other of derthe, and of many othere, and commely whan men be most unskilfuly merye sone after fallith sorowe. Therfore siche myraclis pleyinge now on dayes witnessith thre thingis, first, is grete synne byforne the, second, it witnessith grete foly in the doinge, and the thridde greet venjaunse aftir; for riȝt as the chyldren of Israel, whan Moyses was in the hil bisily preyinge for hem, thei mystristyng to hym, honouriden a calf of gold, and afterward eetyn and drinken and risen to pleyn, and afterward weren sleyn of hem thre and twenty thowsend of men; so thanne as this pleyinge wittnesside the synne of ther maumetrie beforn, and her mystryst to Moyses whanne thei shulde most han tristenede to hym, and after ther foly in ther pleyinge, and the thridde the venjaunse that cam after; so this myraclis pleyinge is verré witnesse of mennus averice and coveytise byfore, that is maumetrie, as seith the apostele, for that that thei shulden spendyn upon the nedis of ther neȝeboris, thei spenden upon the pleyis, and to peyen ther rente and ther dette thei wolen grucche, and to spende two so myche upon ther pley thei wolen nothinge grucche. Also to gideren men togidere to bien the derre ther vetailis, and to stiren men to glotonye, and to pride and boost, thei pleyn thes myraclis, and also to han wherof to spenden on these myraclis, and to holde felawschipe of glotenye and lecherie in sich dayes of myraclis pleyinge, thei bisien hem beforn to more gredily bygilen ther neȝbors, in byinge and in sellyng; and so this pleyinge of myraclis now on dayes is werré witnesse of hideous ceveytise, that is maumetrie. And riȝt as Moyses was that tyme in the hil most travelynge aboute the puple, so now is Crist in hevene with his fader most bisily preyinge for the puple; and never the latere as the chlyndren (*sic*) of Israel diden that tyme that in hem was, in ther pleyinge of ther maumetrie, most folily to distroȝen the grete travele of Moyses, so men

now on dayees, after ther hidouse maumetree of covetyse in ther pleyinge of myraclis, thei don that in hem is to distroȝe the ententive preyere of Crist in hevene for hem, and so ther myraclis pleyinge witnessith ther most folye in ther doynge, and therfore as unkyndely seiden to Aaron the children of Israel, Moyses beinge in the hil, "we witen never how it is of Moyses, make us therfore Goddis that gon biforn us," so unkyndeli seyen men nowe on dayes, "Crist doth now no myraclis for us, pley we therfore his olde," addyng many lesynges therto so colowrably that the puple ȝife as myche credense to hem as to the trwthe,and so thei forȝeten to ben percever of the preyere of Crist, for the maumetrye that men don to siche myraclis pleyinge; maumetrye, I seye, for siche pleyinge men as myche honoryn or more than the word of God whanne it is prechid, and therefore blasfemely thei seyen, that siche pleyinge doith more good than the word of God wanne it is prechid to the puple. A! Lord! what more blasfeme is aȝenus thee, than to seyen to don the byddyng, as is to prechen the word of God doth fer lasse good than to don that that is bodyn onely by man and not by God, as is myraclis pleying? Rit forsothe, as the lyknesse of myraclis we clepen myraclis, riȝt so the golden calfe the children of Israel clepiden it God; in the whiche thei hadden mynde of the olde miraclis of God beforn, and for that licnesse thei worschipiden and preyseden, as thei worschipiden and presiden God in the dede of his myraclis to hem, and therefore thei diden expresse maumetrye. So sythen now on daies myche of the puple worschipith and preysith onely the licnesse of the myraclis of God, as myche as the worde of God in the prechours mowth by the whiche alle myraclis be don, no dowte that ne the puple doth more mawmetrie now in siche myraclis pleyinge than dide the puple of Israel that tyme in heryinge of the calf, in as myche as the lesynges and lustus of myraclis pleyinge that men worschipen in hem is more contrarious to God, and more acordynge with the devil, than was that golden calf that the puple worschipid. And therefore the maumetrye that tyme was but figure and licknesse of mennus maumetrye nowe, and therfore seith the apostel, asse thes thingis in figure fellen to hem, and therefore in siche myraclis pleyinge the devel is most plesid, as the dyvel is best payid to disceyve men in the licnesse of that thing in whiche by God man weren convertid biforhond, and in whiche the devel was tenyd byfornhond. Therfore oute of doute siche myraclis pleying pretith myche more venjaunce than dide the pleyinge of the chyldren of Israel, after the heriynge of the calf, as this pleyinge settith but japes grettere and more benfetes of God.

A! Lord! sythen chyldres pleyinge witnessith ther fadris synnes before hem, and ther owne oryginal synnes beforn, and ther owne defaute of wisdam, whanne thei pleyen, and ther chastisyn afterward schal more greve hem, so myche more this myraclis pleyinge witnessith mennys hydous synnes beforn hand, and the for-ȝetyng of ther mayster Crist, and ther owne folye, and the folye of malyce passynge the folye of chyldre, and that ther is grete venjaunce to comyn to hem more than thei shul mowen paciently boren, for the grete lykyng that thei han in ther pley. But, frend, peraventure ȝee seyen that no man schal make ȝou to byleven but that it is good to pleyen the passion of Crist, and othere dedis of hym. But here aȝenus herith, how whanne Helyse steȝede up into Bethel, chyldre pleyingly comyng aȝenus hym, seiden, "steȝe up, ballard, steȝe up, ballard;" and therfore hee cursid hem, and two bores of the wylde wode al to-toren of hem, two and fourty childre; and as alle seyntis seyen the ballednesse of Helisee betokeneth the passion of Crist, thanne sythen by his storye is opynly schewid that men schulden not bourden with the figure of the passion of Crist, ne with an holy prophete of Crist, myche more in the newe testament, and whanne men shulden be more wis, fethere from alle maner pleyinge and ernestful dedis more comaundid, now than that tyme, and the passion of Crist more shuld ben in drede than that tyme schulde han ben Helisee, men shulden not pleyn the passion of Crist, upon peyne myche grettere than was the venjaunce of the childre that scornyden Helisee. For siker pleyinge of the passion of Crist is but verré scornyng of Crist, as it is seid beforn, therefore, dere frend, beholdith how kynde tellith that the more eldere a man waxith the more it is aȝen kynde hym for to pleyn, and therfore seith the booc "cursid be the childe of han hundred ȝeer!" And certis the world, as seith the apostil, is now at his endyng, as in his laste age; therfore for the grete neȝyng of the day of dome, alle creaturis of God nowe weryen and wrathen of mennus pleying, namely of myraclis pleyinge, that most schuln be schewid in ernest and into venjaunce at the day of dome; therfore aȝen kynde of alle creaturis it is now myraclis pleyinge, and therfore God now on dayes sendith som wisdam to children than herbyforn, for thei schulden now on dayees leven pleyinge, and ȝyven hem more to ernestful werkis, pleasaunt to God. Also, frend, take hede what Crist seith in the gospelle, that "riȝt as it was in the daies of Noye aȝenus the greet flood, men weren etynge and drynkynge and ther lykyngis takynges takyng, and feerely cam the venjaunce of God of the grete flode upon hem; so it schalle ben of the comyng of Crist to the day of dome," that whanne men ȝifen

hem most to ther pleyinge and myrthis, ferely schal come the day of dome upon hem with greet venjaunce beforn. Therefore oute of dowte, frynd, this myracle pleyinge that is now usid is but trewe thretyng of sodeyn venjaunce upon us; and therfore, dere frend, spende we nouther oure wittis ne oure money aboute myraclis pleying, but in doinge hem in dede, in grete drede, and penaunce, for sikir the wepyng and the fleyshly devocion in hem ben but as strokis of han hamer on every side, to dryve out the nayl of oure drede in God and of the day of dome, and to maken the weye of Crist slidir and hevy to us, as reyn on erthe and cley weies. Than, frend, ȝif we wilen algate pleyen, pleyne we as Davith pleyide bifore the harrke of God, and as he spac byfor Mychel his wif, dispisyng his pleyinge, wherfore to hir he seyde in this wise, "The Lord lyveth, for I shal pleyn bifore the Lord that hath chosen me rather than thi fadir, and al the hous of hym, and he comaundide to me that I were duke upon the puple of the Lord of Israel, and I schal pleyn, and I schal be maad fowlere more than I am maad, and I schal ben meke in myn eȝen, and with the hand-wymmen of the whiche thou speke I schal more glorious aperen;" so this pleyinge hath thre partelis, the firste is that we beholden in how many thingis God hath ȝyven us his grace passynge oure neȝtheboris, and in so myche more thanke we hym, fulfillyng his wil, and more tristyng in hym aȝen alle maner reprovyng of owre enmys; the secound partel stant in contynuel beynge devowt to God almyȝty, and fowl and reprovable to the world, as Crist and his apostelis schewiden hemself, and as Davith seide; the thridde partel stant in beynge as lowly in owre owne eȝen or more than we schewen us withoute forth, syttynge lest by in us silf, as we knowen mo synnes of us silf than of ony other, and thanne beforn alle the seyntis of hevene and biforn Crist at the day of dome and in the blisse of hevene we shul ben more glorious, in as myche as we pleyn betere thre forseid perselis heer, the whiche three perselis wel to pleyn heere and after to comyn to hevene, graunt the holy Trinité! Amen.

*Hlll.*

## ESTIMATE OF MEASURES, AND BURLESQUE.

From the end of a compotus roll in the possession of George Matcham, Esq. M. D. of Newhouse, Wilts. The place or county to which the roll relates is obliterated, but dates occur of the 18 and 19 Edw. II.

Per statutum tocius regni Angliæ fuit mensura domini Regis composita, viz. quod denarius Anglicanus qui nominatur sterelingus rotundus et sine tonsura, ponderabit xxxij. grana frumenti in medio spicæ, et xx. denarii faciunt unciam et xij.

unciæ faciunt libram, sc. xx.s., et viij. libræ frumenti faciunt galonem, et viij. galones faciunt j. bꝫ *(bushel)* Londoniæ, quod est octava pars quarterii, et viij. bꝫ. faciunt quarterium. Ad unciam Dcxl. grana. Ad libram vij$^{M}$DcL'xxx. Et ad lagenam lxj$^{M}$. iiij$^{c}$. xl. Et ad bushelum cccc$^{M}$. lxxx$^{M}$. xj$^{M}$. Dc. et xx. Ad quarterium xxxix.$^{c.Ml}$. xxij$^{Ml}$. c$^{m}$. lx. videl$^{t}$. $^{Ml.\ Ml.\ Ml.}_{Ml.\ Ml.\ Ml.}$ Dcccc$^{Ml.}$ c$^{m}$. lx. (*i. e.* 3,932,160.)

Initium fallacis Evangelium secundum Lupum. Fraus tibi, Bache! In illo tempore cum natus esset Bachus in Waltona, in diebus Wernardi regis, ecce magni potatores de omnibus partibus venerunt dicentes, "Ubi est qui natus est rex ribaldorum, dux potatorum, harlotorum, glotinorum, villanorum? et vidimus signum ejus in oriente, et in omnibus partibus villæ Oxoniæ, videlicet in ballio villæ prædictæ, et venimus cum muneribus adorare eum." Audiens autem hæc Wernardus rex turbatus est, et omnis Oxonia cum eo, et convocatis magistris potatoribus, diligenter didicit ab eis tempus ipsius signi quod viderant in oriente. Et statim procedentes viderunt doleum reum Bachum. Et intrantes domum invenerunt doleum plenum, cum Magota meretrice ejus, et optimum potum positum in mazerio, et apertis loculis suis optulerunt ei munera, aurum, argentum, et plumbum. Et responso accepto in sompnis ne redirent ad bonitatem per aliam viam, reversi sunt in miseriam suam. Et cum inebriati essent potatores, unus eorum cecidit in lutum; vinum autem per os et nares ejus exuerunt habundanter.

*J. G. N.*

## NOTICE OF AN OLD ENGLISH MANUSCRIPT IN THE ROYAL LIBRARY AT NAPLES.

In the last volume of Mr. Lockhart's Life of Sir Walter Scott is inserted a Memoir by Sir William Gell, containing recollections of Sir Walter's Visit to Naples in the early part of the year 1832. In this Sir William Gell says, "I must not omit stating that at an early period of his visit to Naples, an old English manuscript of the Romance of Sir Bevis of Hampton, existing in the Royal Library, had attracted his attention, and he had resolved on procuring a copy of it, not, I think, for himself, but for a friend in Scotland, who was already possessed of another edition. When Sir Walter visited the library at the Museum, the literati of Naples crowded round him to catch a sight of so celebrated a person, and they showed him every mark of attention in their power, by creating him Honorary Member of their learned Societies. . . . . The King of Naples, learning his wish to copy the book, ordered it to be sent to his house, and he employed a person of the name of Sticchini, who, without understanding a word of English, copied the whole in a character as nearly as possible the fac-simile of the original," &c. vol. vii. p. 351.

In the recent Catalogue of the Abbotsford Library this transcript is thus entered, "Old English Romances, transcribed from MSS. in the Royal Library at Naples, by Sticchini, MS. 2 vols. sm. 8vo. containing, Vol. I. Bevys of Hampton. Vol. 2. St. Alexander of Rome.—Libius Disconius."

Having had an opportunity last September of visiting Naples, I felt desirous to examine a MS. volume, which Sir Walter Scott thought worthy of having copied under such peculiar circumstances. On going to the Library, I inquired for the transcriber, as the likeliest person to point it out—but no such person was known in the place. But becoming acquainted with the Chevalier de Licteriis, the principal keeper of the printed books in the Royal Library, (an old gentleman who was personally known to Sir Walter, and who in fact had drawn his attention to the MS. in question,) he recollected where it was placed, and obtained permission from the keeper of the MSS. for me to examine it in the Library. But so little was known of the contents of the volume, as will be observed from the following memorandum, that it was entitled, and entered in the Catalogue of MSS. as a collection of German (Tedeschi) poems. As it was impossible to obtain there any books of the kind necessary for comparison, I spent two or three forenoons in examining the volume with some care, and in making occasional extracts, for the purpose of identifying the several pieces it contained, and for verifying Sticchini's accuracy, in case any of them might afterwards be found worthy of publication and the use of his transcripts be obtained from the Abbotsford Collection.

Having recently compared these extracts, I find that the MS. is one of no very great importance, as the several pieces it contains have either been already published or exist in more ancient MSS. in some of the English Libraries. It is interesting, however, from the unlooked-for place where it has been preserved, and it would also furnish an Editor with an abundance of various readings, and passages omitted by the old transcribers of similar collections.

Folio MS. in the Royal Library at Naples, on paper, middle of the fifteenth century, marked on the back "MS. di Poesie Tedeschi, O 4 n 6.—12 A. 47." On the fly leaf, in a somewhat recent hand, is written, "Questo manuscritto in Lingua Tedescha (now corrected to Inglese) l'ho hanuto da Diomede di leonardis e fu primieramente . . . . . [blank in MS.]

P. 1—19 are filled with Medical Receipts, &c. such as "To helpe a woman in travel of childe." "For the disease after her travaile." "To deliver a woman of childe dede or quike." "Whoo so hath the pose." "Another medecyne for the same." "To restore mannys complexion." "Another for the same." &c. &c.

P. 20—22, are blank, or filled with some rude pen drawings of a later date.

P. 23—79. *Sir Bevys of Hamptone.*

This well-known metrical romance, translated from the French, was analysed by Ellis in his Specimens. It has more recently been printed entire from the copy in the Auchinleck MS. by a zealous antiquary (Mr. Turnbull), as a contribution to the Maitland Club, Edinb. 1838, 4to.

The romance also exists in three black-letter editions of the sixteenth century, as well as in older MSS. in England. The Neapolitan MS. like the Auchinleck copy commences in stanzas of six lines, and after proceeding thus through eight pages, the metre is changed into couplets of eight syllables. In Mr. Turnbull's edition the romance extends to 4460 lines, the Neapolitan MS. I reckoned has 4560 lines. It begins,

Lordlingis, lystenith to my tale,
That is meriour than the nyghtingale
That I wolle you synge
Of a knyght Sir Bevone,
That was bore in Southamptone,
Withouten lesing.

He was a stalworthe man,
And many kyngdomes wan,
To Godis lawis;
He was the best that come in feld,
And most wan with spere and schild,
Bi his lyfe daies.

I woll yowe telle al to-gadir,
Of the knyght and of his fadir,
The good Erle Sir Gy;
Of Hampton he was lord and sire,
And of alle that ilke shire
Him to wardy.

Lordlinges this Erle that I of telle,
In his tyme man of flesche ne felle
Nas non so stronge;
And ever he lyvid without wife,
As he was in eche strife
Tille late and long.

Tho he was fallen in elde,
That he ne myght him silfe welde,
He wolde a wife take;
And sone theraftir, I understond,
Him had ben lever than alle this lond,
Had he hur forsake.

A wife in elde he toke on honde,
The kyngis doghter of Skotlande,
So feire and bright.
Alas! that he hur ever chese,
His owne life for hur he lese,
With mochelle unright.

This maide that I have of tolde,
A faire woman scho was and bolde,
And free i-bore;
Of Almayne the Emperour
Hur lovyd par amour,
Welle longe ther bifore.

Oft to hur fadir he sent,
And hym silfe thedir went,
For hir sake;
Moche he desirid hur to wyve,
The kyng for no thing on lyve
Wold hur him take.

And sithen he gave hur to Sir Gy,
A stalworth man and an hardy,
Of Southamptone;
But whan he fille in to elde,
Febill and waxen unwelde
Bi right resoun.

So long thei yede togadir to bedde,
A man childe togadir thei hedde,
That Bevys hete;
A faire childe he was and bolde,
He nas but vij. yere olde
Tho his fadir him lete.

After 40 additional stanzas of 6 lines, relating to the death of Bevys's father, he poem proceeds.

Now wol we of him mone,
And tel of Bevys his yong sone,
How wo him was;
Ffast he wepte and hondis wrong,
And for his fadir he seid among,
Allas! allas!

He clepid his modir, and seide this sawe,
" Ffoule hore, thu were worthe to draw,
And al to-twight;
Me thinketh ther of I were fawe,
Ffor thou hast my fadir slawe
With moche unright.

Alas! modir, thi feire ble,
Wil bicomythe the an hore to be,
To holde bordell;

Alle horis, for thi sake,
The devil of helle I hem bi-take,
Both flesche and felle.

Bot, modir, o thing I the swere,
Mowe I ever armus bere,
And be of elde,
Alle that have my fadir slawe,
And i-broght him of life dawe,
I schalle hem yelde."

His modir herd that wondir stound,
The child she smote with hir hond
Undir the ere;
To ground he fille, and that was skathe,
His maister toke him up ful rathe,
That hete Sabere.

The poems continues through 36 more stanzas of 6 lines (but one or two lines appear to have been omitted by the transcriber) when the form of the versification is changed into couplets, thus—after relating how Bevys had been sold to the Saracens—

The steward went to the Kyng,
And presentid him with that childe yonge.
The Kyng was therof glad and blithe,
And thankid him many a sithe;
"Mahonde!" he seide, "nowe were I prout,
Wolde this childe to us lout,
Yef hit wolde a paynim be,
I wolde hope hit wolde the.
Bi Appolyn, that sitteth on hie!
A fairer childe never I ne sye,
Neither of lengthe ne of brede,
Ne so feire lemys hede.
"Childe," he seid, "where were thu bore?
What is thi name? telle me fore,
Yef I wist hit were me lefe."
"Sir," he seid, "my name is Befe;
I-bore ich was in Englonde,
In Southamptone bi the strond.
My fadir was ther Erle a while;
My modir hym slewe alle with gile;
Sho me solde into this lond,
Sho is woman for to fond.
But, sir, yef hit ever so bi-tide,
That I may on hors to ride,
Armys bere, and shaftis breke,

My fadiris dethe I wol a-wreke."
Alle he tolde him in his sawe
Howe the emperour had his fadir slaw.
When B[evys]* had this him tolde,
Therfor the Kingis hart was cold,
And seid, "I have no heire after my day,
But Josiane that feire may;
And thou wolt thi Lord forsake,
And to Appolyn my god to take,
Hur I wol yeve the to wyve,
And my lond after my lyve."
"Nay," quod B[evys], "that do I nolde,
Ffor alle thi silver and alle thi gold
That is undir heven lyght,
Ne for thi doghtir that is so bright,
I nolde forsake in no manere
Jhesu that boght man so dere.
Alle mote thei be doumbe and deve,
That on fals goddis bi-leve."
The kyng him lovid welle the more,
That eyghe him stode no man fore,
And seid, "Bevys, while thu art swayn,
Thou schalt be my Chamburlayn
But when thu art dubbid knyght,
My baner schalt thu bere in fight.
B[evys] answerid, &c. . . . . .

Near the close of the romance when Sir Milis and Sir Gy, the two sons of Bevys, rescue him, at London—it says

So hard thei gan togadir mete,
The blood gan renne in eche strete,
As it seieth in Romaunce;
Bothe in Englond and in Fraunce,
So many men there were dede,
That the watir in Temze waxid rede,
From Seint Marie at Bowe, &c. . .

And the romance concludes with the following lines,

To Umbraunce B[evys] is furthe fare,
Josian was sike and wondirly sare;
Therfore was B[evys] wondirly wo,
And to his stabul he was go,
Aroundel he found ther dede,
To Gy his son he it seide:
"Sur," he seid, "my moder wol dy."

* After this Bevys is usually written in the MS. simply B.

To hur he wente hastely;
Sur B[evys] in his armys hur lace,
And kissed hur at that cace.
And thei deide bothe in fere.
The kyng nolde in no manere,
That thei in erthe buried were;
Of Senct Laurence he lete a chapel rere,
And of gold made a chist gay,
And bothe hur bodies therin lay.
Men tellith both in gest and ryme,
Thei were laide in maner of shryne;
And a hous maad of religion,
To synge ever for Sir Bevon;
And for Josian the fre,
God of her sowlis have pité!
And also for Arundel,
Yef that for her men may bid wel!
Thus endith B[evys] of Hamptone,
That was king and nobil barone;
Al that of his life have herd in ucrone(?),
God yeve hare sowlis haven pardon,
And that we were al of suche renown
As was B[evys] of Hamptoune!
Amen.

*Here endith Bevys of Hampto*[*n*].

P. 80–86. *Of Seint Alex of Rome.*

The Legend of Saint Alexius the Confessor, son of Euphemius, was translated from the Latin into English verse by Adam Davie, Marshall of Stratford-le-Bow, near London, about the year 1312. The MS. in the Bodleian Library is the only one known in England; but I am unable from the lines quoted by Warton to say whether this is not a different version of the same Legend. It begins,

Sitteth still withouten [s]trife,
Ycche wolle you telle the life
Of an holi man;
Alex was his right name,
To servy God he thou3t no schame,
Ther of never he ne blan.
His father was a grete lordlyng,
Of Rome a kyng evenyng,
And hight Sur Eufamyan;
Pore men to clothe and fede,

In al Rom that riche stede,
Suche ne was ther nan.

*Explicit vita Sancti Alex.*

In all 618 lines, or 103 stanzas of six lines each.

P. 87—113. *Libious Disconious.*

The romance of Sir Libeaux Desconus belongs to the thirteenth century, and is mentioned by Chaucer as a popular romance. It was first published by Ritson in his "Ancient English Metrical Romances," vol. 2, p. 1. His text contains 2130 lines; the present one, has about 2230 lines.

Jhesu Criste owre Saviour,
And his modir that swete flour,
Helpe us at our nede;
That listenith of a conquerour,
That was wis, witty, and wight werrour,
A douȝti man of dede.
His name was hote Gyngeleyn,
Y-gete he was of Sir Gaweyn,
Bi a ferestus side.
Of a betir knight ne profitable,
With Arthur at the Round Table,
Hurd never yet man rede.

Gyngeleyn was feire and bright,
Gentil of body and feire of sight,
Bastarde thoughe he were;
And his modir kepit him with myght,
That he schulde se no knight
Y-armed in no manere.
For that he was so savage,
And blitheli wolde do outrage,
To his felowis in fere,
&c.

The romance finishes with the following lines.

The myrthe of that bridale
May no man tel in tale,
Ne sey in no gest.
In that semely halle
Were lordis gret and smalle,
And ladies ful honest;
Ther was wel sertayne
Servise fulle good wone,
Both most and lest;
For sothe the mynstrals alle

That were in the halle
Had ȝiftes at that fest.

Sir Libeous moder so fre
ȝede to that maungeré,
Hur rode was rede so rys;
She knewe Libeous wel bi sight,
And wist wel anone right
That he was of moche pris.
She went to Sir Gaweyne,
And seid withouten delayne,
"This is our childe so fre."
Than was he glad and blithe,
And kissed hir fele sithe.
And seid, "that liketh me!"

Sir Gaweyne, knyght of renowne,
Seid to the lady of Synadowne,
"Madame, trewliche,
He that wanne the with pride,
I wanne him bi a forestis side,
And gate him of a giantis lady."
That ladi was blithe,
And thankd him many a sith,
And kissid him sicurely.
Than Libeous to him ranne,
And ever kissid that manne,
For sothe trewly.

He fille on kneis that stound,
And sate knelyng on the ground,
And seid, "for God alleweldond,
That made this worlde round,
Feire fadir, wel be ye found,
ȝe blis me with your hond."
The hyndy knyȝt Gaweyne
Blessid his sonne with mayne,
And made him up to stond;
And comandid knyȝtis and swayn
To calle Libeous Gyngelayn,
That was lord of that lond.

xl. daies they dwelled there,
And hare fest thei hilde y-fere,
With Arthour the kyng;
As in Romaunce it is tolde;
Arthour with knyȝtes bolde,
Home he gan ham bryng.

x. ȝere thei levid in same,
With moche gle and game,
He and that swete thinge.
Jhesu Crist our Saviour,
And his modir that swete flour,
To blys he us alle bryng! Amen.

*Qui scripsit carmen sit benedictus. Amen.*

*Hic explicit Libeus Disconyus.*

He that lovyth welle to fare,
Ever to spend and never spare,
But he have the more good,
His here wol grow throw his hood.
Quod More.

*Hic pennam fixi, penitet me si mala scripsi.*

P. 114—118. *Fragment of Sir Isumbras.*

Two copies of this romance of an old date are known: also an edition in black letter. It is usually considered to have been one of this class of compositions ridiculed by Chaucer in his Ryme of Sir Thopas, which is "full of phrases taken from Isumbras and other romances." (v. Tyrwhitt's Chaucer.) The present copy, which contains only 121 lines at the commencement, differs wholly from the black letter edition by Copeland, which was re-published by Mr. Utterson. It begins,

He that made both heven and erthe
And al this worlde in daies sevyn,
That is ful of myghth,
Send us alle his blessyng,
Las and more, olde and yong,
And kepe us day and nyght!
Y wol you telle of a knyght,
That was douȝty in ilke fight,
In towne and eke in fielde;
Ther durst no man his dynt abide,
With spere ne with schilde.
Man he was riche y-nowe,
Ox to drawe in his plowe,
And stedis in his stalle;
Man he was curteyse and hynde,
Every man was his frende,
He was lord of alle;
Curteis and hynde he was,
His name was clepid Sir Isombrase.
&c. &c. &c.

P. 119—146. *Griselde.*

This poem on the subject of Patient Griseldis has no title, but is in fact Chaucer's Griselde, or The Clerke of Oxenfordes Tale, which, as the Clerke declares in his prologue, he learned of Petrark at Padua. A leaf in the MS. which contained the title is lost, unless it was transcribed from an imperfect copy, as here it begins with the sixth stanza.

Noble Markis, yowre humanyté
Assurith us and yevith hardynesse,
As oft as tymes is of necessité,
That we to yowe mowen telle our hevyness.
Accepteth, lord, nowe of yowre gentilnesse,
That we with peteous hert onto ȝowe pleyne,
And lete not ȝoure eris my vois disdeyne.

14 stanzas of 7 lines.

*Explicit prima pars. Et incipit secunda pars.*

Noght[fer] fro that paleyse honorable,
Where as this Mark[i]s shope his mariage,
There stode a thrope of site delitable,
In whiche that pore folke of that village
Hadden here bestis and here herborage,
And of her labour toke hare sustynance,
Aftir that the erthe yeve hem habundaunce.

35 stanzas.

*Explicit secunda pars. Et incipit pars tertia.*

Thar fille, as hit byfallith tymes moo,
Whanne that this childe had sowked but a throwe,
This Mark[is] in his hert longeth soo,
To tempte his wife hur sadnes for to knowe,
That he ne myght owte of his hert throwe
This mervailous desire his wife to assay,
Nedles, God wote, thought hur for to affray.

23 stanzas.

*Explicit tertia pars. Incipit pars quarta.*

In this estat ther passid bith fowre yere,
Or shee with childe was, but as God wolde,
A knave childe she bare bi this Waltere,
Ful gracious and feire to beholde;
And whanne that folke hit to his fader tolde,
Not only he but alle his country mery
Was for this childe, and God thei thonke and hery.

25 stanzas.

*Explicit pars quarta, et incipit pars quinta.*

Amoge alle this, aftir his wikked usage
This Mark[i]s yet his wife to tempte more, &c.

56 stanzas.—The last stanza follows:

For whiche here for the Wifes love of Bathe,
Whose life and alle her secte God menteyne
In high maistré, and els were it skathe,
I wil with lusti hert fresche and grene,
Say yowe a songe to glad yowe y wene,
And let us stinte of ernestful matere,
Herkenith my song that seithe in this manere.

*Cantus.*

Griselde is dede and eke her pacience,
And bothe y-buried at onys in Itaile;
Wherefore I crie in open audience,
No weddid man so hardi be to assaile
His wifis pacience, in trist to finde
Grisildis, for in certeyne he schalle faile.

O noble wifis, ful of high prudence!
Let no humilitee your tonge naile,
Ne let no clerke have cause or diligence
To writ of you a stori of suche merveile,
As of Griseldis pacience and kynde,
Lest Chyvache yowe swolowe in her entraile;

Folowith ekko that holdeth no silence,
But ever aunswerid at countretaile,
Beth nought bedaffid for your innocence,
But sherply takith on ȝou the governaile;
Emprentith wel this lessen in your mynde,
For commine profite, sith hit may nought advaile.

Ye leche wifes stondith at the defence,
Sith ye bith strong as in a gret camaile;
Ne suffrith nought that men doon yow offence,
And sclenders wifis feble as in bataile,
Beth egre as a tigre ȝonde in Inde,
Ay clappith as a mylle, I ȝow consaile,

Ne dredeth him nought, doth him no reverence,
For thoghe thi husbonde armed be in maile,
The arowis of thi crabbid eloquence
Shalle peirsche his brest and eke his ventaile.
In jelousy y rede eke thowe him bynde,
And thu schalt mak him cowche as doth a quaile.

3ef thou be faire, ther folk ben in presence,
Show thow thi visage and thyn apparaile;
3ef thow be fowle, be free of thyn dispence,
To gete the frendis ay do thow thi travaile;
Be ay of chere as lighte as lefe on lynde,
And lete him care and wepe, wring and waile.

This worthi Clerk whan endid was his tale,
Owre oft saide and sware by Goddis bonis,
Me were lever than a barelle ale,
My wife at home had herd this legend onys,
This gentille tale for the nonys;
As to my purpos wiste ye my wille,
But thing that wolle nat be lat it be stille.

*Explicit; ffinis.*

*Hic pennam fixi, penitet me si male scripsi,*
*qd. mprf. Anno domini* 1457.

O ye wymmen, which been enclyned,
Bi enfluence of 3oure nature,
To bene as pure as gool fined,
In 3oure strenght for to endure,
Arme your silfe in strong armoure,
Lest men assaile your sikirnesse,
Set on 3our brest 3our silve to assure
A myghti schilde of doblenesse.

*January* 1841. *D. L. Edinburgh.*

## THE PUISNES WALKS ABOUT LONDON.

From MS. Harl. 3910, fol. 36, b. of the seventeenth century.

When I came first to London towne,
I was a novice, as most men are,
Me thought the king dwelt at the sign of the Croun,
And the way to heaven was through the Starr.

I sett up my horse and walkt to Poules,
"Lord!" thought I, "what a church is heere!"
And then I swore by all christen soules,
'Twas a myle long, or very neere.

Nay, mee thought 'twas as high as a hill,
A hill (quoth I), nay as a mountayn!
Then up I went with a very good will,
But gladder was to come downe againe.

For on the topp my head tworn'd roond,
For be it knowne to all christen people,
That mans not a little way from the ground,
Thats on the topp of all Paules steeple.

To Ludgate then I ran my race:
When I was past I did backward looke,
Ther I spyed Queen Elizabeth's grace,
Her picture guylt, for all gould I tooke.

And as I came downe Ludgate hill,
Whome should I meet but my good Lord Mayor?
On him I gap'd as yongsters still
Gape on toyes, in Bartilmew faire.

I know not which of 'em to desire,
The mayor or the horse they were both so like;
Their trappings so rich you would admyre,
Their faces such, non could dislike.

But I must consider perforce
The saying of ould, so true it was,
The gray mayor is the better horse,
And all's not gould that shynes lyke brass.

In Fleet strete then I heard a shoote:
I putt of my hatt, and I made no staye,
And when I came unto the rowte,
Good Lord! I heard a taber playe.

For so, God save mee! a Morrys Daunce:
Oh ther was sport alone for mee,
To see the hobby horse how he did praunce
Among the gingling company.

I proffer'd them money for their coats,
But my conscience had remorse,
For my father had no oates,
And I must have had the hobbie horse.

To see the Tombes was my desire,
And then to Westminster I went,
I gave one twoe pence for his hyre,
'Twas the best two pence that ere I spent.

"Here lyes" (quoth hee) "King Hery the third."
"Tis false," said I, "hee speaks not a word."
"And here is King Richard the seacond interd,
And here is good King Edwards sword."

I tooke a boate, and would stay no longer,
And as I towards the Bridge did rowe,
I and my selfe began to wonder,
Howe that it was built belowe.

But then my frend John Stow I remember,
In's Booke of London call'd the Survay,
Saith that on the fifthe daye of September,
With wooll sacks they did it underlay.

Then through the Bridge to the Towre I went,
With much a doe I wandred in,
And when my penny I had spent,
Thus the spokesman did begin.

"This lyon's the Kings and this is the Queenes,
And this is the Princes that stands by hym."
I drew nere not knowing which hee means,
"What ayle you, my frend, to go so nigh him?"

"Doe you see the lyon, this that lyes downe?
Its Henry the Great, twoe hondred years olde."
"Lord bless us" (quoth I) "how he doth frown!"
"I tell you" (quoth hee) "hee's a lyon boulde."

Now was it late, I went to my Inne,
I supt and I slept and I rose betymes,
Not wak't with crowes nor ducks quackling,
But with the noyse of Cheepside chymes.

*Hllll.*

## THE DEMAUNDES JOYOUS.

From an unique copy in the Public Library of the University of Cambridge, printed by Wynkyn de Worde. The great curiosity as well as rarity of this tract will we think justify its being printed complete, in spite of a few gross passages which it contains. It is chiefly an abridgment of a very rare French tract with the same title, of which a copy is preserved in the British Museum, and which far exceeds the present in grossness.

Demaunde. Who bare the best burden that ever was borne? R. That bare the asse whan our lady fled with our lorde into Egypte. Demaunde. Where became the asse that our lady rode upon? R. Adams moder dede ete her. Demaunde. Who was Adams moder? R. The erthe. Demaunde. What space is from the hyest space of the se to the depest. R. But a stones cast. Demaunde. Whan Antecryst is come into this worlde, what thynge shall be hardest to hym to knowe. A hande barowe, for of that he shalle not

knowe whiche ende shall goo before. Demaunde. How many calves tayles behoveth to reche frome the erthe to the skye? R. No more but one and it be longe ynough. Demaunde. How many holy days be there in the yere that never fall on the Sondayes? R. There be eyght, that is to wete the thre holy dayes after Eester, iii. after Whyt Sondaye, the holy Ascencyon daye, and Corpus Crysty day. Demaunde. Whiche ben the trulyest tolde thynges in the worlde? R. Those be the steyres of chambres and houses. Demaunde. Whiche parte of a sergeaunte love ye beste towarde you? R. His heles. Demaunde. Whiche is the best wood and leest brente? R. Vynes. Demaunde. Whiche is the moost profytable beest and that men eteth leest of? R. That is bees. Demaunde. Whiche is the brodest water and leest jeopardye to passe over? R. The dewe. Demaunde. What thynges is it that the more that one drynketh the lesse he shall pysse? R. It is fartes and fyestes, for who that drynketh a hondreth thousande they shall never pysse a droppe. Demaunde. What thynge is it that never was nor never shall be? R. Never mouse made her nest in a cattes ere. Demaunde. Why dryve men dogges out of the chyrche? R. Bycause they come not up and offre. Demaunde. Why come dogges so often to the chyrche? R. Bycause whan they se the aulters covered, they wene theyr maysters goo thydere to dyner. Demaunde. Why dooth a dogge tourne hym thryes aboute or that he lyeth hym downe? R. Bycause he knoweth not his beddes hede from the fete. Demaunde. Why doo men make an oven in the towne? R. For bycause they can not make the towne in the oven. Demaunde. What beest is it that hath her tayle bytwene her eyen? R. It is a catte whan sche lycketh her arse. Demaunde. Whiche is the moost cleynlyest lefe amonge all other leves? R. It is holly leves, for noo body wyll not wype his arse with them. Demaunde. Who was he that lete the fyrst farte at Rome? R. That was the arse. Demaunde. How may a man knowe or perceyve a cowe in a flocke of shepe? R. By syghte. Demaunde. What thynge is it that hathe hornes at the arse? R. It is a sacke. Demaunde. What almes is worst bestowed that men gyve? R. That is to a blynde man, for as he hathe ony thynge gyven hym, he wolde with good wyll se hym hanged by the necke that gave it hym. Demaunde. Wherfore set they upon chyrche steples more a cocke than a henne? R. Yf men sholde sette there a henne, she wolde laye egges, and they wolde fall upon mennes hedes. Demaunde. What thynge is it that hathe none ende? R. A bowle. Demaunde. What wode is it that never flyes reste upon? R. The claper of a lazers dysshe. Demaunde. How wolde ye saye two paternosters for your

frendes soule, and God never made but one paternoster? R. Saye one two tymes. Demaunde. Whiche ben the moost profytable sayntes in the chyrche? R. They that stonde in the glasse wyndowes, for they kepe out the wynde for wastynge of the lyghte. Demaunde. What people be they that never go a processyon? R. They be those that rynge the belles in the meane season. Demaunde. What is it that freseth never? R. That is hote water. Demaunde. What thynge is that, that is moost lykest unto a hors? R. That is a mare. Demaunde. Wherefore be there not as many women conteyned in the daunce of poules as there be men? R. Bycause a woman is so ferefull of herte that she had lever daunce amonge quycke folke than dede. Demaunde. Whiche is the clenliest occupacyon that is? R. That is a dauber, for he may neyther shyte nor ete tyll he hath wasshed his hands. Demaunde. What daye in the yere ben the flyes moost aferde? R. That is on Palme Sonday, whan they se every body have an handeful of palme in theyr hande, they wene it is to kyll theym with. Demaunde. What tyme of the yere may maydens moost with theyr honesté fyest in the chyrche? R. In Lent season, for then every sayntes nose and face is covered so that they smell nothynge. Demaunde. What thynge is it the lesse it is the more it is dredde? R. A brydge. Demaunde. Wherefore is it that yonge children wepe as soone as ever they ben borne? R. Bycause theyr moder is noo more mayden. Demaunde. Wherfore is it that an asse hathe so grete eres? R. Bycause her moder put no begyn on her heed in her yought. Demaunde. What is it that is a wryte, and is no man, and he dothe that no man can, and yet it serveth bothe God and man? R. That is a be. Demaunde. Whiche was fyrst, the henne or the egge? R. The henne, whan God made her. Demaunde. Whye dothe an oxe or a cowe lye? R. Bycause she can not sytte. Demaunde. What people be they that love not in no wyse to be prayed for? R. They be beggers and poore people, whan men say, God helpe them! whan they aske almes. Demaunde. Howe many strawes go to gose nest? R. None, for lacke of fete. Demaunde. What tyme in the yere bereth a gose moost feders? R. Whan the gander is upon her backe. Demaunde. What was he that slewe the fourthe parte of the worlde? P. Cayne, whan that he slewe his broder Abell, in the whyche tyme was but foure persons in the worlde. Demaunde. What was he that was begoten or his fader, and borne or his moder, and had the maydenhede of his beldame? R. That was Abell. Demaunde. What thre thynges be they that the worlde is moost mayntened by. R. That is to wete by wordes, erbes, and stones. Why? with wordes man worshyppeth God,

and as of erbes that is all maner of corne that man is fedde with, and as stones one is that gryndeth the corne and the other encreaseth the worlde. Demaunde. What is the aege of a felde mous? R. A yere, and a hedge may stande thre mous lyves, and the lyfe of a dogge is the terme of thre hedges standynge, and the lyfe of a hors is thre dogges lyves, and the lyfe of a man is thre hors lyves, and the lyfe of a gose is thre mennes lyves, and the lyfe of a swanne thre gose lyves, and the lyfe of a swalowe is three swanne lyves. and the lyfe of an egle is thre swalowes lyves, and the lyfe of a serpent is thre egles lyves, and the lyfe of a raven is thre serpentes lyves, and the lyfe of a harte is thre ravens lyves, and an oke groweth fyve hondreth yere, and it fadeth fyve hondreth yere, besyde the rote whiche doubleth three tymes everyche of the thre aeges aforesayd. Demaunde. A man had thre doughters of thre aeges, which doughters he delyvered to sell certayne apples, and he toke to the eldest doughter l. apples, and to the seconde .xxx. apples, and to the yongest ten apples, and all these thre solde in lyke many for a peny, and brought home in lyke moche money, now how many solde eche of them for a penny? R. The yongest solde fyrst seven for a peny, and the other two systers solde after the same pryce, than the eldest syster had one odde apple lefte, and the seconde syster two, and the yongest thre apples, now these apples lyked the byer soo well that incontynent he came agayne to the yongest syster, and bought of her thre apples after thre pens a pece, than had she ten pens, and the seconde thoughte she wolde kepe the same pryce, and solde her two apples for thre pens a pece and than had she ten pens, and the eldest solde her one apple for thre pens, and than had she ten pens, thus solde they in lyke many apples for a peny and broughte home in lyke moche money. Demaunde. What man is he that geteth his lyvynge backwarde? R. That is ropemaker. Demaunde. What people be tho that getethe theyr lywynge moost merylyest? R. Tho be prestes and fullers, for one syngeth and the other daunceth. Demaunde. What is he that made all and sold all, and he that bought and loste all? R. A smyth made an all and solde it, and the shomaker that bought it lost it. Demaunde. Whether is it better to lyve by thefte or by almes dede? R. The rewarde of thefte is to be hanged, and yf thou lyve by almes dedes, that is by beggers tordes.

Thus endeth the Demaundes Joyous, imprynted at London, in Flete Strete, at the sygnne of the sonne, by me Wynkyn de Worde. In the yere of our lorde a M. ccccc and xi.

## A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

From a MS. vol. fol. 210 b. lettered on the back "Metrical Romances and Moralizations," 4th, written about the end of the fifteenth century, and preserved in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh.

This endurs ny3t I see a syght,
A sterre schone bryght as day,
And everymeng a meden song
was, By, by, lulley!
This [endurs nyght.]

This lovely lady sete and song,
and tyll hur chyld con say,
"My son, my lord, my fadur deyr,
why lyns thou thus in hey?
My none swete bryd, what art thu kyd
and knowus thi lord of ey?
Never the lesse I will not sesse
to syng, By, by, lulley!"
This [endurs nyght.]

This chyld ontyll is modur spake,
and thus me thowght he seyd,
"I am kend for heven kyng,
in cryb thowght I be leyd;
Angelis bryght schalle to me lyght,
3e wot ryght welle in fey;
Off this be hest, gyffe me 3owr brest,
and syng, By, by, lulley!"
This [endurs nyght.]

"My aune der son, to the I say,
thou art me lefe and dere;
How schuld I serve the to pey
and plese on all manere?
All thi wyll I wyll fulfylle,
thou wottes ry3t well in fay;
Never the leyse I wyll not sesse,
to syng, By, by, lulley!"
This [endurs nyght.]

"My dere moder, when tyme it be,
3e tak [me] up on loft,
And sett me ry3t apon 3our kne,
and hondul me full soft;
In 3our arme 3e kepe me warme,

both be nyght and day,
Gyff I wepe and will not slepe,
to syng, By, by, lulley!"
This [endurs nyght.]

"My aune dere son, sen it is thus,
that thou art lord of alle,
Thou shuld have ordent the sum bydyng
in sum kynge halle.
Me thenkus aryght a kyng or a knyght,
shuld be in rych arey,
And ȝett for this I woll not seysse
to syng, By and lulley!"
This [endurs nyght.]

"My aune der son, to the I say,
me thynkus it is no laye,
That kyngus shuld com so fer to the,
and thu not to them deny.
Yow sarwn see the kyngus .iii.
apon the twelfe day,
And for that syȝt ȝe may be lyght,
to syng By, by, lollé!"
This [endurs nyght.]

"May aune der son, sen it is thus,
at all thyng is at wyll,
I pray the grant me a bone,
gyf it be ryght of skylle.
Chyld or man that will or can,
be mery on this gud day,
To hevun blysse grawnt hit us,
and syng, By, by, lulley!"
This

*D. L.*

## MIDDLE-ENGLISH GLOSSES.

From a MS. of Walter de Bibblesworth, in the Public Library of the University of Cambridge, written in the reign of Edward II. The transcript was made some years ago, and was it is feared not always accurate. It has been corrected as far as possible by MS. Arundel, No. 220.

be-litter, *enfaunter*
swath-clut, *maylolez*
a rockeir, *berceir*
cradel, *berce*
to crepe, *chatoner*
slaverez, *il baave*
fro slavering, *de baavure*
a slavering clout, *une baatiere*
bi-lagge him, *espaluer*
laminge, *maime*
hurting, *blesure*
stomble, *ceste*
falle, *chece*
the scheld, *la greve*
the shed, *la greve*
the feldefare, *la greue*
lockes, *les cheveuz*
crispe, *recercilles*
foretop, *toup*
hechele, *serences*
a toppe of flax, *de lin le toup*
athe toppe, *au toup*
wind the yarne, *desernes le toup*
hernepanne, *hanepel*
brayn, *cervele*
goundi, *chaciouse*
the gounde, *chacie*
maldrop, *la rupie*
preciouse stones, *de la rubie*
the appel of the eie, *la prunel*
the eie lidde, *le paupere*
heres, *les cils*
browes, *les surcils,*
therles, *nariz*
gristel, *tendroun*
the co, *la chouue*
cheke, *jouwe*
lippe, *levere*
the hare, *leverer*
the pount, *la liver*
bock, *livre*
rok, *palet*
bissi, *ententives*
the gomes, *gingives*
honde, *aleine*
the throtebolle, *le gargate*
miderede, *li gist rate*
faxwax, *le wen au col*
kanel bon, *la fourcele,*
wombe, *ventre*
back, *dos*
bac bon, *l'escine*
schuldir, *espaul*
arme, *bras*
breste, *peitrine*
nethere, *suzaine*
wangeteth, *messeleres*
dalke, *un fossolet*
the skale, *le filet*
hole, *molet*
ume,(?) *kakenole*
of hernes, *cervele*
thone wonges, *le gernoun*
scholder bon, *blazoun*
armole, *ascel*
axetre, *le escel*
mist, *le broil*
erthe, *soil*
strif, *le toil*
north hest, *le vent de bise*
thowinge, *remoil*
helbowes, *coustez*
the virste, *la koude de la mein*
the back, *la clay dehor (?)*
the spone, *galeins*
the spen, *galeins*
a ribbe, *une coste*
of a side, *de une costée*
shzare, *le penile*
thees, [*quissys*]
bottokes, *les nages*
clift, *la fourchure*

·iding, *chevechure*
egges, *jaumbes*
knes, *genois*
ıammes, *karrez*
starke, *rez*
ıammes, *garrez*
garthors, *gareters*
arteirs, *charretters*
kalf, *la zure*
ristes him, *se assure*
hzin-bon, *le kanel*
sole, *plaunte*
o, *urtil*
ıele, *taloun*
ınkel, *kenil*
ɔinne, *kynil*
ıerte, *queir*
ivre, *foy*
ongen, *pomoun*
nilte, *esplen*
harine, *bouele*
kidenei, *reynoun*
nawe, *estomak*
senewes, *nerf*
ɔleddre, *vescie*
ıelpe, *aie*
hees, *reynes*
galle, *fel*
ı skine, *pel*
ıide, *la pel*
leyx, *la char*
vayn, *le char*
corn, *eschar*
quakes, *fremist*
wellin, *gurdisent*
aste knel, *le drener apel*
ɔokel, *mordaunt*
ongge, *hardiloun*
ɔore, *tru*
f a nalkin, *de fubiloun*
ompe, *bribe* [*de blanc payn*]
zynere, *une lesche*
chelle, *l'eschale*
oupe, *hume*
olke, *mouuel*
terene, *germinoun*

stalk, *l'estiche*
kore, *pepinere*
hertes, *cerfs*
cranes, *gruwes*
partriz, *perdriz*
larkes, *alounes*
coltes, *poleins*
cherles, *des vileins*
smale briddes, *des oyseaux*
mork, *des feius (?)*
teles, *cerceles*
houting, *jouper*
berre, *ourse*
cow, *vache*
lowes, *mugist*
crane, *gruue*
crekes, *groule*
rounes, *rougist*
hasil, *coudre*
quakes, *troule*
neyes, *henist*
larke, *alowe*
croukes, *gerist*
cisses, *cifle*
roreth, *recane*
suan, *cine*
cissez, *recifle*
wolfe, *louwe*
yolles, *oule*
berkes, *baie*
suluuard, *putois (?)*
steres, *afraie*
fox, *jopil*
welleth, *cleye*
brocke, *thelson (?)*
gandre
quekez, *taroile*
quekine, *taroil*
trappe, *garoile*
tode, *crapant*
crodeth, *maule*
frogge, *reyne*
snake, *coluvre*
gris, *porcel*
wineth, *gerist*
boor, *cengler*

yelleth, *releie*
kide, *cheverau*
mutterers, *cherist*
bole, *tor*
yelleth, *toririe*
souue, *troye*
gronnes, *groundile*
drak, *drache*
doukere, *ploundur*
kakeles, *patile*
leyth, *poune*
a henne, *geline*
coppet, *huppe*
and kakeles, *e spatile*
szep, *berbis*
bleateth, *baleie*
hoppeth, *bale*
bagge, *bale*
gones, *baal*
raxes him, *se espreche*
nette, *rey*
hock, *hesche*
ring, *tresche*
spade, *besche*
lompe, *abbesche*
szivere, *alesche*
liketh, *lesche*
lappen, *flater*
dewe, *rosé*
losengour, *flater*
glounden, *espeluker*
a mote, *poyton*
catel, *aveir*
have, *aver*
reed, *soor*
reed, *goules*
quene, *reyne*
frock, *reyne*
forwe, *reyoun*
nette, *rey*
in myn hevede londe, *enma forere*
don out of tune, *foreiner*
thef, *lers*
sithe, *faus*
mowe, *fauches*
a swethe of mede, *une audeine du prée*
sikel, *faucil*
rep, *siez*
a repe, *un javele de blé*
repes, *javeles*
szeves, *garbes*
a pese ris, *un warrock de peys*
beene, *favois*
szeves, *warrock*
ric, *segle*
barli, *orge*
sarnel, *yverai*
drauck, *betel*
thar, *azoun*
kokil, *le necl(?)*
bloweth, *blauerole*
malue, *mauue*
szerlok, *caroil*
totelle, *retreir*
haling wippe, *riote demener*
reke, *moye*
stake, *thasse*
reke, *moiloun*
avenes eyles, (?) *des arestez*
biddest, *quillez*
windewith, *ventez*
grounden, *molu*
grist, *le moudre*
mele, *farin*
boltingcloth, *le bulenge*
branne, *fourfre*
ribbe, *rastuer*
trohw, *moundez*
rake, *raster*
ribbe, *rastuer*
trhow, *le auge*
ferin, *feugere*
the mower, *li faucheour*
mouweth, *fauche*
chaf, *fail*
stre, *paille*
pese stre, *pessaz*
housewif, *la mesuner*
lynsede, *lyneis*
filaxlolles, *buchraus*
wede hit, *le sarchez*
rethe hit, *le rehacz*
druwe hit, *le secchez*

swinglestock, *pessel*
swingle, *estuger*
ribbe, *rastuer*
hechele, *serence*
rocche, *conuil*
werne, *le vucl(?)*
spinnel, *fusil*
flint, *cailleun*
vir-hirne, *le fusil*
mulne spinel, (*molu par le*) *fusil*
to the rel, *au trauil*
the yerne, *filere*
to relend, *trauiller*
tharne-winde, *la widere*
to winden, *wider*
rel, *trauil*
weven, *tister*
a clewe, *un lussel*
windes, *wude*
werpen, *peru le hai(?)*
spooles, *tremes*
a webbing szaly, *une lame*
breser, *breser*
kistes, *troces*
a keiex, *une frenole*
a cake of spices, *brakenole*
fat, *cuve*
tepe, *enfondrez*
laden outh, *d'escoude*
swepen, *baler*
spired, *germée*
malt, *breez*
rouwes, *renges*
lepe, *une corbail*
kulne, *torrail*
grounden, *molu*
mahssingfate, *keuerel*
wort, *bertil*
grout, *berzize*
berme, *greste*
hose, *aroc*
honten, *tuper*
fische, *pescher*
laden hout, *espuchez*
pole, *estauncke*
arwei, *destoraunt*
abidige, *delai*
gret pol, *lay*
mire, *betumay*
szyne, *nace*
neth, *rey*
szine, *nace*
ridel, *cruiere*
smale, *mennement*
the bothem, *le gurget*
dornhep, *nare revertez(?)*
fulthe, *l'ordure*
tode, *crapaude*
henete, *lezart*
nedder, *serpent*
snake, *colure*
greet, *gravele*
flint, *cailloun*
snayl, *lymacoun*
gilles, *vembergis*
kelinge, *mulewel de mer*
gappe, *crevessoun*
grene balke, *vert cerail*
szadewe, *umbrail*
wode hevese, *l'ourail*
stepinstones, *passueres*
stremes, *russeles*
hevese, *hourail*
lindes hurdes, *le keuue laroun*
balke, *tenail*
handel, *tenoun*
tilier, *cotuyer*
tonges, *tenailles*
colles, *carbuns*
smith, *fevre*
thaweth, [*degele*]
szlidinde, *lidaunt*
sletes, *cymere*
a flake of snowe, *un aunfe de neif*
haileth, *grele*
smale, *grele*
thonner, *toner*
thondres, *toune*
tonne, *toune*
slepeth, *toune*
wineled, *li estomac*

hand moule, *capinole*
garlond, *chapeu*
bloweth, *blauuerole*
keith, *frivole*
becippe hure, *l'acole*
pokes, *veroles*
maselinges, *les rugeroles*
pleyen, *esbanoer*
lilie, *fluir de lys*
solicle, *flur de surcye*
helpe, *aye*
kousloppe, *primeveir*
weibrede, *plauntayne*
hertetong, *cerlaunge*
chine, *ruceriez*
dayseie, *consoude*
smerdocke, [*mercurial*]
surdoke, *furele*
roddok, *la parele*
mogwed, *nermoise*
maythe, *meroke*
tuybil, *besagn*
appiltre, *pomer*
peretre, *perere*
chiritre, *cereiser*
haish, *freine*
brom, *genet*
plomtre, *pruner*
hawethen, *ceneiller*
hawes, *ceneilles*
slothorne, *fouder*
slos, *foudernes*
brere, *eglenter*
hepes, *peperonges*
bolastre, *crekere*
bolas, *crekes*
cirnetre, *alier*
cirnes, *alies*
quincetre, *coingner*
in stockes, *neif coingner*
stockes, *ceps*
a wegg, *un coigner*
box, *buit*
palm tre, *paumere*
mapil, *arable*
holintre, *la houte*
tabart, *houte*
helren, *sucan*
wilwe, *sauz*
hoke, *cheine*
w, *eye*
helre, *sucy*
houle, *houswan*
throstel, *mauviz*
bosc, *busson*
osel, *merle*
sheldedrake, *herle*
stare, *filaundre,*
wodelarke, *chalaundre*
criket, *salemaundre*
scheden him frome, *espaundre*
telles, *espandi*
schedes, *espande*
flakerers, *paunde*
spele, *espander*
fumment, *eiles*
sparwes, *moschorns*
swimmeth, *née*
drounes, *noe*
hores, *nuduns(?)*
rowen, *nager*
bot, *bateles*
szipman, *mariner*
snowe, *negger*
flakes, *aumfes*
woddekoc, *oysel à let*
roddocke, *verder*
forester, *forester*
wranne, *le verender*
stone, *tresel*
stone, *trescel*
fithele, *la viele*
floute, *frestele*
titemose, *musinge*
thour sekes, *renge*
ther gurdel, *ta renge*
the rede fleye, *la palenole*
golfinges, *cardenerole*
boterfleie, *papilouns*
thisteles, *charduns*
breres, *runces*
greshop, *grissiloun*

hirchoun, *yrichoun*
fleies, *mouches*
gnattes, *urues*
netle, *urtic*
dike, *anede*
doukere, *plounjoun*
wipes, *waneles*
lanes, *veneles*
faune, *wanne*
haterade, *haane*
wildeges, *un ouwe rosée*
rock, *fru*
swalwe, *arounde*
storck, *sygoun*
hevesing, *cheverounde*
swalwe, *arounde*
snyte, *bekas*
streing, *alas*
kochon, *kokel*
wodewale, *l'oriol*
brocke, *tesschoun*
fox, *gupil*
fulthmard, *mauputois*
glading, *reheite*
wessele, *beleth*
ratonz, *raz*
molde warpes, *taupaines*
tayl, *kou*
a boske of breres, *la dume*
fetheirs, *la plume*
polt, *pluche*
dwernf, *neim*
augulkoc, *un treyn*
sleth, *ceyn*
kart, *un charette*
weles, *les tros*
boudes, *bendeaus*
spokes, *les rais*
bemes, *les rais de soleil*
szlakes, *les raies*
bureles, *les rais de charette*
nawes, *moyeaus*
xaxes, *moail*
wel, *la roef*
yolke, *mouwe*
hei, *l'oef*

axetre, *essel*
pinnes, *hetes*
cloutes, *juneres*
cartbody, *chartil*
ronges, *rideles*
staves, *roilouns*
nayles, *clous*
letherinclout, *sauneres*
laddres, *eschelez*
axetre, clout, *li ad essel(?)*
armeholle, *ascel*
thilles, *lymons*
thille hors, *limower*
womberop, *venter*
taylrop, *vauner*
childing, *gysme*
thille hors, *limouer*
eyhe, *bracerole*
bicluppes, *eolc*
pinnes, *billez*
hambrowes, *esceles*
homes, *esselez*
halingwippe, *la rioite*
gode, *aguilloun*
horsoome, *estle*
scorne, *agaz*
wispe, *torbas*
watred, *wacz*
foth, *penoun*
handel, *maunal*
sturte, *tenoun*
ploureste, *oroilloun*
sheldebred, *l'escuchoun*
koltre, *soke*
shzar, *vomer*
plousbem, *la haie*
hegh, *du haie*
yokes, *les jus*
streingued, *artez*
hele woth, *la mesere*
huswif, *mesuere*
haiward, *ly messere*
the wineretre, *le poutre*
gistes, *les soillouns*
pinne, *kinil*
nauger, *terere*

pantir, *genchour*
lachyes, *grenchouns*
splentes, *trenchons*
splentres, *trenchons*
gnawinges, *trenchesouns*
lover, *aumeur*
therswalde, *la lyme*
hoverdorne, *la sullime*
dorstodes, *gyrneans*
hokes, *les gouns*
hengles, *verteveles*
mochul, *fimer*
szhides, *asteles*
annd hirnes, *furchez de ferz*
hambors, *osceles*
holiz, *aune*
aylis, *firrine*
berche, *la fue*
becche, *de feu*
grenhed, *verdour*
sparkes, *estencles*
imbrers, *breses*
szherd, *un teske*
glading, *bele chere*
huysseles, *flaumecches*
hendes, *les bous*
sydes, *les eures*
soly, *sale*
hall, *sale*
biselet, *boulke*
nailes, *les eles*
fleysh hock, [*oirtoun*]
huive, *rouche*
ladil, *la louche*
szhike, [*jonette*]
szhikinston, *lucchier*
wele, *teille*
welwit, *enflestrich*
bees, *des ces*
swamnes, *les docs*
houny come, *brecche de mel*
haringes, *bisseaus*
lappes, *escous*
steppes, *escous*
bi-spirnet, *esclavote*
steppes, *esclos*
soly cloth, *fale toupe*
wlaffez, *bauleye*
snyvele, *naser*
a pile of garlec, *un aillie*
slavereth, *baave*
stotreth, *il buge*
koker, *deing*
whlispen, *pleiser*
kouwe, *tusser*
spete, *estouper*
bolke, *ruper*
spywe, *vomer*
cer, *cerveile*
wamblez, *laumber*
fleye, *mouche*
cheulkes, *masche*
suolwes, *gousle*
bolke, *ruper*
spewe, *vomera*
cranes, *grues*
pokockes, *poeuns*
suannes, *cynes*
kides, *chevereaus*
porceaus, *purceus*
hennes, *gelines*
woddekoches, *astiez*
feldefare, *grues*
larkes, *alawes*

*Wrt.*

## THE ROMANCE OF ATHELSTON.

From MS. No. 175, in the library of Caius College, Cambridge.

Lord, that is off mygtys most,
Fadyr and sone and holy gost,
Bryng us out off synne,
And lene us grace so for to wyrke,
To love bothe God and holy kyrke,
That may hevene wynne!
Lystnes, lordyngs that ben hende,
Off ffalsnesse hou it wil ende,
A man that ledes him therin.

Off ffoure weddyd brethryn I wole you i-tel,
That wolden yn Yngelond go dwel,
That sybbe wer nouȝt off kynde.
And alle four messangeres they were,
That wolden yn Ynglond lettrys bere,
As it wes here kynde.
By a fforest gan they mete,
Wer a cros stoode in a strete,
Be leff undyr a lynde.

And as the story telles me,
Ylke man was of dyvers cuntré,
In book i-wreten we ffynde.
For love of here metyng thar,
They swoor hem weddyd brethryn for ever mar,
In trewthe trewely dede hem bynde.
The eldeste off hem ylkon,
He was hyȝt Athelston,
The kings cosyn der.
He was off the kyngs blood
Hys eemes sone I undyrstood,
Therfore he neyȝyd hym ner.
And at the laste, weel and fayr,
The kyng hym dyyd wythouten ayr,
Thenne was ther non hys pere
But Athelston hys eemes sone,
To make hym kyng wolde they nouȝt schon,
To corowne hym wyth gold so clere.

Now was he kyng semely to se,
He sendes afftyr hys brethryn there,
And gaff hem her warysoun.
The eldest brothir he made eerle of Dovre,

And thus the pore man gan covre
Lord off tour and toun.
That othyr brothyr he made eerl of Stane,
Egelond was hys name,
A man off gret renoun.
And gaff hym tyl hys weddyd wyff,
Hys owne sustyr, dame Odyff,
With gret devocyoun.

The ferthe brothir was a clerk,
Mekyl he cowde off Goddys werk,
Hys name it was Alryke.
Cauntyrbury was vacant,
And fel into that kynges hand,
He gaff it hym that wyke.
And made hym bysschop of that stede,
That noble clerke on booke cowde rede,
In world was non hym lyche.
Thus avaunsyd he hys brothyrs thorwȝ Goddis gras;
And Athelston hym selven was
A good kyng and ryche.

And he that was eerl off Stane,
Ser Egeland was hys name,
Was trewe as ȝe schal her.
Thorwȝ the myȝt off Goddys gras,
He gat upon the countas,
Twoo knave chyldren dere.
That on was ffyfftene wyntyr old,
That other thryttene, as men me told,
In the world was non her pere;
Also whyt so lylye fflour,
Red as rose off here colour,
As bryȝt as blosme on brere.

Bothe the eerl and hys wyff,
The kyng hem lovede as hys lyff,
And here sones twoo;
And offten sythe he gan hem calle,
Bothe to boure and to halle,
To counsayl whenne they scholde goo.
That sere Wymound hadde gret envye,
That eerl off Dover, wyttyrlye
In herte he was ful woo;
He thowȝte al for here sake,
False lesyngis on hem to make,
To don hem brenne and sloo.

And thanne sere Wymound hym bethouȝte,
Here love thus endure may nouȝe,
Thorwȝ wurd oure werk may sprynge.
He bad hys men maken hem ȝare,
Unto Londone wolde he fare,
To speke with the kynge.
Whenne that he to Londone come,
He mette with the kynge ful sone,
He sayde, "welcome, my derelyng!"
The kyng hym fraynyd soone anon,
Be what way he hadde i-gon,
Withouten ony dwellyng:—

"Come thou ouȝt be Cauntyrbery,
There the clerkys syngen mery,
Bothe erly and late?
Hou faryth that noble clerk,
That mekyl can on Goddys werk,
Knowest thou ouȝt hys state?
And come thou ouȝt be the eerl off Stane,
That wurthy lord in hys wane,
Wente thou ouȝt that gate?
Hou fares that noble knyȝt,
And hys sones fayr and bryȝt,
My sustyr ȝiff that thou wate?"

"Sere," thanne he sayde, "withouten les,
Be Cauntyrbery my way I ches,
There spak I with that dere;
Ryȝt weel he gretes thee that noble clerk,
That mykyl can off Goddys werk,
In the world is non hys pere.
And also be Stane my way I drowȝ,
With Egeland I spak i-nowȝ,
And with the countesse so clere;
They fare weel, is nouȝt to layne,
And bothe here sones."—The kyng was frayne,
And in hys herte made glad chere.

"Sere kyng," he sayde, "ȝiff it be thi wille,
To chaumbyr that thou woldest wenden tylle,
Counsayl for to here,
I schal the telle swete tydande,
Ther comen never non in this lande,
Off all this hundryd ȝere."
The kyngis herte than was ful woo,
With that traytour for to goo,

They wente bothe forth in ffere ;
And whenne that they were the chaumbyr withinne,
False lesyngs he gan begynne,
On hys weddyd brothyr dere.

" Sere kyng," he sayde " woo were me,
Ded that I scholde see the,
So moot I have my lyff!
For, by hym that al thys world wan!
Thou hast makyd me a man,
And i-holpe me ffor to thryff.
For in thy land, sere, is a fals traytour,
He wol doo the mykyl dyshonour,
And brynge the on lyve.
He wole deposen the slyly,
Sodaynly than schalt thou dy,
Be Crystys woundys ffyve!"

Thenne sayde the kyng, " so moot thou the!
Knowe I that man and I hym see?
His name thou me telle."
" Nay," says that traytour, " that wole I nou3t,
For al the gold that evre was wrou3t,
Be masse book and belle,
But 3iff thou me thy trowthe wil ply3t,
That thou schalt nevere bewreye the kny3t
That the the tale schall telle."
Thanne the kyng hys hand up rau3te,
That ffalse man his trowthe be-tau3te,
He was a devyl off helle.

" Sere kyng," he sayde, " thou madyst me kni3t,
And now thou hast thy trowthe me ply3t,
Oure counsayl for to layne.
Sertaynly it is non othir,
But Egelane thy weddyd brothir,
He wolde that thou were slayne.
He dos thy sustyr to undyrstande,
He wole be kyng off thy lande,
And thus he begynnes here trayn.
He wole the poysoun ry3t slyly,
Sodaynly thanne schalt thou dy,
Be hym that suffryd payne!"

Thanne swoor the kyng be cros and roode,
" Meete ne drynk schal do me goode,
Tyl that he be dede.

Bothe he and hys wyff, hys soones twoo,
Schole they nevere be no moo
In Yngelond on that stede."
"Nay," says the traytour, "so moot I the!
Ded wole I nou3t my brothir se,
But do thy beste rede."
No longere there then wolde he lende,
He takes hys leve, to Dovere gan wende,
God geve hym schame and dede!

Now is that traytour hom i-went:
A messangere was afftyr sent,
To speke with the kyng.
I wene he bar his owne name,
He was hoten Athelstane,
He was foundelyng.
The lettrys were i-maad fullyche thare,
Unto Stane for to ffare,
Withouten ony dwellyng,
To ffette the eerl and his sones twoo,
And the countasse alsoo,
Dame Edyve, that swete thyng.

And in the lettre 3it was it tolde,
That the kyng the eerlys sones wolde
Make hem bothe kny3t.
And therto his seel he sette;
The messanger wolde nou3t lette,
The way he rydes ful ry3t.
The messanger, the noble men,
Takes hys horse and forth he wan,
And hyes a ful good spede.
The eerl in hys halle he fande,
He took hym the lettere in his hande,
Anon he bad hym rede.
"Sere," he sayde al so swythe,
"This lettre ou3te to make the blythe,
Thertoo thou take good hede.

"The kyng wole for the cuntas sake,
Bothe thy sones kny3tes make,
To London I rede the spede.
The kyng wole for the cuntas sake,
Bothe thy sones kny3tes make,
The blythere thou may be.
Thy ffayre wyff wyth the thou bryng,
And ther be ry3t no lettyng,

That sy3te that sche may see."
Thenne sayde that eerl with herte mylde,
" My wyff goth ry3t gret wyth chylde,
And for-thynkes me,
Sche may now3t out off chaumbyr wyn,
To speke with non ende of here kyn,
Tyl sche delyvryd be."

But into chaumbyr they gunne wende,
To rede the lettrys before that hende,
And tydynges tolde here soone.
Then sayde the cuntasse, " so moot I the!
I wil nou3t lette tyl I there be,
To morwen or it be noone.
To see hem kny3tis my sones ffre,
I wole nou3t lette tyl I there be,
I schal no lengere dwelle.
Cryst for 3elde my lord the kyng,
That has grauntyd hem here dubbyng!
Myn herte ys gladdyd welle."

The eerl hys men bad make hem 3are,
He and hys wyff fforth gunne they far,
To London ffaste they wente.
At Westemynster was the kyngys wone,
Ther they mette wyth Athelstone,
That afftyr hem hadde sente.

The good eerl soone was hent,
And fetryd faste verayment,
And hys sones twoo.
Ful lowde the countasse gan to crye,
And sayde, " goode brothyr, mercy!
Why wole 3e us sloo?
What have we a3ens 3ow done,
That 3e wole have us ded so soone?
Me thynkith 3e arn oure ffoo."
The kyng as wood ferde in that stede,
He garte hys sustyr to prysun lede,
In herte he was ful woo.

Then a squyer was the countasses ffrende,
To the quene he gan wende,
And tydyngis tolde here soone.
Gerlondes off chyryes off sche caste,
Into the halle sche come at the laste,
Long or it were noone;
" Sere kyng, I am before the come,

With a chyld dou3ter or a sone,
Graunte me my bone.
My brothir and sustyr that I may borwe,
Tyl the nexte day at morwe,
Out off here paynys stronge;
That we mowe wete be comoun sent,
In the playne parlement,
* * * *

" Dame," he sayde, "goo ffro me,
Thy bone schal nou3t grauntyd be,
I do the to undyrstande.
For, be hym that weres the crowne of thorn!
They schole be drawen and hangyd to-morn,
3iff I be kyng off lande."

And whenne the qwene these wurdes herde,
As sche hadde be beten with 3erde,
The teeres sche leet doun falle.
Sertaynly, as I 3ow tell,
On her bare knees doun sche felle,
And prayde 3it for hem alle.
" A! dame!" he sayde verrayment,
"Hast thou broke my comaundement,
Abyyd ful dere thou schalle!"
With hys foot, he wolde nou3t wonde,
He slow3 the chyld ry3t in her wombe,
Sche swownyd amonges hem alle.

Ladyys and maydenys that there were,
The qwene to here chaumbyr bere,
And there was dool i-now3;
Soone wythinne a lytyl spase,
A knave chyld i-born there wase,
As bry3ht as blosme on bow3;
He was bothe whyt and red,
Off that dynt was he ded,
Hys owne fadyr hym slow3;
Thus may a traytour baret rayse,
And make manye men ful evele at ayse,
Hym selff now3ht afftyr it low3.

But 3it tho qwene, as 3e schole here,
Sche callyd upon a messangere,
Bad hym a lettre ffonge;
And bad hym wende to Cauntyrbery,
There the clerkys syngen mery,
Bothe masse and even-songe.

" This lettre thou the bysschop take,
And praye hym for Goddys sake,
Come borowe hem out off here bande;
He wole doo more for hym, I wene,
Thanne for me thowȝ I be qwene,
I doo the to undyrstande.

An eerldom in Spayne I have of land,
Al I sese into thyn hand,
Trewely as I the hyȝt;
An hundred besauntys off gold red,
Thou may save hem from the ded,
ȝiff that thyn hors be wyȝt."
" Madame, brouke weel thy moreyeve,
Also longe os thou may leve,
Therto have I no ryȝt;
But off thy gold and off thy ffee
Cryst in hevene for-ȝelde it the,
I wolle be there to nyȝt.

Madame, thrytty myles off hard way,
I have reden sith it was day,
Full sore I gan me swynke,
And ffor to ryde now ffyve and twenti theretoo,
An hard thyng it were to doo,
For sothe ryȝt as me thynke.
Madam, it is ner hand passyd prime,
And me behoves al for to dyne,
Bothe wyn and ale to drynke;
Whenne I have dynyd thenne wole I fare,
God may covere hem off here care,
Or that I slepe a wynke."

Whenne he hadde dynyd he wente his way,
Al so faste as that he may,
He rod be Charynge Cros,
And entryd into Flete strete,
And seththyn thorwȝ Londone, I ȝow hete,
Upon a noble hors.
The messanger, that noble man,
On Londone brygge sone he wan,
For his traveyle he hadde no los.
From Stone into Steppyng-bourne,
For sothe his way wolde he nowȝt tourne,
Sparyd he nouȝt for myre ne mos.

And thus hys way wendes he,
Fro Osprynge to the Blee,
Thenne myȝt he see the toun

Off Cauntyrbery, that noble wyke,
Therin lay that bysschopryke,
That lord of gret renoun;
And whenne they rungen undern belle,
He was in Londone, I ȝow telle,
He was nouer redy;
And ȝit to Cauntyrbery he wan,
Longe or evensonge began
He rod mylys ffyffty.

The messanger no thyng abod,
Into the palays forth he rod,
There that the bysschop was inne;
Ryȝt welcome was the messanger,
That was come from the quewne so cleer,
Was of so noble kynne.
He took hym a lettre ful good speed,
And sayde, "sere bysschop, have this and reed,"
And bad hym come with hym;
Or he the lettre hadde halff i-redde,
For dool hym thowȝte hys herte blede,
The teeres ffyl ovyr hys chyn.

The bisschop bad sadele hys palfray,
Also ffaste as thay may,
"Bydde my men make hem ȝare,
And wendes before," the bysschop dede say,
"To my maneres in the way,
For no thyng that ȝe spare;
And loke at ylke ffyve mylys ende,
A ffresch hors that I ffynde,
Schod and no thyng bore;
Blythe schal I nevere be,
Tyl I my weddyd brothir see,
To kevre hym out off care."

On nyne palfrays the bisschop sprong,
Ar it was day from evensong,
In Romaunce as we rede;
Certaynly, as I ȝow telle,
On Londone brygge ded down felle
The messangeres stede.
"Allas!" he sayde, "that I was born,
Now is my good hors forlorn,
Was good at ylke a need;
ȝisterday upon the grounde,
He was wurth an hundryd pounde,
Ony kyng to lede."

Thenne bespak the archebysschop,
Oure gostly fadyr undyr God,
Unto the messangere,
"Lat be thy menyng off thy stede,
And thynk upon oure mykyl nede,
The whylys that we ben here;
For ȝiff that I may my brothir borwe,
And bryngen hym out off mekyl sorwe,
Thou may make glad chere;
And thy warysoun I schal the geve,
And God have grauntyd the to leve
Unto an hundryd ȝere."

The bysschop thenne nouȝt ne bod,
He took hys hors and forth he rod,
Into Westemynstyr so lyȝt,
The messanger on his ffoot alsoo;
With the bysschop come no moo,
Nother squyre ne knyȝt,
Upon the morwen the kyng aros,
And takes the way to the kyrke he gos,
As man of mekyl myȝt;
With him wente bothe preest and clerk,
That mykyl cowde off Goddys werk,
To praye God for the ryȝt.

Whenne that he to the kyrke come,
To-ffore the rode he knelyd anon,
And on hys knees he felle:
"God, that syt in trynyté,
A bone that thou graunte me,
Lord! as thou harewyd helle;
Gyltles men ȝiff they he
That are in my presoun ffree,
For cursyd there to ȝelle,
Off the gylt and they be clene,
Lene it moot on hem be sene,
That garte hem there to dwelle."

And whenne he hadde maad hys pryer,
He lokyd up into the qweer,
The erchebysschop sawe he stande;
He was for wondryd off that caas,
And to hym he wente apas,
And took hym be the hande,
"Welcome," he sayde, "thou erchebysschop,
Oure gostly fadyr undyr God,"
He swoor be God levande,—

" Weddyd brothir, weel moot thou spede,
For I hadde nevre so mekyl nede
Sith I took cros on hande."

" Good weddyd brothir, now turne thy rede,
Doo not thyn owne blood to dede
But ȝiff it wurthy were ;
For hym that weres the corowne off thorn,
Lett me borwe hem tyl to-morn,
That we mowe enquere ;
And weten alle be comoun asent,
In the playne parlement,
Who is wurthy be schout.
And but ȝiff ȝe wole graunt my bone,
It schal us rewe both or none,
Be God that alle thyng lent!"

Thanne the kyng wax wrothe as wynde ;
A wodere man myȝte no man fynde,
Than he began to be.
He swoor be othys sunne and mone,
" They schole be drawen and hangyd or none
With eyen thou schalt see.
Lay doun thy cros and thy staff,
Thy mytyr and thy ryng that I the gaff,
Out off my lande thou fflee :
Hyȝe the faste out off my syȝt,
Where I the mete thy deth is dyȝt,
Non othir then schal it be."

Thenne be-spak that erchebysschop,
Oure gostly fadyr undyr God,
Smertly to the kyng,
" Weel I wot that thou me gaff
Bothe the cros and the staff,
The mytyr and eke the ryng.
My bysschopryche thou reves me,
And Crystendome forbede I the,
Preest schal there non syngge ;
Neyther maydyn chyld ne knave,
Crystyndom schal ther non have,
To care I schal the brynge.

I schal gare crye thorwȝ ylke a toun,
That krekys schole be broken doun,
And stoken agayn with thorn.
And thou schalt lygge in an old dyke,
As it were an heretyke,

Allas! that thou were born!
3iff thou be ded that I may see,
Asoylyd scholt thou nevre bee,
Thanne is thy soule in sorwe.
And I schal wende in uncouthe [lond],
And gete me stronge men of hond,
My brothir 3it schal I borwe.
I schal brynge upon thy lond,
Hungyr and thyrst ful strong,
Cold, drou3the, and sorwe.
I schal nou3t leve on thy lond
Wurth the gloves on thy hond,
To begge ne to borwe."

The bysschop has his leve tan,
By that his men were comen ylkan,
They sayden "sere, have good day!"
He entryd into Flete strete,
With lordys of Yngelond gan he mete,
Upon a nobyl ray;
On her knees they kneleden adoun,
And prayden hym off hys benysoun;
He nykkyd hem with nay;
Neyther of cros neyther off ryng,
Hadde they non kyns wetyng,
And thanne a kny3t gan say:

A kny3t thanne spak, with mylde voys,
"Sere, where is thy ryng? where is thy croys?
Is it ffro the tan?
Thanne he sayde, "3oure cursyd kyng
Hath me refft off al my thyng,
And off al my worldly wan;
And I have entyrdyted Yngelonde,
Ther schal no preest synge masse with hond,
Chyld schal be crystenyd non;
But 3iff he graunte me that kny3t,
Hys wyff and chyldryn fayr and bry3t,
He wolde wyth wrong hem slon."

The kny3t sayde, "bysschop, turne agayn,
Off thy body we are ful fayn;
Thy brothir 3it schole we borwe;
And but he graunte us oure bone,
Hys presoun schal be broken soone,
Hymselff to mekyl sorwe.
We schole drawe doun bothe halle and boures,
Bothe hys castelles and hys toures,

They schole ligge lowe and holewe;
Thow3 he be kyng and were the coroun,
We scholen hym sette in a deepe dunjoun,
Oure Crystyndom we wole folewe."

Thanne as they spoken off this thyng,
Ther comen twoo kny3tes ffrom the kyng,
And sayden, "bysschop, abyde,
And have thy cros and thy ryng,
And welcome whyl that thou wylt lyng;
It is nou3t for to hyde.
Here he grauntys the the kny3t,
Hys wyff and chyldryn, fayr and bry3t,
Agayn I rede thou ride;
He prayes the pour charyté,
That he my3te asoylyd be,
And Yngelond long and wyde."

Hereoff the bysschop was fful ffayn,
And turnys hys brydyl and wendes agayn,
Barouns gunne with hym ryde
Unto the brokene cros of ston,
Thedyr com the kyng ful soone anon,
And there he gan abyde;
Upon hys knees he knelyd a-doun,
And prayde the bysschop off benysoun,
And he gaff hym that tyde.
With holy watyr and orysoun,
He asoylyd the kyng that weryd the coroun,
And Yngelond long and wyde.

Then sayde the kyng anon ry3t,
"Here I graunte the that kny3t,
And hys sones ffree,
And my sustyr hende in halle,
Thou hast savyd here lyvys alle,
I-blessyd moot thou bee."
Thenne sayde the bysschop al so soone,
"And I schal geven swylke a dome
With eyen that thou schalt see;
3iff thay be gylty of that dede,
Sorrere the doome thay may drede,
Than schewe here schame to me."

Whanne the bysschop hadde sayde soo,
A gret ffyr was maad ry3t thoo,
In Romaunce as we rede;
It was set that men my3te knawe

Nyne plowȝ lengthe on rawe,
As rede as ony glede.
Thanne sayde the kyng "what may this mene?"
"Sere, off gylt and thay be clene,
This doom hem thar nouȝt drede?"
Thanne sayde the good kyng Athelston,
"An hard doome now is this on,
God graunte us alle weel to spede!"

They fetten forth sere Egelan,
A trewere eerl was there nan,
Before the ffyr so bryȝt;
Ffrom hym they tokon the rede scarlet,
Bothe hosyn and schoon that weren hym met
That fel al ffor a knyȝt.
Nyne sythe the bysschop halewid the way,
That his weddyd brothir scholde goo that day,
To praye God for the ryȝt.
He was unblemyschyd ffoot and hand,
That sawȝ the lordes off the land,
And thankyd God off hys myȝt.
They offeryd hym with mylde chere
Unto seynt Powlys heyȝe awtere,
That mykyl was off myȝt.
Down upon hys knees he felle,
And thankyd God that harewede helle,
And hys modyr so bryȝt.

And ȝit the bysschop tho gan say,
Now schal the chyldryn gon the way
That the fadyr ȝede,
Ffro hym they tooke the rede scarlette,
The hosen and schoon that weren hem mete,
And al her worldly wede.
The ffyr was bothe hydous and red,
The chyldryn swownyd as they were ded,
The bysschop tyl hem ȝede,
With careful herte on hem gan look,
Be hys hand he hem up took,
"Chyldryn, have ȝe no drede!"

Thanne the chyldryn stood and lowȝ,
"Sere, the fyr is cold i-nowȝ,"—
Thorwȝout he went a pase.
They weren unblemesshyd foot and hand;
That sawȝ the lordys off the land,
And thankyd God of his grace.
They offeryd thanne wyth mylde chere

To seynt Poulys that hyȝe awtere,
This myracle schewyd was there.
And ȝit the bysschop efft gan say,
"Now schal the countasse goo the way,
There that the chyldryn were."

They fetten forth the lady mylde,
Sche was ful gret i-gon wyth chylde,
In Romaunce as we rede;
Before the fyr when that sche come,
To Jhesu Cryst she prayde a bone,
That leet hys woundys blede,
"Now God, lat nevre the kyngys foo
Quyk out off the ffyr goo!"
Theroff hadde sche no drede;
Whenne sche hadde maad her pryer,
Sche was brouȝt before the ffeer,
That brennyd bothe fayr and bryȝt.

Sche wente ffro the lengthe into the thrydde,
Stylle sche stood the ffyr amydde,
And callyd it merye and bryȝt.
Harde schowrys thenne tooke here stronge,
Both in bak and eke in wombe,
And sith then it ffel at syȝt.
Whenne that here paynys slakyd was,
And sche hadde passyd that hydous pas,
Here nose barst on bloode;
Sche was unblemeschyd ffoot and hand,
That sawȝ the lordys off the lande,
And thankyd God on rode.

They comaundyd men here away to drawe,
As it was the landys lawe,
And ladyys than tyl here ȝode.
Sche knelyd down upon the grounde,
And there was born seynt Edemound,
I-blessyd be that ffoode!
And whanne this chyld i-born was,
It was brouȝt into the plas,
And was bothe hool and sound;
Bothe the kyng and bysschop ffree,
They crystnyd the chyld that men myȝt see,
And callyd it Edemound;
"Halff my land," he sayde, "I the geve,
Also longe as I may leve,
With markys and with pounde,
And al afftyr my dede,

Yngelond to wysse and rede."
Now i-blessyd be that stounde!

Thenne sayde the bysschop to the kyng,
"Sere, who made this gret lesyng?
And who wrouȝte al this bale?"
Thanne sayde the kynge, "so moot I thee,
That schalt thou nevere wete for me,
In burgh neyther in sale,
For I have sworn by seynt Anne,
That I schal nevere bewreye that manne,
That me gan telle that tale;
They arn savyd thorwȝ thy red,
Now lat al this be ded,
And kepe this counseyl hale."

Thenne swoor the bysschop "so moot I the!
Now I have power and dignyté,
For to asoyle the as clene
As thou were hoven off the fount ston,
Trustly trowe thou ther upon,
And holde it for no wene.
I swere bothe be book and belle,
But ȝiff thou me his name telle,
The ryȝt doom schal I deme,
Thy selff schalt goo the ryȝt way,
That thy brother wente to-day,
Thouȝ it the evele beseme."

Thenne sayde the kyng, "so moot I the!
Be schryffte off mouthe telle I it the,
Therto I ám unblyve;
Certaynly it is non othir
But Wymound owre weddyd brothir,
He wole nevere thryve."
"Allas," sayde the bysschop than,
"I wende he were the treweste man
That evere ȝit levyd on lyve;
And he with this ateynt may be,
He schal be hongyd on trees three,
And drawen with hors ffyve."

And whenne that the bysschop the sothe bade,
That that traytour that lesyng made,
He callyd a messangere,
And hym to Dovre that he scholde founde,
Ffor to fette that eerl Wymound,
That traytour has no pere.

" Sere Egelane and hys sones be slawe,
Bothe i-hangyd and to-drawe,
Doo as I the lere,
The countasse is in presoun done,
Schal sche nevere out off presoun come
But ȝiff it be on bere."

Now with the messanger was no badde,
He took his hors as the bysschop radde,
To Dovre tyl that he come;
The eerl in hys hall he ffand,
He took hym the lettre in his hand,
On hyȝ wolde he nouȝt wone;
" Sere Egelane and his sones be slawe,
Bothe i-hangyd and to-drawe,
Thou getyst that eerldome:
The countasse is in presoun done,
Schal sche nevre more out come,
Ne see neyther sunne ne mone."

Thanne that eerl made hym glade,
And thankyd God that lesyng was made,
" It hath gete me this eerldome."
He sayde, " ffelawe, ryȝt weel thou bee!
Have here besauntys good plenté,
Ffor thyn hedyr come."
Thanne the messanger made is mon,
" Sere, off ȝoure goode hors lende me on,
Now graunte me my bone;
Ffor ȝystyrday deyde my nobyl stede,
On ȝoure arende as I ȝede
Be the way as I come."

" Myn hors be fatte and corn fed,
And off thy lyff I am a dred,"
That eerl sayde to hym than;
" Thanne ȝiff myn hors scholde the sloo,
My lord, the kyng, wolde be ful woo,
To lese swylk a man."
The messanger ȝit he brouȝte a stede,
On off the beste at ylke a nede
That evere on grounde dede gange,
Sadelyd and brydelyd at the beste;
The messanger was ful preste,
Wyȝtly on hym he sprange.

" Sere," he sayde, " have good day!
Thou schalt come when thou may,

I schal make the kynge at hande."
Wyth sporys faste he strook the stede,
To Gravysende he come good spede,
Is ffourty myle to ffande.

There the messanger the traytour abood,
And seththyn bothe in same they rod,
To Westemynstyr wone;
In the palays there thay lyȝt,
Into the halle they come ful ryȝt,
And mette with Athelstone.
He wolde have kyssyd his lord swete:
He sayde, "traytour, nouȝt ȝit lete,
Be God and be seynt Jhon!
Ffor thy falsnesse and thy lesyng,
I slowȝ myn heyr scholde have ben kyng
Whenne my lyf hadde ben gon."

There he denyyd faste the kyng,
That he made nevere that lesyng,
Among hys peres alle;
The bysschop has hym be the hand tan,
Fforth in same they are gan
Into the wyde halle,
Myȝte he nevere wyth crafft ne gynne,
Gare hym schryven off hys synne,
Ffor nouȝt that myȝt befalle.

Thenne sayde the goode kyng Athelston,
"Let hym to the ffyr gon,
To preve the trewethe in dede."
Whenne the kyng hadde sayd soo,
A gret ffyr was maad thoo,
In Romaunce as we rede;
It was set, that men myȝten knawe,
Nyne plowȝ lenge on rawe,
As rede as ony glede;
Nyne sythis the bysschop halewes the way,
That that traytour schole goo that day,
The wers hym gan to spede.

He wente ffro the lengthe into the thrydde,
And there he ffel the ffyre amydde,
Hys eyen wolde hym nouȝt lede.
Than the eerlys chyldryn were war ful smerte,
And wyȝtly to the traytour sterte,
And out off the ffyr hym hade,
And sworen bothe by book and belle,

" Or that thou deye thou schalt telle,
Why thou that lesyng made."

" Sertayn I can non othir rede,
Now I wot I am but dede,
I telle 3ow no thyng gladde;
Sertayn there was non othir wyte,
He lovyd hym to mekyl and me to lyte,
Therffore envye I hadde."

Whenne that traytour so hadde sayde,
Ffyve goode hors to hym were tayde,
That alle my3ton see with y3e;
They drowen hym thorw3 ilke a strete,
And seththyn to the elmes, I 3ow hete,
And hongyd hym ful hy3e.
Was ther nevere man so hardy,
That durste ffelle hys ffalse body,
This hadde he ffor hys lye.
Now Jhesu that is hevene kyng,
Leve nevere traytour have betere endyng,
But swych dome ffor to dye!

*Explicit.*

The MS. which contains the foregoing romance appears to have been written about the middle of the fourteenth century.

*Wrt.*

## LATIN POEM ON THE WONDERS OF IRELAND.

From MS. Cotton. Titus, D. xxiv. fol. 74, v°, of the thirteenth century. It is the concluding portion of a poem attributed in the MS. to St. Patrick, but this is of course altogether fanciful.

*De Rebus Hiberniæ Admirandis.*

His ita prodigiis signisque per omnia dictis,
Nunc quoque describam patriæ miracula nostræ
Nomine quæ proprio vocitatur Hibernia cunctis.
Finibus in nostris famosa est insula parva,
Quæ satis exanimes corruptos impedit esse
Vel putridos tabo, carnem sic efficit omnem;
Illic cernit awm quisquam retinere figuram,
Cujus ibi crescunt ungues simul atque capilli.
Terraque nostra tenet stagnum quod continet istam
Vim, qua ligna solent lapides mox esse sub undis,
Post tamen annorum ceu dicunt tempora septem.
Est aliud stagnum cui fons quoque mirus adhæret,
Quinque pedum spatio tantum qui distat ab illo,

Sive igitur crescat de largis imbribus illud,
Seu nimio fervore magis decrescat, habebit
Quinque pedum spacium semper distantia tantum.
Cernitur a multis alius fons more probatus,
Qui facit ut dicunt canos mox esse capillos.
Fons alius si tactus erit vel visus ab ullo,
Efficit ingentes pluvias, quas fundere cœlum
Non cessat, si non oblatio sacra repellat.
Fons est si verum cernentis tempora signans,
Nam salit eructans cum signat tempora longa,
At silet attestans cernentem mox moriturum.
Fons est dulcis aquæ constans in vertice montis,
More maris retinens accessum sive recessum.
Dicunt esse duos fontes contraria agentes;
Alter namque necem potatus perpetrat, alter
Non aufert vitam, neuter cognoscitur ullo,
Tangere non audent iccirco utrumque periti.
Proximus esse mari modicus quoque fertur acervus,
Jam lapidum quiddam mirabile quique ministrat,
Non magis apparens fluctu fugiente marino,
Quam solito cursu quando mare littora replet,
Occultante mari illic quæ magis alta videntur.
Est aliquod saxum mirabile, namque repente
Si fuerit virga percussum, suscitat imbres,
In quo tempestas oritur sequiturque caligo.
Antea Temoriam sedem rex quisque tenebat
Scottorum, fuerant ubi tres res maxime miræ;
Nam lapis, atque puer parvus, nanique sepulcrum.
Nam lapis ut fertur calcatus rege sonabat,
Jam rugiens, prolem genuit septennis et ille
Parvulus, ac lectus nunciatur ad omnibus æque
Quinque pedum spacio, brevior non addidit unquam,
Quem numerum fuerat qui non majore minutus.
Illa nimis miranda quidem piscina, leprosos
Quæ facit intrantes omnes se illicque lavantes,
Est tamen hæc eadem non noxia parte sequente,
Quæ solito cursu petit ac sic intrat in ipsam,
Inter utranque tamen partem distantia parva
Esse pedum spacio binorum pene videtur.
Continet hæc hominis cujusdam terra sepulcrum
Fœmineas turbas fallentis more doloso,
Ille etenim numerum ingentem violavit earum:
Fine tamen fuerat felici crimina deflens:
Ergo modo miro mulier, si viderit illud,
Pedere vel ridere solet cernendo sepulcrum,
Dormine jam resonat quod si non rideat illa.

*De infantibus sanctum Patricium invocantibus.*

Ex utero matris quondam sunt ista locuti
Infantes, "Nos sancte veni Patrici bene salva."

*De Sancto Kienano.*

Sanctus in hac patria quidam vir nomine Kyenan
Permanet incorruptus, habens nunc integra membra,
Mortuus ante tamen quingentos circiter annos,
Ejusdemque loci defuncti quique putrescunt.

*De hominibus qui se vertunt in lupos.*

Sunt homines quidam Scottorum gentis habentes
Miram naturam majorum ab origine ductam,
Qua cito quando volunt ipsos se vertere possunt
Nequiter in formas lacerantum dente luporum,
Unde videntur oves occidere sæpe gementes;
Sed cum clamor eos hominum seu cursus eorum
Fustibus aut armis terret, fugiendo recurrunt.
Cum tamen hoc faciunt sua corpora vera relinquunt,
Atque suis mandant ne quisquam moverit illa;
Si sic eveniat, nec ad illa redire valebunt.
Si quid eos lædat, penetrent si vulnera quæque,
Vere in corporibus semper cernuntur eorum.
Sic caro cruda hærens in veri corporis ore,
Cernitur a sociis, quod nos miramur et omnes.

*De homine decollato capite .vii. annos vivente.*

Decollatus erat quidam languore doloris,
Postea septenos fertur vixisse per annos,
Gutture namque miser poscebat aperto alimentum.

*De muliere cum corpore a dæmonibus rapta.*

Hæc res mira solet numero celebrantibus addi:
Vir bonus et verax aliquid mirabile vidit;
Quodam namque die volucres in flumine cernens,
Projiciens lapidem percussit vulnere cignum,
Prendere quem cupiens tunc protinus ille cucurrit;
Sed properante viro, mire est ibi fœmina visa,
Quam stupido visu aspiciens, hæc quærit ab illa,
Unde fuit? quid ei accidit? aut quo tempore venit?
Hæc, "infirma fui," inquit ei, "et tunc proxima morti,
Atque putata meis sum quod defuncta videbar,
Dæmonibus sed rapta fui cum carne repente."
Hanc vix credibilem rem tunc audivit ab illa,
Quam secum ducens satiavit veste ciboque,
Tradidit atque suis credentibus esse sepultam,
Qui quod erat factum vix credere jam potuerunt.

*De navi quæ visa est in aere.*

Rex fuit in theatro Scottorum tempore quodam
Turbis cum variis, cum milibus ordine pulcris,
Ecce repente vident decurrere in aere navim.
De qua post piscem tunc unus jecerat hastam,
Quæ ruit in terram, quam natans ille retraxit.
Ista quis auditurus erit sine laude tonantis?

*De muliere elemosinam in Hibernia agente.*

Martini quidam peregrinus venit ad urbem,
Cujus erat genitrix propria regione relicta,
Prædicti in feria quæ inopes satiare solebat.
Ille igitur matrem vidit tunc tradere carnem
Pauperibus cum lacte bono, sed vasis aperte
Abstulit occulte mirans et traxit operculum;
Postea sed rediens matri monstraverat illud.
Protinus ergo videns, recolit; sed quærit ab illo
Unde habuit, qui dixit ei, "tua teque videbam
Munera in urbe viri Martini scilicet almi,
Certe corporeis oculis in luce diei."
Quod multum miratur anus, miratur et ille.
Est celebranda piis hæc res quæ mira videtur,
Exemplumque bonum, quia verum est, tempore longo.

*De insula quadam satis admiranda.*

Est quoque in hac patria mirabilis insula parva,
Quam fugiunt omnes volucres, nec adire volentes
Fœminei generis, nequeunt quia tangere terram
Sanctam, seu frondes, sexus sed visitat alter,
In qua more hominum est, avium divisio mira,
Illic nemo mori peccator seu sepeliri
Quit, soli sed rite viri qui ascendere possit
Ad cœlum, exemplis multis quod sæpe probatur.

*De molendino die dominico non molente nisi necessitate hospitis, furtumque respuente.*

Ecce molendinum his mirum in regionibus extat;
Namque die Domini nulla vi posse moveri
Dicitur excepto spacio cum venerit hospes,
Tunc id enim vertit pistrinum sæpe molare,
Cursus aquæ retrahens, aliter tunc posse negatur,
Præterea furtum semper bene respuit, illud
Nil molit en etenim cui furti crimen adhæret.

*De ipsa Hibernia in qua non vivunt serpentes.*

Insula serpentem nullum jam continet ista,
Quam patriam Scotti certe cernuntur habere;

Sed certe moritur mox sin aliunde feratur.
Nec ranas, nullasque feras de more nocentis,
Vulpibus atque lupis exceptis, gignit alitve.

*De lapide sanguinem aliquando fluente.*

Sancti in sede lapis cujusdam mirus habetur,
Sanguine sæpe fluens, rubrum fundensque cruorem,
Cum locus ille viris certe spoliatur iniquis.

*De fonte qui mutat fraxineam virgam in nuceam.*

Quidam fons mutat virgarum sæpe virentum
Naturam, ceu fama est, quæ merguntur in illo;
Nam qui fraxineam virgam modo mittit in illum,
Is nuceam mire paulo post abstrahit illo.

*De eo quod extinguit flammam labiis et lingua.*

Ecclesiæ princeps cujusdam tempore semper
Natalis Domini, quiddam mirabile monstrat,
Magnam nam labiis et lingua extinguere flammam
Cernitur a populo stupido spectante lucernæ,
In nullo læsus tamen igne pyramidis alto.
Sanctus namque suis Colmanus jussit amicis,
Hoc semper fieri mirum indubitabile verum;
Donec namque poli numerentur sidera summi,
Quis numerare potest sanctorum facta virorum
Mira, Deus gentem per quos salvaverat istam.

*De admiratione Dei.*

Qui magis est mirus mirandis omnibus istis,
In numeris non mille modis quibus omnibus unus
Cuncta satis superat certe miracula nostra,
Scilicet angelicis quod tam videatur acutis
Agminibus mirus Deus, ut post milia multa
Non minus annorum, mirentur, ament, et adorent,
Quam cum principio cœperunt cernere primo.
Nam cœcus assiduo posset vilescere visu.
Quid magis hoc mirum vel mirum æquale videtur.
Gloria sit patri, domino quoque gloria Christo,
Gloria spiritui sancto, per sæcula cuncta! Amen.

*Wrt.*

## VERSES ON THE WREN.

Inserted in Walter de Bibblesworth, MS. Arundel, No. 220, fol. 301 v°.

Levere is the wrenne,
Abouten the schowe renne,
Than the fithel draut,
Other the floute craf.

*Wrt.*

## SYR PENY.

From MS. Moore, 147, in the Library of Caius College, Cambridge, written on vellum and paper, in the fifteenth century. Communicated by the Rev. J. J. Smith, Fellow and Tutor of Gonville and Caius College. Another copy of the same ballad is printed in Ritson's Pieces of Popular Poetry, second edition, and in the appendix to Walter Mapes.

In erth there ys a lityll thyng,
That reynes as a grete kyng
  There he is knowen in londe;
Peny is hys name callydde,
Ffor he makyth both yong and olde
  To bowe unto hys hande.

Pope, kyng, and emperoure,
Byschope, abbot, and prioure,
  Parson, preste, and kny3t,
Duke, erle, and baron,
To serve syr Peny are they boen,
  Both be day and ny3th.

Peny chaungeth ofte menys mode,
And garreth them do of ther hode
  And ryse hym ageyn;
Men doth hym all obedyens,
And full grete reverens,
  That lytyll roende swayn.

In a courte hit is no bote
Ageyn syr Peny for to mote,
  Ffor hys mekyll my3th;
He is so wyse and so strange,
Were hit never so mekyll wrang,
  He wyll make hit ry3th.

With Peny men may women tyll,
Be they never so strong of wyll,
  So ofte hyt may be sene,
Ageyn hym they wyll not chyde,
Ffor he may gar them trayle syde
  In burnet and in grene.

When Peny begynnys to spelle,
He makyth them meke that are were fell,
  Ffull ofte hit is i-sene;
The nedes are fulle sone spedde,
Both without borow or wedde,
  There Peny goeth betwene.

Peny may be both hevyn and helle,
And alle thyng that is to selle,
In erth hath he that grace;
Ffor he may both lose and bynde,
The pore is ay set behynde,
There Peny comes in place.

Peny is set on hye dese,
And servd at the best messe,
And the hygh borde;
Men honoure hym as a man,
Iff he litell gode can,
3yt he is in horde.

Peny doth 3yt well mare,
He makyth men have moch care,
Hym to gete and wynne;
He garrith men be forsworen,
Soule and lyfe be forloren,
Ffor covetyse of syn.

The dede that Peny wyll have done,
Without let hyt spedys sone
At his owen wylle.
Peny may both rede and gyffe,
He may gar fle, he may gar lyfe,
Both gode and ylle.

Be he nevyr so strang a thefe,
Peny, that is man fulle lefe,
May borowe hym to lyfe;
Peny is a gode felowe,
Both with hygh and with lowe,
And councell for to gyffe.

He is a redy massyngere,
When he comes far or nere;
An erande for to do,
Come he erly or late,
Hym is warned nor dore ne 3ate,
That he comes onto.

Other thyng wylle they not have,
But that lityll roende knave,
That coveyteth ech man.

Peny hath do alle treson,
Both in cité and in toen,
In castelle and in coure.

When Peny comyth with schylde and spere,
He wynnys the gre in ylke a were,
And in ylke a boure.

With reson may ye wele se,
That Peny wyll mayster be,
Prove nowe man of mode;
Peny rydys troen be troen,
Ovyr all in ylke a toen,
On land and eke on flode.

He makyth the fals to be soende,
And ryght puttys to the grounde,
And fals lawys ryse.
This may ye find yf ye wyll loke,
Wretyn ill without the boke,
Ryght on this wyse.

*Explicit de Dynario yhe magistro.*

## RIDDLES.

From MS. More 71, Caius College, Cambridge, of the fourteenth century.

Arbor inest silvis, quæ scribitur octo figuris;
Inde tribus demptis, unam vix inde videbis.

Ligneus est lectus, nullo tamen arbore sectus:
Solvere qui poterit solvat, et ejus erit.

Est animal parvum, quod semper pascit in arvum;
Si convertatur, tunc quadrupes inde ligatur.

Hic non introeas nisi quæ sunt hæc tria dicas.
Qui facit et non fit, facit et fit, non facit et fit.

## PROVERBS.

From the copy of the first edition of Caxton's Chaucer in the British Museum, written by an early possessor of the volume.

A womon is lesse pittefulie than a man; more envious then a sarpent; mor malysceous then a tyrante; and more deceytfulle then the devylle.

Blyndnes wyth the mystes of jugemente dymeth the knoledge of reson.

More afvayleth example then wordes; and muche better be men toght by doing, then they ar by speking.

Better is a good nam then abundaunce of riches; for good estymacyon surmottethe alle tressurs.

Envy is blind and canne do nothinge, but desprays vertewe; it is a scabbe of this world to have envy at vartew.

Frindes in advercetie ar a refuge; and in prosperitie a pleasour and delight, to commynicat our pleassurs with alle together.

*Hllll.*

## A SERMON BEFORE THIEVES.

From MS. Cotton. Vespas. A. xxv. fol. 53, written in or soon after 1573.

*A Sermon of parson Hyberdyne, which he made att the commandemente of certen theves after thay had robbed hym besyde Hartlerowe in Hamshyer in the feldes ther standinge upon a hyll, where as a wynde myll had bene, in the presens of the theves that robbed hym, as followithe.*

*The Sermon as followethe.*

I greatly mervell that any man wyll presume to dysprase theverie, and thynke the dooeres therof to be woorthy of deathe; consyderinge itt is a thynge that cumithe nere unto vertue, beinge used of many in all contries, and comendid and allowed of God hym selfe: The which thinge, by cause I cannot compendiously shew unto yow at soo shorte a warnynge, and in soo sharpe a wether, I shall desyer yow, gentle audiens of theves, to take in good parte these thynges that, at thys tyme, cumythe to my mynde: not mysdowtynge but that yow, of yowre good knowledge, are able to add mutche more unto ytt then this which I shall nowe utter unto yow. Fyrst fortitude and stowtnes of corage, and also bowldnes of minde is commendyd of sume men to be a vertue, which beinge grawnted, who is yt then that wyll not judge theves to be vertused, for thay be of all men moste stowte and hardy, and moste withowte feare; for thevery is a thynge moste usuall amonge all men; for not only yow that be here presente, but many other in dyverse places, bothe men and wemen and chyldren, rytche and poore, are dayly of thys facultie, as the hangman of Tyboorne can testyfye; and that yt is allowed of God hymselfe, as it is evydente in many storryes of scriptures: for, yf yow looke in the hole cowrse of the Byble, yow shall fynde that theves have

bene beloved of Gode; for Jacobe, whan he came owte of Mesopotamia, dyd steale his uncle Labanes kydde; the same Jacobe also dyd steale his brother Esaues blessynge, and yett God seyde 'I have chosen Jacobe, and refused Esau.' The chyldren of Ysraell, whan thay came owte of Egypte, dyd steale the Egiptians jewelles of sylver and gowlde, as God commawnded them soo to doo. Davyd, in the days of Abiather the hygh preste, did cume into the Temple, and dyd steale the hallowed breede, and yet God saide, 'David is a man after myne owne harte.' Chryste hymselfe, whan he was here on the erthe, did take an asse and a cowlte, that was none of hys, and yow knowe that God said of hym, 'this is my beloved soone, in whome I delighte.' Thus yow may see, that God delightithe in theves. But moste of all I marvell that men can dispyse yow theves, where as in all poyntes almoste yow be lyke unto Christe hymselfe; for Chryste had noo dwellynge place, noo more have yow: Christe wente frome towne to towne, and soo doo yow: Christe was hated of all men, savynge of his freendes, and soo are yow: Christe was laid waite upon in many places, and soo are yow: Chryste at the lengthe was cawghte, and soo shall yow bee: He was browght before the judges, and soo shall yow bee: He was accused, and soo shall yow bee: He was condempned, and soo shall yow be: He was hanged, and soo shall yow bee: he wente downe into hell, and soo shall yow dooe; mary, in this one thynge yow dyffer frome hym, for he rose agayne, and assended into heaven, and soo shall yow never dooe, withowte Godes greate mercy, which Gode grawnte yow. To whome with the Father and the Soone and the Holy Ghoste bee all honore and glorye for ever and ever, Amen."

Thus, his sermon beinge endyd, thay gave hym his money agayne that thay tooke frome hym, and .ij.s. to drynke for hys sermon.

*Explicit.*

*Ty.*

## SCRAPS.

From MS. Douce, 257, written at the commencement of the fifteenth century.

viij. ys my love, ȝif ix. go before
Wer viij. y-gert above, ij. were wel therefore.
I love vij. xiiij. and iiij. god,
Drof of hors and gyl of fisch,
So hat my lemman war ȝe ys;
Water of rother and taymys brother,
So hat my lemman in non other.

A yong wyf and an arvyst gos,
Moche gagil with bothe:
A man that [hath] ham yn his clos,
Reste schal he wrothe.

*Hllll.*

## SIR JOHN MAUNDEVILE AND THE SULTAN OF EGYPT.

From MS. Bodl. E Musæo, 160, in the Bodleian library, a quarto volume on paper of the beginning of the sixteenth century. It apparently forms part of a larger treatise, which is given in the MS. very imperfectly.

*The commonyng of Ser John Mandevelle and the gret Souden.*

Opon a tyme when Ser John Mandevelle
In Egipe was in his jornaye,
Two ȝere with the sowdene did he dwelle,—
Wel beloved he was of hym allewaye.
A lordes doghter and his ayre ryght gaye
He offert to hym, if he wald forsake
His fayth and take Machometes laye,
But no sich bargan wold he make.
On a tyme to counselle he did hym take,
And put alle othere lordes hym fro;
He sayde, "telle me your Cristyn state,
And how they kep theyr levyng tho."
John Mandevelle sayd agayn hym too,
"Ryght welle, I trust, by Goddes grace."
The sowden sayd "it is not soo;
ffor your prestes, that suld tech vertus trace,
They ryn rakyll out of gud race,
Gyffe ylle ensampille and lyese in synne;
Off God services of his holy place,
They gyf no forse, but gud to wynne,
In dronken hed and licherese synne;
Ylle cownselle to princese they geve;
They by and selle by craft and gyn,
Theyr mysord cawses alle myscheve.
The commoun pepille of God thay greve
On holy festes, when they suld pray,
They seke sportes, and playse, and tavernes chefe,
In sloth and glotoné alle that daye.
In lichery like bestes ar they,
In occar, falshed, and robbaré,

Stryf and detraction, suth to saye,
Mich perjury and many lee:
ffor felle pride disgysed they bee,
Now lang, now shorte, for mekille changenge;
Abowt sich pride is alle ther studee,
Agayn ther law and Cristes byddynge.
They aught to be meke and of devowt lyvynge,
Ever tru and ylk an other love;
We knaw they lost, for sich synynge,
The Holy Land, that is best to prove;
We fer not but to hald it to our behove,
Als lang as they lefe on this wyse.
Neverlesse we knaw they salle be above,
ffor ther better levyng then salle thay ryse;
But ȝit they hast not to be wyse,
ffor-thi we trust to hald it lange."
Then Mandevelle said his hart did gryse,
To her us so rebuket of a haythen man;
"Lord save your reverence," son sayd he than,
"How cowth ȝe knaw thes thinges so clere?"
He sayd, "I send theder many man,
With marchandes, truth tylle enquere."
Loo! Cristyn men, now may ȝe here
How heythen men doth us dispise!
ffor Cristes love lat us forbere
Our ugly synnes, and radly ryse.
Our mede is mekylle in paradise,
Yf we thus do, or elles dowtlesse
Depyst in helle in paynes grise,
Hawee our set in payne endlese.
O, is not this a gret hevynese,
So many folke be lost for lakk of faythe?
Now it semys lowsit is Sathanesse,
That sett this ward thus owt of graythe.
Saint John in his Apocalipse saythe,
"Sathanas sal be lowset and do myche scathe."
Surly that may be previd here,
That when passit is a thowsand ȝere,
ffor agayn Crist and his gospelle clere,
The sowden, the Turke, and the gret Caane,
With Prester John and alle ther subjictes sere,
By fayth and life Crist in again,
Alle lust plesure use they playn,
Covates and prid, and countes it no syn,
He at hase most plesure is best they sayn,
And most joy in paradise salle wyn.

About a thowsand yere this did begyn
After Cristes byrthe, in most owtrage,
Sathanase was lowset and cawset this syn,
Als Saint John did prophecy and saye.
ȝe have hard how Macometes lay
Doth promesse a paradise that cannot bee,
But the gret Cane and his subjectes do saye
A hevyn they trust to have and see.
But wylle ȝe here how blynd thaye bee
By the beryynge of ther gret Caane?
ffor so beleveth alle the commontee,
And many mekylle wars certayn;
When thay salle bery the gret Caane,
Mekylle mete and drinke on the erth they cast
To fede hym after he be gane,
ffor they thinke the saule it may not faste.
Than the body they bryng unto that place
Wher he salle ly armet in his wede,
In a tabernacle or a case,
Right preciose and by hym his stede,
With sheld and spere and other wede,
With a whit mere to gyf hym in ylke.

*Hlll.*

## CHARTER RELATING TO THE BUILDING OF ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL AT WINDSOR.

The original of the following document is preserved in the archives of the Dean and Chapter of Windsor.

This indenture made the vth day of the moneth of June in the xxi$^{th}$ yeare of the reigne of our Soveraign Lord King Henry the vii$^{th}$, betweene George Talbott Lorde Steward, Giles Daubeney Lord Chamberlain, and Sir Thomas Lovell Knight, in the name of our said Soverain Lord and and all the Lords and Knights of the most honorable order of the Garter of the oon partie, and John Hylmer and William Vertue fremasons oun the other partie, witnesseth that it is covenaunted, bargayned, and agreed betwixt the parties above named, that the said John Hylmer and William Vertue at their owne proper costs and charges shall vawlte or doo to bee vawlted with free stone the roof of the quere of the College Roiall of our Lady and Saint George within the Castell of Wyndsore, according to the roof of the body of the said College ther, which roof conteyneth vii. senereys, as well the vawlte within furth as

archeboceus, crestys, corses, and the King's bestes stondyng on theym to bore the fanes on the outsides of the said quere, and the creasts, corses, beasts above on the outsides of Maister John Shornes Chappell, to bee done and wrought according to the other creastes, and comprised within the said bargayne: provided alway that the principall keyes of the said vawte from the high awter downe to the Kings stall shall bee wrought more pendaunt and rotower then the keyes or pendaunts of the body of the said colege, with the king's armes crowned with lyons, anteloppes, greyhounds, and dragons, bering the said armes, and all the other lasser keys to bee wrought more pendaunt and holower then the keyes of the body of the said colege, also with roses, portecolys, floure-de-lyces, or any other devyce that shall please the King's grace to have in them. To all which worke the said John and William promysen and by these presents bynden themself, their heires, and executors, in cccc$^{li}$ sterlings, to fynde all manner of stone, tymbre of scaffalds, bords, nayles, and all other things necessary, with caryage for the same by water or by land, and to have fully fynished the said vawte with the appurtenances by the Fest of the Nativitye of our Lord, which shall bee in the yeare of our Lord God after the course and acconting of the church of England mcccc. and viij; for all which workes before-named the King's grace and the Lords and Knights of the Garter must paye or doo to bee paid to the sayd John and William, or to their assignes, vij. c. li. sterling after this manner and fourme folowing, that is to say at their sealing of thies indentures c$^{li}$. At the fest of the nativity of our Lorde, then next following c$^{li}$. At the fest of Ester, then next and immediately folowing lxxx$^{li}$. At the fest of the Nativity of Seint John Baptist, then next following lxxx$^{li}$. At the fest of St. Michaell the archangell, then next folowing lxxx$^{li}$. At the nativite of our Lorde, than next folowing lx$^{li}$. At the fest of Ester, then next folowing lx$^{li}$. At the nativite of Seint John Baptist, then next folowing lx$^{li}$. And the residue of the somme amounting to fourescore pounds to bee payed as the workes goes forward bitwixt that and the Fest of the Nativitee of our Lord then next folowing, by which day the said workes must bee fynyshed and ended. To all which bargaynes and covenauntes wele and truly to bee kept and performed the parties above named to their present indentures interchaungeably have set to their seales the daye and yere abovesaid.

*Hllll.*

## SCRAPS.

From the Margins, &c. of Manuscripts.

1. From a Psalter of the fourteenth century, discovered in a farm-house in Leicestershire, by J. Stockdale Hardy, Esq. F.S.A.

Les aprises qe ly sages aprent à ces enfaunz.
La premere est Loyalté en bouche.
La secounde est Amour en quoor.
La tierce est Sage e garny en fayt.
La quarte est Chaste de corps.
La quynte est Mesure en totes choses.
L'enfaunt qe tayr vodra,
A cestes choses se tendra.

Maddamys alle as ȝe bee,
Rememyr this wane ȝe hyt see;
Sche that wylle stwde here [? scrwde here] over muche,
Sche shalle not gate tho by crose no the cruche;
Scho that haw wyll to play the chylle,
Apon this sche most loke oth wylle.
Ware welle, ladys, and rememer thys,
I haw wryttyn to yow I nott wat hit ys.

2. From a handsome Latin breviary, in the possession of Henry Walter, Esq. of The Willows, near Windsor.

Iste liber pertinet dominæ Aliciæ Champnys moniali monasterii Shastoniæ, quem dicta Alicia emit pro summa decem solidorum de domino Richardo Marshalle re[c]tore ecclesiæ parochialis sancti Rumboldi de Shastina prædicta.

Trium puerorum cantemus himnum quem cantabant in camino ignis benedicentes Dominum. O swete Jhesu, the sonne of God, the endles swetnesse of hevyn and of erthe and of all the worlde, be in my herte, in my mynde, in my wytt, in my wylle, now and ever more, Amen. Jhesu mercy, Jhesu gramercy, Jhesu for thy mercy, Jhesu, as I trust to thy mercy, Jhesu as thow art fulle of mercy, Jhesu have mercy, on me and alle mankynde redemyd with thy precyouse blode. Jhesu, Amen.

*J. G. N.*

## AN HISTORICAL POEM.

From MS. Bodl. E Musæo, 160, on paper in quarto. The first stanza and some lines in the middle are too imperfect to be at all intelligible.

King Herré the eght of fair Yngland,
And Katryne his gud and vertuose wheyne,
King of France, Francis to understand,

With Clawdia his wife, I weyne;
Thes ij. kinges with their courte bedeyn,
At the Ynglische palace in rich araye
Besid Calace did mete so cleyne,
Charls the grete emperour and gaye.
At their dyner fulle lange sat thaye,
ffro none to none withowtyn cesse;
Kinge Herré alle ther costes did paye,
Many gret astate com unto that dese.
After justynges of knightes ferse,
And gudly gammis of ser degree,
Thay departid with love and perse,
God grauntid lang to last and bee!
In Yngland tempest of waters felle,
In ser places out of com se did flowe.

[*The MS. is torn in this place.*]

Gret browes it bare downe . . . . brase,
And trees and tymber stud in it waye;
Both nete and shepe in divers place
It drownet, and bare down mekille haye.
Gret clerkes this tym did saye
That felle thinges in this warld suld falle,
And grete farlies within this iiij. ȝere daye,
God turnet to wele at weldes alle!
At Beverley a sudden chaunce did falle,
The parish chirch stepille it felle
At evynsonge tyme, the chaunce was thralle,
ffourscore folke ther was slayn thay telle.
Sudden deth one certen richemen felle;
The deyn of Powls left in gud gold,
xv. thowsand pownd to telle,
With as miche money as a bushell myght hold.
ffor alle this fro he was laid in mold,
He had never a messe don for hym thay said;
The king and cardinalle gat the gold,
Covates men herby may be flayed.
A riche man of London also,
In gold he had a thowsand pownd,
Alle sufferances xx.s. a pece ar thoo,
By temptacion of a hellis hownd
He hangit hymself, a deth unsownd.

This poem is written on two leaves which are separated in the manuscript, from the ignorance of the binder, there being five leaves betwixt them. The MS. is not foliated.

## POETICAL SCRAPS.

From MS. Harl. 2316, fol. 25, r°. of the earlier part of the fourteenth century, written as prose, partly a palimpsest.

Men rent me on rode
  Wiht wndes woliche wode,
Al blet mi blode!
  Thenk, man, al it is ȝe to gode!
Thenk who ȝe first wroȝhte,
  For what werk helle ȝow sowhte;
Thenk who ȝe ageyn bowhte,
  Werk warli, fayle me nowhte.
Biheld mi side,
  Mi wndes sprede so wide,
Restles I ride,—
  Lok upon me, put fro ȝe pride!
Mi palefrey is of tre,
  Wiht nayles naylede ȝwrh me,
Ne is more sorwe to se,
  Certes noon more no may be.
Under mi gore
  Ben wndes selcowȝe sore;
Der man, mi lore,
  For mi love sinne no more!
Fal nowht for fonding,
  ȝat schal ȝe most turne to goode;
Mak stif wiht stondinge,
  Thenk wel who me rente on ȝe rode!

Jhesu Cryst, myn lemman swete,
  ȝat for me deyedes on rode tre,
Wiht al myn herte I ȝe biseke,
  For ȝi wndes to and thre,
ȝat al so faste in myn herte
  ȝi love roted mute be,
As was ȝe spere into ȝi side,
  Whan ȝow suffredis ded for me!

Kyndeli is now mi coming
  Into ȝis [werd] wiht teres and cry,
Litel and povere is myn having,
  Briȝel and sone I falle from hi!
Scharp and strong is mi deying,
  I ne woth whider schal I;
Fowl and stinkande is my roting,
  On me, Jhesu, ȝow have mercy!

Ded is strong and maystret alle thing!
Ded for-doth barown and king!
Ded is fel and mercy hat noon,
For al ȝis werld to ded schal gon!
Ded is derne and stalket stille!
Ded warnet noman ȝat he wile spille!
Ded men dredet, and ȝat is skil,
For alle he taket at his wil!
Man, of ȝi lyf be nowht to bold,
For ded ne sparet ying ne old!

God wiht hise aungeles I have for-loren,
Allas! ȝe while ȝat I was boren!
To sorwe and pine I bringe at eende,
Man ȝat me lovet I schal him schende!

To ȝe fend I owe fewté,
Truage, homage, and gret lewté.

Mercy is hendest whore sinne is mest,
Mercy is lattere ȝere sinne is lest.
Mercy abidet and loke al day,
Whan man fro sinne wile turnen away;
Mercy savet ȝat lawe wolde spille,
Mercy asket but Godes wille!

ȝis is ȝi sete, domes man,
ȝif rihtful dom ȝif ȝow kan;
Wiht ȝin hond tak ȝow no gifte,
Ne for biseking doi non unriht;
Lawe and liht is ȝi faderis fel,
Loke on ȝat and deme wel!

Marie, ȝow quen! ȝow moder! ȝow mayden briht!
ȝow wilt! ȝow canst! ȝow art of miht!
ȝow lyf! ȝow love! ȝow hope of blisse!
In sinne, in sorwe, in nede, us wisse!

He is wys ȝat kan be war or him be wo;
He is wys ȝat lovet his frend and ek his fo;
He is wys ȝat havet i-now and kan seyn, "ho!"
He is wys ȝat kan don wel, and doeth al so.

Hope is hard ȝer hap is foo;
Hap wile helpen ȝer hope is froo:
Unhap at nede is werdes wo,
God sende him hap ȝat wolde wel do!

Sey, sinful man, what is ȝyn thowht,
ȝat to ȝis werd art al yoven?

He3en schat 3ow beren riht nowht,
3ow Cristendom al were 3yn owen!

Man, loke 3ow troste 3e nowht to fele,
3ow 3w have gold and werdis wele;
For here 3w schalt nowht evere ben,
Thenk 3w schalt deyen and he3en teen:
3i godes schulen pasen everyk on,
And hem schulen haven in hap 3i fon,
3i fleysch schal roten fro 3e bon,
But 3ine dedes schulen wiht 3e gon!

Men hem bimenin of litel trewthe,
It is ded and 3at is rewthe;
Lesing livet and is above,
And now is biried trewthe and love!

Sinful kynde fro kyndeli skil,
Wihtowten mynde wol fer got wil;
But best I fynde wihtowten skil,
To lawe of kynde lowande his wil.

Riche mannis riflowr,
Povere mannis purveyowr,
Old mannis somenowr,
Prowd mannis mirowr. (*i. e. mors.*)

Blisse it were in londe to haven wrchipe and miht,
Yef ded mihte no man reven his riht;
But blisse lestit nothing, and 3at is mikel schame,
And ded is at 3yn ending, and doet awey 3i name!

He yaf himself as good felawe,
Whan he was boren in wre wede;
Als good norice he bowh down lowe,
Whan wiht himself he wolde us fede.
Als good schephirde upon 3e lowe,
His wed he yaf for wre nede;
In hevene as king we schulen him knowe,
Qwan he himself schal yiven in mede.

Now goot falshed in everi flok,
And trewthe is sperd under a lok;
Now no man may comen 3er to,
But yef he singge *si dedero.*

*Wrt.*

## DUTTON'S COMPANY OF ACTORS.

The following very curious satire is taken from MS. Harl. 7392, fol. 97, a collection of poetry made in the time of Queen Elizabeth. For information relative to the Duttons, see Collier's *Hist. Dram. Poet.* vol. i. p. 291.

*The Duttons and theyr fellow-players forsakyng the Erle of Warwycke theyr mayster, became followers of the Erle of Oxford, and wrot themselves his* Comœdians, *which certayne gentlemen altered and made* Camœlions. *The Duttons, angry with that, compared themselves to any gentleman; therefore these armes were devysed for them.*

The fyeld, a fart durty, a gybbet crosse-corded,
A dauncyng Dame Flurty of alle men abhorred;
A lyther lad scampant, a roge in his ragges,
A whore that is rampant, astryde wyth her legges.
A woodcocke displayed, a calfe and a sheepe,
A bitche that is splayed, a dormouse asleepe;
A vyper in stynche, *la part de la drut*,
Spell backwarde this Frenche and cracke me that nut.

Parcy per pillery, perced with a rope,
To slyde the more lytherly anoynted with sope;
A coxcombe crospate in token of witte,
Two eares perforate, a nose wythe slytte.
Three nettles resplendent, three owles, three swallowes,
Three mynstrellmen pendent on three payre of gallowes,
Further sufficiently placed in them
A knaves head, for a difference from alle honest men.

The wreathe is a chayne of chaungeable red,
To shew they ar vayne and fickle of head;
The creste is a lastrylle whose feathers ar blew,
In signe that these fydlers will never be trew;
Whereon is placed the horne of a gote,
Because they ar chast, to this is theyr lotte,
For their bravery, indented and parted,
And for their knavery innebulated.

Mantled lowsy, wythe doubled drynke,
Their ancient house is called the Clynke;
Thys Posy they beare over the whole earthe,
Wylt please you to have a fyt of our mirthe?
But reason it is, and heraultes allowe welle,
That fidlers should beare their armes in a towelle!

*Hllll.*

## WHAT IF A DAY, A MONTH, OR A YEAR.

From MS. Addit. 6704, fol. 163, an entry book of the Wigley family of the time of Queen Elizabeth. Another copy of this song, consisting of two stanzas only, is printed in vol. i. p. 323.

What yf a daye or a month or a yeare
Crowne my desyres with a thousand wisht contentmentes,
Cannot the chaunce of a nighte or an hower
Crose thy delytes with a thowsand sad tormentmentes?
Fortune, favoure, bewty, youth, are but blossomes dyinge,
Wanton pleasures, dotinge love, are but shadowes flyinge!
All oure joyes are but toyes, idle thoughtes delightinge!
None have power of an hower in their lyves bereavinge.

Th'earth's but a poynt to the world, and a man
Is but the poynte to the earthes compared centur!
Cann then the poynte of a poynte be so fonde,
As to delighte in a sillie poyntes adventure?
Alle is hassard that wee have, their is noughte abydinge;
Dayes of fortune are but streames throughe faire meadowes glydinge:
Weale or woe, tyme dothe goe, in tyme noe returninge;
Secrete fates gydes our states, bothe in mearth and mourninge!

Go, sillie nete, to the eares of my deare,
Make thyselfe bleste, in her sweetest passions languishe!
Laye thee to sleepe in the bedd of her harte,
Geve her delighte, though thyselfe be madd with anguish:
Then wheare thou arte, thinke on me that from thee ame vanisht,
Saye once I had bine content, thoughe that nowe ame banisht;
Yett when streames backe shall rune and times passed shall rewe,
I shall teaze her to love and in lovinge to be trewe.

*Hllll.*

## A MYSTERY OF THE BURIAL OF CHRIST.

From MS. Bodl. e Mus. 160, a quarto volume on paper written early in the sixteenth century. The number of the MS. in Bernard's Catalogus Lib. MSS. Angl. et Hib , tom. i. p. 176, in 3692.

### PROLOGUE.

*The prologe of this treyté, or meditatioun off the buryalle of Criste and mowrnyng therat.*

A soule that list to singe of love
Of Crist that com tille us so lawe,
Rede this treyté it may hym move,
And may hym teche lightly with awe
Off the sorow of Mary sumwhat to knawe,
Upon gudfriday after-none,
Also of the appostiles awe,
And how Mwdleyn sorowe cessit not sone.
And also
How Josephe of Aramathye,
And othere persons holye,
With Nichodeyme worthely,—
How in thair harte had wo.

ffyrst lat us mynde how gud Josephe
On this wise wepite Cristes dethe.

*Josephe.* Alasse! that ever I levit thus longe,
This day to se so grete wronge;
So felle cruelltee and paynes stronge
Were never seyn or this.
Such envy, such rancor, such malesse,
Of cruelle tormentis such excesse,
O, Pilate! Pilate! in thy palesse,
He that never did amysse
This day was dampnyt! O innocent bloode!
Most of vertue, most graciose and gude,
This day stremyt owt lik a floode,
And lyk a ryvere grete!
On Calvery mownt on lenghe and brede,
O Calvery; thy greyn colore is turnyd to rede
By a blessit lames bloode, which now is dede.
Alese, for saynt I swete!
Remembringe that so cleyne on innocent shuld dye,
Which ledd his life the most perfitlye,
And wrought sich warkes wonderoslye,
Ose Judea can recorde.

What mortalle creature that powre myght have
To make a dede man rise owt of his grave,
Lyinge therin iiij. dayes tayve,
But God the gretist Lorde?
A man to have his sight born starke blinde
ffrom Adams creation where shalle we fynde,
Or what prophettes can ye calle ty mynde
Of whom may be verryfyed
So grete a miracle above naturs righte?
To many othere blind men he gave the sighte,
And wrought many wounders by godly myghte,
As it is welle certifiede.
ffrom the hylle I com bot now downe,
Wher I left the holy women in dedly swowne;
O ye pepulle of this cety and of this towne,
Herd ye not the exclamatioun;
And the grete bruunte which was on the hille,
"Crucyfy hym! crucify hym! slo hym and kille!"
Peace now, harkyn, I pray you stand stille,
Methink I here lamentatioun.

## OFF THE WEPINGE OF THE THRE MARIES.

*This is a play to be played on part on gudfriday afternone, and the other part opon Esterday afternone. The Resurrection in the morowe but . . . . begynnyge at certen lynes which . . . . . not be said if it be plaied, which . . . . . ατελ.*

*Thre Mariye sais alletogidere in a voce,*

O most dolorose day! O tym of gretist sorowe!
O systers, stand stille untylle tomorowe!
I trow I may not leve!
*Josephe.* I here the, Mawdleyne, bitterly compleyn;
What gud creature may hymself refrayn
In this piteose myscheffe?
*Prima Maria.* O day of lamentatioun!
*Secunda Maria.* O day of exclamatione!
*Thrid Maria.* O day off suspiratione,
Which Jewes shalle repent!
*Mary Mawdlen.* O day most doloruse!
*Secunda Maria.* O day paynfulle and tediose!
*Tertia Maria.* O pepulle most cruelle and furiose,
Thus to slo an innocent!
*Secunda Maria.* O Mawdleyn! your maister dere,

How rewfully he hinges here,
That set you first in ceile!
*Mawdleyn.* Acesse, sisters, it sloes my chere,
His dulfulle deth I may not bere!
Devowt Josephe I se hym here,
Our cares for to keyle.
O gud Josephe, approche to us nere,
Behold hym mowndit with a spere
That lovede yow so weylle.
*Josephe.* O god Mawdleyn, I pray you here,
And your susters als to be of gud chere.
*Magdalen.* O frende Joseph, this prince had never pere.
The welle of mercy that made me clere,
And that wist ye weile.
Nay, gude Josephe, com nere and behold,
This bludy lames body is starke and cold,
O! hadde ye seyn his paynes many fold,
Ye wald have beyne right sory!
Josephe, luk bettere, behold and see
In how litille space how many woundes bee,
Here was no mercye, her was no pitee,
But cruelle delinge paynfully!
O, goode Josephe! I am alle dysmayede
To see his tendere fleshe thus rewfully arayed,
On this wise so wofully displayed,—
Woundit withe naylle and spere.
O dere Josephe, I feylle my hart wex cold,
Thes blessite fete thus bludy to behold,
Whom I weshid with teres manyfold,
And wyped with my heare!
O, how rewfulle a spectacille it is!
Never hast bee seyn, ne shalle be after this,
Such cruelle rigore to the kinge of blisse,—
The Lord that made alle
Thus to suffere in his humanitee,
And that only for our iniquitee,—
O, makere of man! what love and pitee
Had thou for us so thralle!
O, gude Josephe, was ye not present here?
*Joseph.* Yis, moder Mawdleyn, it changid my chere,
The wounder was so grete I yrkit to com nere,
But I was not farre hence.
*Magdalena.* O Josephe, if I told you everycircumstaunce
Of the moste merite and perseveraunce
Of hym that never did offence,
Thys highe kinge that hingis befor our face,

Displayede on crosse in this piteos place,
And telle you of his pacience,—
ffrende Josephe, this day am I sure
Scantly with force ye myght it indure,
But your hart shuld tendere,
How he sufferte to be takid,
Sor scourgit and nakit
On alle his body slendere!
And notwithstondinge your manly hart,
ffrome your oes the teres wald starte
To shew your hevynesse.
Com hithere Josephe and stande ner this rood,
Loo, this lame spared not to shedd his blude,
With most paynfulle distresse;
Her was more rancore shewed than equitee,
Mich more malace than ony pitee!
I reporte me yourself, behold and see,—
His payn passis alle othere!
Alle if he were the prince of peace,
Therfor my sorow haves no releace.
*Josephe.* Gude Mawdleyn of your mowrnynge cease,
It ekes my doole, dere moder.
*Maria Jacobi secunda.* Goode frende Josephe, what creature maye
But sorow to se this wofulle daye,—
The day of gretis payne?
*Maria Salomee.* Wo and sorow must nedis synke
Mor in our hartes than met and drinke,
To se our Saveyoure slayne.
*Josephe.* Alese, women, ye mak my hart to relente,
Beholdinge his body thus torne and rente,
That inwardly I wepe.
But, gude Mawdleyn, shew unto me
Where is Mary his mothere so free;
Who have that maide to kepe?
*Maudleyn.* A! Josephe from this place is sho gone;
To have seyn hir a harte of stone
ffor ruthe wuld have relente:
Right many tymes emange us here
Sche swownyd with most dedly chere,
Ose mothere mekest kente;
With fulle longe prayere scant we myghte,
Cause hir parte from this peteose sighte
Sche madde many compleynte.
Ye saw never woman this wise dismaide,—
Zebedeus and John hase hire convaide,—

To spek of hire I faynte!
Many men spekes of lamentacioun,
Off moders and of their gret desolatioun,
Which that thay did indure
When that their childer dy and passe,
But of his peteose tender moder, alasse!
I am verray sure,
The wo and payn passis alle othere;
Was ther never so sorowfulle a mothere
ffor inward thoȝt and cure!
When sho harde hym for his enmyse praye,
And promesid the thefe the blissis aye,
And to hirself no word wald saye,
Sche sighid, be ye sure.
The sonne hynge and the moder stood,
And ever sho kissid the droppes of blood
That so fast ran down:
Sche extendit hir armes hym to brace,
But sho myght not towch hym, so high was the place,
And then sho felle in swoune.
*Josephe.* A! gude Mawdleyne, who can hir blame,
To se hir awn sonne in so grete shame
Withowt any offence.
But, Mawleyn, had he ony myud in his passioun?
*Mawdleyn.* ȝee, yee, Josephe, of hir he had grete compassioun,
As apperit by evidence:
ffor hanginge on the crosse most petyfully,
He lukyd on that maide, his moder, rewfully,
And with a tender cowtenaunce:
As who say, modere, the sorow of your harte
Make my passion mor bitter and mor smarte,—
Ye ben ever in my remembraunce:
Dere modere, becawse I depart of nowe,
John my cosyn shalle waite on yowe,
Your comforte for to bee:
Loo! he had hir in his graciose mynd,
To teche alle childeren to be kind
To fader and modere of dewtee:
This child wald not lefe his moder alone,
Notwithstandinge hir lamentabille mone
And hevynes.
*Joseph.* A! gud lady, fulle wo was shee!
But can ye telle what wordes saide hee
There in that grete distresse?
*Mawdleyn.* O, Josephe! this lame most meke

In this cruelle tormentes and paynfulle eke
But fewe wordes he hadd!
Save that in grete agonye
He saide thes wordes, "I am thrustye,"
With chere demure and sadd.
*Josephe.* Mawdleyne, suppose ye his desire was to drinke?
*Mawdleyn.* Nay, verrelye, frende Joseph, I thinke
He thrustede no lyquore:
He thruste water of charitee,
ffor our faithe and fidelitee,
He ponderite the rigore
Off his passion done so cruellye,
ffor the helth of mannys saulle cheflye
He thrustid and desirede:
And then after tormente longe,
And after paynes felle and stronge
This mekist lam expyrede.
ffor wikkit synners this lame is dede!
Alese! my hart wex hevy os lede,
Myndinge my writchitnesse.
Where was ever a mor synfulle creature
Than I myself? nay, nay,—I am sure
Was none of mor offencesse.
O, what displesur is in my mynd,
Rememberinge that I was so unkynd
To hym that hinges here,—
That hinges here so piteoslye!
ffor my synnes done owtragioslye
Mercy, Lorde, I requere.
Notwithstondinge the gre[te] enormitee
Of my fowle synnes and of his humylitee,
This lambe, this innocent,—
ffor my contritioun he forgave mee,
Only of his fre mercifulle pitee,—
Neddes must my harte relente!
This is the sacrifice of remissioun,
Crist alle synners havinge contritioun
Callith to mercy and grace:
Sayinge thes swete wordes, "retorne to mee,
Leve thy syn and I shal be with thee,
Accepte in every place."
Had not beyne his most mercifulle consolatione,
I wreche of alle wretches into desperatioun
Had fallen right dangeroslye!
My dedes were dampnabille of righte,

But his mercee accepte my harte contrighte,
And reconsiled me gracioslye.
O, mekeste lambe, hanginge here on hye,
Was ther none othere meyn but thou must nede dy,
Synners to reconsyle?
A! sisters, sisters, what sorow is in me,
Beholdinge my master on this peteose tree!
My harte faynt I may no longer dree,—
Now lat me pawse a whyle.
O, where shalle ony comfurthe com to mee,
And to his modere, that maid so free?
Wald God here I myght dye!

*The ij. Maries.* Gud Mawdleyn, mesure youre distillinge teres.

*Mawdlayn.* O, sisters, who may hold theire cheres?
These are the swete fete I wipet with heris,
And kissid so devowtlye.
And now to see tham thyrlite with a nayle,
How shulde my sorowfulle harte bot fayle,
And mowrne contynually?
Cum hithere, Joseph, beholde and looke
How many bludy letteres beyn writen in this buke,
Smalle margente her is.

*Josephe.* Ye, this parchement is stritchit owt of syse;
O, derest Lorde, in how paynfulle wise
Have ye tholit this!
O, alle the pepille that passis hereby,
Beholde here inwardlye with your ees gostly,
Consider welle and see,
Yf that ever ony payn or torment
Were lik unto this, which this innocent
Haves suffert thus meklee!
Remembere, man, remembere welle and see
How liberalle a man this Lord was and free,
Which to save mankind
On droppe of blude haves not kepit ne sparid,—
ffulle litille for ease or plesure he carid,
By reason ye may finde,
Which on dropp of blood hase not resarvyd.
O Lord, by thy deth we beyn preservyd,
By deth thou hast slayne deth:
Was never no love lik unto thyne,
That to this meknes thyselfe wald inclyne,
And for us to yelde thy brethe.
Thou knew there were no remedy to redeyme syn,
But a bath of ther blude to bathe mans saule in,

And thou were welle assent
To let it renne owt most plenteosly.
Where wer ever sich love? never verrely,
That such wise wald content.
To his fathere for us he made a sure rendere:
Loo, every bone ye may nowmbere of his body tendere
ffor untollerabille paynes.
The tormentours sparede no crueltee,
Whith sharp scowrges to terre his fleshe ye may see,
With thorns thrust in his braynes.
Grete nayles drevyn the bones alle to brake,
Thus in every parte the nayles thay did wrake!
O cruelle wikkitnese!
ffrom the crowne of the hede unto the too,
This blessit body was wrappit alle in woo,
In payne and distresse!
In this displaied body where may it be founde,
On spott or a place bet ther is a wounde,
Owther mor or lesse?
Se his side, hede, handes, and fete!
Lo, alle his body with blude is wete!
Lo, paynfnlle was his presse!
On yche parte he is payned sore,
Save only the tunge, which evermore
ffor synners did prayee.
*Mawdleyn.* Who saw ever a spektacle more piteus,
A more lamentable sight and dolorus?
A! A! this wofulle daye!
Alese! this sorow that I endure,
With grete inwarde hevynes and cure!
Alesse! that I do not dye!
To see hym dede made me of noghte,
And with his deth thus haves me boughte!
O cruelle tormentrye!
O dere master, be ye not displeasid;
Yf I myght dy with yow, my hart wer wel easid!
O ffaynt and faynt it is!
*Joseph.* What meyn ȝe, women, in Goddis name?
Moder, to mych sorow ȝe mak; ye be to blame;
I pray yow leve alle this.
He that hingeth here of his humilité,
ffrom deth shalle aryse for right,—so saide hee,
His wordes must nedis be trewe.
This is the finale cawse and conclusioun,
To bringe our mortalle enmy to confusion,
And his powere to subdewe.

ffor this cawse he descendit from the hevynly place,
Born of the mekist virgyn, alle fulle of grace,
Which now most sorowfulle is.
ffor that cawse he did our natur take,—
Thus by deth to sloo deth, ffor mannes sake,
And to restor hym to blysse:
Wherfor, good women, yourself comforte,
Amongest us agayn he shalle resorte
I trust verrelye.
I pray yow compleyne not thus hevylee.
*Mawdleyn.* Nedes must I compleyne and that most bitterlee,
And I shalle telle yow whye.
If sensibille creaturs beyn troublid, ȝe see,
The son had lost his sight, ecleppid was hee,
Th'erth tremblide ferfullye,—
The hard flynt and stone is brokyn in sundre,
Yf resonable creaturs be trowblid it is no wonder;
And emange alle specially,
I a wrechit woman, a wreche! a wreche!
Behold these bludy welles, her may thou feche
Balme more preciose than golde.
O ye welles of mercy dyggide so depe,
Who may refrayn, who may bot wepe
These bludy streymys to beholde?
O fontans flowinge with water of life,
To wash away corrupcioun of wondes infectyfe,
By dedly syne grevose!
Alle with meknese is mesured this ground without dowte,
Wherin so many springes of mercy flowes owte,
Beholde how so plenteose.
*Altera Maria.* Mawdleyne, your mowrnynge avaylis nothinge,
Lat us speke to Josephe, hym hertely desiringe
For to finde some gude waye,
This crucified body downe to take,
And bringe it to sepulchre, and so lett make
Ende of this wofulle daye.
*Josephe.* Gude women and worthye,
ȝe shalle understand yit more that I
Have beyne with the juge Pilat instantlye,
ffor this same requeste,—
To berye this most holy bodye,
And he grauntid me fulle tenderlye
To do os me thought beste.
I have spokene with Nichodemus also,

Ye shalle se hyme takyn downe or ye go,
That he taryes so longe I marvelle.
A! I se hym now com upward the hille,
Cesse of youre wepinge, I pray you be stille,—
I trust alle shal be welle.
Nichodemus, come nere, we have longe for you thoȝt.
*Nichodemus.* O worthy Lorde, who made alle thinge of noght,
With the most bitter payne to deth is thou broughte,
Thy name blessit bee!
O how a pitefulle sight is this,
To se the prince of everlastinge blisse
To hinge here on this tree,—
To hinge here thus soo piteoslye!
O most lovinge Lorde, thy gret mercy
To this havese the constreynyd!
Why wold thyn awn pepille, thi awn flokke,
Thus crucyfy the and naylle tille a stokke?
Why haves thou not refreynyd?
ffor fourty yere in wildernesse
Theire olde ffaders in theire progresse
Thou fed with angelles foode,
And brought tham into the land of promission,
Wher they fand lond in every condischion,
And alle thinge that was goode:
A! A! Is this theire gramercy? Is this theire reward?
Thy kindnesse, thy gudnese can they regard
No better but thus?
Notwithstondinge the vesture of thi humanyté,
That thou were the verrey son of God thay myȝt see
By myracles most gloriose!
*Joseph.* Gude brothere, of your compleinte cesse,
ȝe renewe agayne grete hevynesse
Now in thes women here.
*Nicodemus.* Gret comfurthe we may have alle,
ffor by his Godly powere arise he shalle,
And the thride daye apere:
ffor ons he gave me leve with hym to reasone,
And he shewet of this deth and of this treasone,
And of this crueltee,
And how for mankynd he com to dye,
And that he shuld arise so glorioslye
By his myghtee majestee;
And with our flesche in hevyn tille ascend,
Many swete werdes it plesit hym to spend,
Thus speking unto me,—

That no man to hevyn myght clym,
But if it were by grace of hym
Which com downe to make us free.
Nemo ascendit in cœlum nisi qui descendit de cœlo. [Ephes. iv. 9.]

*Joseph redy to take Crist downe sais,*

To tak down this body lat us assaye,
Brother Nichodemus, help I yow praye,
On arme I wald ye hadd
To knokk out thes nayles so sturdy and grete,
O Safyoure, they sparid not your body to bete,
Thay aught now to be sadd!
*Mawdleyn.* Gude Josephe, handille hym tenderlye.
*Josephe.* Stonde ner, Nichodemus, resave hym softlye;
Mawdleyn, hold ye his fete.
*Mawdleyne.* Haste yow, gude Josephe, hast yow whiklye,
ffor Marye his moder wille com fer I,
A! A! that virgine most swete!
*Nichodemus.* I saw hir benethe on the othere sid,
With John; I am sure she wille not abid
Longe frome this place.

*Mary virgyn and mother com then sayinge,*

A! A! my dere sone Jhesus! A! A! my dere sone Jhesus!
*John Evaungeliste.* Gude Marye, swete cosyne, mowrne ye not thus,
Ye see how stondes this case.
*Mawdleyne.* Allese, scho commys! A! what remedye!
Gud Joseph, comfurth hire stedfastlye,—
That virgyne so fulle of woo!

*Mary virgynne sais, fallen in swowne,*

Stonde stille, frendes, hast ye not soo,
Have ye no fere of mee?
Lat me help to tak my dere son downe.
*Mary Mawdleyne.* Lo, I was sure sho walld falle in a swowne!
Her on every sid is pitee.
*Josephe.* Help, Mawdleyne, to revyve hir agayn.
A! A! this womans harte is plungid with payn,
Hir sorwe sho cane not cesse.
*Johne Evaungeliste.* A! A! dere ladee, wherfore and why

ffare ye on this wise? wille ye here dy?
Leyf of this hevynesse:
Ye promesit me ye wold not do thus.
*Mawdleyne.* Speke, ladye, speke for the love of Jhesus,
Youre swete sone, my master here!
*Marye virgyn.* A! A! Mawdleyn, Mawdleyn, your master so deere!
*ij. Maries.* Most meke modere, be now of gude chere!
*John Evaungeliste.* Wipe awaye that rynnys owte so faste,
ffrom your remembraunce rayse owt at the last
Of his passione the crueltee!
*Josephe.* Tak comfurthe, Marye, this wailinge helpes nothinge;
Your dere son we wille to his sepulcre bringe,
Als it is alle oure dewtee.
*Mary Virgyn.* God reward yow of your tendernesse,
I shalle assiste you with alle humylenesse,
But yit or he departe
Suffere me my mynd for to breke;
Howbeit fulle scantly may I speke,
ffor faynte and febille harte!
A! A! cosyn John, what shall I saye?
Who saw ever so dolfulle a daye,—
So sorowfulle a tym as this?
This wofulle moders sorow who cane itt expresse,
To se hir own chyld sleyn with cruelnesse?
Yit, myn own swet son, your woundes wold I kysse!
O Gabrielle! Gabrielle!
Of grete joy did ye telle
In ȝour first salutatioun!
Ye saide the Holigost shuld com in mee,
And I shuld consave a child in virginitee,
ffor mankind salvatioun!
That ye said truthe right welle knaw I,
But ye told me not my son shuld dye,
Ne yit the thought and care
Of his bitter passioun which he suffert nowe!
O old Symeon, fulle suthlye said yowe,
To spek ye wold not spare!
Ye saide the sword of sorow suld enter my hart,
Ye, ye, juste Symeon, now I felle it smarte
With most dedly payne.
Was there never moder that felit so sore,
I-wise, John, I felle it alway more and more!
Help, help, now Mawdlene!

*Et cadit in extase.*

*Mawdleyne.* Mek moder and mayde, leve your lamentatioun!
Ye swowne stille on pase with dedly supiratioun,
Ye mare youreself and us.
*John Evaungeliste.* Ye shuld lefe of your paynfulle afflictione,
Callinge to your mynd his resurrectione,
Whiche sal be so gloriose:
This knaw ye and that beste.
*Mary virgyn.* I knaw it welle, or ellis in reste
My harte shuld never bee;
I myght not leve nore endure
On mynnate, bot I am sure
The thrid day ryse shalle hee;
But yit havinge remembraunce,
The gret cruelty and ffelle vengance
Of the Jues so unkind,
Which thus wikkitly has betrayed
Goddes son, borne of me a mayd,
Most sorowfulle in my mynd!
O Judas, why didist thou betraye
My son thi master? What can thou saye
Thyself for tille excuse?
Of his tender mercyfulle charité,
Chase he not the on [of] his xij. to bee?
He wald not the refuse!
Callyt not he the to his sopere and last reserectioun?
Cowth thou not put owt thi pesyn and infectioun,
Save thus only
Unto thy master to be so unkind?
Was his tender gudnese owt of thy mynd
So unnaturallye?
Gave he not to the his body in memorialle,
And also in remembraunne perpetualle,
At his suppere there?
He that was so comly and fayre to behold,
How durst thou, cruelle hert, to be so bold
To cawse hym dy thus here?
By thy treson my son here is slayne!
My swete, swetist sone, how suld I refreyne
This bludy body to behold?
*Josephe.* Gud dere Marye, git you hence!
We shalle bery hym with alle reverence,
And ly hym in the mold.

Have hir hence, John, now I desire.
*Johannes Evaungeliste.* Com on, swete lady, I 3ow require;
I shalle gife yow attendance.
*Josephe.* On of yow women ber hir companye.
*Altera Maria.* I shalle wayte on hir. Go we hence, Marye;
Put alle this from your remembrance.
*Marie Virgyn.* What meyn ye, frendes? what is your mynd?
Towardes me be not so unkinde,—
His moder am not I?
Wold ye have the moder depart hym fro?
To lefe hym thus I wille not so,
But bide and sitt hym bye.
Therefore, gud Joseph, be content!
*Josephe.* A! A! Marye, for a gud consent,
We wald not have you here.
*Marie Virgyn.* Wold ye renewe mor sorow in me?
*Josephe.* Nay, gud lady, that were pitee.
*Marye Virgyne.* Than late me abide hym nere.
John, why spek ye not for my comforte?
Mi dere sone bad me to you resorte,
And allway on you calle.
Ye knaw welle her is my tresure
Whom I love beste, whom alle my plesure
Is and ever be shall?
Her is my likinge and alle my love!
Why wald ye than me hens remove?
I pray yow hartly cesse!
Departe I may not bot by fors constreynyd,
Remembringe departinge ales! my hert is paynid!
Mor then I may expresse:
Now, dere swete coysyne, I yow praye,
Myn awn dere love which on Thursdaye,
Of his grace specialle,
Of his lovinge mynd and tendernesse,
And of verrey inward kindnesse,
At suppere emanges you alle,—
He admyttid you frendly for to reste,
And slepe on his holye godly breste,
ffor a specialle prerogatife,
Because of your virginité and clennesse.
Der cosyn, encrease myn hevynesse,
Yf ye desire my life;
But, gud frendes, here intreyt not ye,
But be content, and suffere mee
Ons yit for to hold—
ffor to holde here in this place,

And in myn armys for to embrace
This body, which now is cold,—
This bludy body woundit so sore
Of my swet son, John, I aske no more!
*John Evaungeliste.* Lady, if ye wille have moderatioun
Of youre most sorowfulle lamentacioun,
Do as ye list in this case.
*Marie Virgyne.* John, I shalle do os ye thinke gude:
Gentille Josephe, lat me sit under your rude,
And holde my sone a space.
*Nichodemus.* Let us suffere the modere to compleyn
Hir sonnes dethe in verrey certeyn,
Till ease hir and content.
*Josephe.* Ye, so shalle hir sorrowfulle harte
Alway to suffere smarte,
And we can bot repente.
*Marie Virgyne.* O sisters Mawdleyn, Cleophe, and Jacobye,
Ye see how pitefulle my sone doth lye,
Here in myne armys dede!
What erthly mother may refreyn,
To se hir sone thus cruelly sleyn?
A! my harte is hevy os lede!
Who shalle gife me water sufficient,
And of distillinge teris habundaunce,
That I may wepe my fille, with hart relent,
After the whantité of sorofulle remembraunce?
ffor his sak that made us alle,
Which now ded lyes in my lappe,
Of me a mayd by grace specialle
He pleside to be borne and sowket my pape;
He shrank not for to shew the shape
Of verreye man at his circumcision,
And ther shed his blude for mannys hape;
Also at my purificatioun
Of hym I made a fayre oblatioun,
Which to his fader was most plesinge;
ffor fere than of Herodes persecutioun,
Intille Egipe fast I fled with hym:
His grace me gidid in every thinge:
And now is he dede! that changes my chere!
Was never child to moder so lovinge!
Who that cannot wepe at me may lere!
Was never deth so cruelle as this,
To slo the gyvere of alle grace!
Son, suffer me your woundes to kisse,
And your holy blude spilt in this place;

Dere sone, ye have steynyd your face,
Your face so frely to behold!
Thikk bludy droppes rynnes down apace,—
*Speciosus forma* the prophet told,
But alese! your tormentes so manyfold
Hase abatid your visage so gloriose!
Cruelle Jewes, what mad yow so bold
To commyt this cryme most ungraciose,
Which to yourself is most noyose?
Now shalle alle the cursinges of your lawe
Opon yow falle most myschevose,
And be knawen of vagabundes over awe!
He and I com both of your kyn,
And that ye kithe uncurteslye,
He com for to for-doo your syn,
But ye forsuke hym frowardly!
Who cannot wepe, com sit me bye
To se hym that regnyd in blisse
In hevyn with his fader gloryoslye,
Thus to be slayn in alle giltlesse!
Son, in your handes ar holes wid,
And in your fete that so tender were!
A gret wounde is in your blessit sid,
ffulle deply drevyn with a sharpe spere!
Your body is bete and brussid here,
On every sid no place is free!
Nedes muste I wepe with hevy chere,
Who can not wepe com lerne at me!
And beholde your Lorde, myn awn der sone,
Thus dolfulye delt with, ose ye see!
Se how his hede with thornys is thronge!
Se how he naylit was tille a tree!
His synows and vaynes drawne so straytlee,
Ar brokyn sonder by payns ungude!
Who can not wepe, com lerne at me,
And beholde hym here that hange on rude!
Se alle abowte the bludy streynes,
O man, this suffert he for thee!
Se so many felle and bitter peynes,
This lame shed his blude in fulle plentee!
Who can not wepe, com lerne at mee,
Se alle his frendes is from hym fled!
Alle is but blude, so bett was hee,
ffro the sole of his feete unto the hed!
O swete child, it was nothinge mete,
Save your sufferaunce ye had no pere,

To lat Judas kisse these lippes so swete,
To suffer a traytor to com so nere
To betray his master myldist of chere!
O my swete child, now suffer yee
Me your moder to kiss yow here,
Who cannot wepe com lerne at me,—
To kisse and swetly yow imbrace,
Imbrace and in myn armes hold,
To hold and luke on your blessit face,—
Your face most graciose to behold!
To beholde so comly ever I wold,
I wold, I wold stille with yow bee,
Stille with yow to ly in mold,
Who can not wepe com lerne at me!
My wille is to dy, I wald not leve,
Leve how suld I, sithen dede ar yee?
My lif were ye, noght can me greve
So that I may in your presence bee,
Me your wofulle moder her may ye se,
Ye see my dedly sorow and payne,
Who can not wepe, com lerne at mee,
To see so meke a lambe her slayne,
Slayne of men that no mercy hadd,
Had they no mercy I reporte me see,
To se this bludy body is not your hart sadd?
Sad and sorowfulle, have ye no pitee?
Pité and compassioun to se this crueltee?
Crueltee! unkindnese! O men most unkind,
Ye that can not wepe, com lerne at mee!
Kepinge this crucifixe stille in your mind;
When ye war borne of me a mayde myld,
I sange "lullay" to bringe you on slepe,
Now is my songe, "alese! ales! my child!"
Now may I wayle, wringe my handes, and wepe,
Who shal be my comforth? who shalle me kepe?
Save at your departinge ye segnyt to mee,
John your cosyn most vertuus and ȝepe,
Who that can not wepe, com and lerne at mee!
O derest childe, what falt haf ye done?
What was your trispace? I wald knaw it fayne,
Wherfor your blessid blude is forsid forth to rome,
Have murtherid any person or ony manne slayne?
That your awn pepille thus to yow dose endeyne,
Nay, nay, nay, ye never did offence,
Was never spote of syne in your clere conscience!
And notwithstandinge their felle indignatioun,

Only of gudwille and inward charitee,
Also for love and mannes salvatioun,
ȝe have suffert alle this of your humylitee!
Of your large mercee gret was the whantité,
Grete was the multitude of your merites alle,
Thus for mannes sake to tast the bitter galle;
Sone, helpe, help your moder in this wofulle smarte,
Comfurth your wofulle moder that never was unkind,
In your conceptioun ye reyoyet my harte,
But now of dedly woo so gret cawse I find,
That the joy of my haylsinge is passid fro my mynd,
Yit suffer me to hold yow her on my lape,
Which sumtym gafe you mylk of my pape!
O swete, swetist child, woo be unto me!
O most wofulle woman, your awn moder, loo!
Who shalle graunt it me with you fore to dee?
The son is dede, what shalle the moder doo?
Where shalle sho resorte? whider shalle sho goo?
Yit suffere me to hold yow a while in my lap,
Which sumtym gafe yow mylk of my pap!
O crewelle deth, no lengere thou me spare!
To me thou were welcom and also acceptabille!
Oppresse me down at ons, of the I have no care!
O my son, my saveyour, and joye most comfortabille,
ssuffere me to dy with yow most merciabille,
Or at lest lat me hold you a while in my lape,
Which sumtyme gave yowe the milk of my pape!
O ye wikkit pepille, without mercy or pitee,
Who do ye not crucyfye and hinge me on the crosse?
Spare not your nayles! spare not your crueltee!
Ye can not make me to rone in greter losse
Than to less my son, that to me was so dere,
Why sloo ye not the moder which is present here?
Dere sone, if the Jues yit wille not sloo me,
Your gudnes, your grace, I besech and praye,
So calle me to your mercy of your benignitee,
To youre mek suters ye never saide yit naye!
Then may ye not your moder in this cause delaye,
The modere with the child desires for to reste,
Remembere, myne awne sone, that ȝe sowket my breste!
Remember, when your fleshe was soft os tender silke,
With the grosse metes then yow I wold not fede,
But gave yow the licour of a maydyns mylke!
Tille Egipe in myne armes softly I did you lede,
But your smylinge contenaunce I askit non other mede!
Then be content that I with you may riste,

Remembere, my der son, that ȝe sowkit my briste!
At your nativitee remember, my dere sone,
What vesselle I brochit to your nobille grace,
Was ther never moder that brochit sich a tone,
ffrom my virgyne pappes mylk ran owt apasse,
To your godly powere natur gaf a place,
Ye sowkit maydens milke and so did never none;
Nore herafter shalle, save yourself alone;
When ye sowkid my brest your body was hole and sound,
Alese, in every place now se I many wound!
Now help me, swet Mawdleyn, for I falle to the ground,
And me wofulle Mary help now, gud John!
*John Evaungeliste.* Than, gude swete lady, lif your gret mone.
*Mary Virgyn.* A! A! Mawdleyn, why devise ye nothinge
To this blessid body for to gif praysinge?
Sum dolorose ditee express now yee,
In the dew honour of this ymage of pitee.
*Mawdleyn.* To do ȝour biddynge, lady, be we righte fayn,
But yit, gud lady, your teres ȝe refreyn.
*Josephe.* Now, Mary, deliver that blissit body tille us.
*Mary virgyn.* Wille ȝe tak from me myn own sone Jhesus?
*Nichodemus.* Good lady, suffre us to bringe hym to his grave!
*Mary virgyn.* Swete frendis, suffer me mor respit to have!
Have compassioun of me, frendes, I ȝou praye,
So hastely fro me tak hym not awaye!
Yf to his sepulcre nedis ye wille hym bere,
Bery me his moder with myn awn son here!
When he was lyvynge to leve I desirid,
Now sithen he is ded alle my joye is expirid;
Therefor lay the moder in grave with the child!
*Johannes Evaungelista.* O Mary modere and maiden most myld,
Ordere yourselfe os resone dot requere!
*Josephe.* Com on, lat us bery this body that is here!
*Mary Virgin.* O now myn harte is in a mortalle dred,
Allas! shalle I not kep hym, nothere whik ne ded,
Is ther no remedye?
Yit, Josephe, agayn the cloth ye unfold,
That his graciose visage I may ons behold,
I pray yow interlye!
*Josephe.* Pece, gude Marye, ye have had alle your wille.
*Mary Virgyn.* Ales! this departinge my tender hart doth kill!
Gud coysyn John, yit spek a word for mee.
*Johanne Evaungeliste.* Be content, swet Mary, for it may not bee.
*Mary Virgyn.* A! A! toward me ye be verreye cruelle,

Yit lat we bid ons myne own son farwelle!
Ye may it not denye.
Now farewelle, only joye of alle my harte and mynd!
ffarewelle, the derest redemptioun of mankind,
Suffert most bitterlye!
*Johanne Evaungeliste.* Com one, Mary, come.
*Nichodemus.* Some of your women ber hir companye.
*ij. Maries.* We shalle gife hire attendance,
ffaithfully with humble reverance. [*Exeunt.*
*Josephe.* Now in his grave lat us ly hym downe,
And then resorte we agayn to the towne [*sepelitur.*
To here what men wille saye.
Mawdleyn, ye must hense departe.
*Mawdleyn.* Ye, and that with a sorewfulle harte,
Mowrnynge nyght and daye!
ffarewelle, swete lambe! farwelle, most innocent!
Wrichit Mawdleyn with most hartly intent
Commendes hir to your grace!
ffarewelle, der master! farwelle, derest lord!
Off your gret mercye ȝe shalle the world record,
Herafter in ylk place!
Summe preciose balmes I wille go bye,
Tille anoynt and honour this blessit body,
Os it my dewty is.
ffayre Josephe and gude Nichodemus,
I commend ȝou to the kepinge of Jhesus,
He wille whit ȝou alle this.
*Josephe.* ffarewelle, Mawdleyn, to yourself comfurth take,
Of this blessit berialle lat us ane end make!
Here now is he gravid and here lyes hee,
Which for love of man of his charité
Suffert bitter passioun.
Gret comforthe it is unto us alle,
That the thride day aryse he shalle
In the most gloriose fassioun.
The tyme drawethe fast and approchis nere,
Schortly I truste sum gud tidinges to here:
Devowte Nichodemus, departe we as nowe.
*Nicodemus.* Gladly, frende Joseph, I wille go with ȝowe.

*Thus here endes the most holy beriale of the body of Christ Jhesu.*

*Hlll.*

## A MYSTERY OF THE RESURRECTION.

[From the same manuscript.]

*Her begynnes his Resurrectioun on Pashe-daye at morn.*

*Mawdleyne begynnes sayinge,*

O this grete hevynese and payn!
Alese, how longe shalle it remayn?
How longe shalle it endure
And rist within my most carfulle hart?
How longe shalle I feyle this dedly smarte?
Who shalle my sorowe cure?
How longe shalle I lif in desolatioun?
When shalle the houre com of consolatioun,
That my master I maye see,
Which opon the friday laste,
Was crucified and nailit fast
Peteosly tille a tree?
So pyteose a sight and lamentabille,
So dolorose and miserabille,
I hop ye shalle never fynd!
Cursid Kayn was verrey cruelle,
And slew his awn brothere Abelle,
Of a maliciose mynd;
Yit was he not so maliciose
Ose the cruelle Jewes most owtrajiose,
Which here has slayne my Lord!
The sonnes of Jacob gret envy had
Agayns ther brother Joseph, ȝonge, wise, and sad,
Os Scriptur doth record;
Thay intendit to slo hym malishosly,
And yit thay did not soo cruelly
Os wrought thes Jewes wild!
ffewe ȝeres past Herod the kinge
Put to deth many ȝonglinge,
And many moders child,
Here in the land of Israelle;
But of such cruelté harde ye never telle
Ose done was one fridaye,
When so grete rigore and tyrannye
Was in theire hartes to garre hym dye,
Which was so graciose aye.
Abelle and Josephe wer gude and graciose,
But theire dedis were not so gloriose,
Nor of so virtuose kynd,
Ose of hym which, in his humanitee,

Wrough grete myracles in his divinitee,
Als ye may calle to mynd;
ffor alle his werkes so welle devyside,
Emange tham thus to be dispised,
And with cruelty slayne!
Ales! when I remembere his woo,
Scantly may I speke or goo,
In harte I have suche payne!
I have bought here oyntment preciouse
To enslave his body most graciose,
To do it reverence:
My sister Cleophe saide that shee
To the sepulchre wald goo with mee,
And doo hir diligence.
Of the thrid day this is the mornynge,
And of my dere master yit herd I nothinge.
Wherfor I am most hevee!
Alese! felishipe her is noone!
Rathere then I faile I wille go alone:
A! dere Lorde, your mercee!

*Secund Marye commys in, and sais,*

A! my harte, what thou art faynt!
How longe shalle we thus mak complaynt?
So sorowfulle tym never was!
When shalle comforth com of our desire?
What woman is this that lyes here?
It is Mawdleyn, alese!
Sister Mawdleyn, why waile ye on this wise?
Gud sister, we pray 3ou stand up and arise!
Comforth yourself wyslye!
*Mawdleyn.* Off your commynge, sister, I am glade,
I-wise I knaw welle that 3e be sadd,
Ye have cawse os welle os I!
*Secund Marye.* Ther is no gud creatur dar I saye,
But inwardly sorowe he may
And compleyn bitterelye:
To remembere the felle torment,
And cruelle payne of this innocent,
Which levit so vertuoslye.
Of his meknese hymself he offred,
Whatsoever payn to hym was profred,
This lambe God sone is free;
Nothinge ragid he ne was unpaciente,
But ever most mekly tille his payne he went,
With bayne benignitee!

ffrom the tym of Abrahame,
And that our faders from Egip came,
Or when sorow was maste,
I am suere was never day so piteouse,
So doolfulle and so dangerouse,
Ose Friday that is paste;
When alle the crueltye was owtsought,
To distroy hym made alle thing of noght,
To sloo hym that gyves life.
Owt of my mynd this never goo shalle,
That for man diete the maker of alle,
By his manhed passyve.
*Mawdleyn.* So dolfulle a day was never befor this!
But go we to the monyment where his sepulcre is,
To anoynte his body there.
*Secund Marye.* Sister, I com for that sam intent,
Ther is nothinge can me better content,
To go I have no fere.
*Mawdleyn.* Then, gude sister, lat us goo devowtlee.
*Secunde Marye.* Abide, yonder comes Marye Jacobee,
I trow with us sho wille goo.

*Thride Marye comys in.*

O gude sisters, howe is it with ȝowe?
*Mawdleyn.* A! dere sister, never soo eville os nowe.
*Thrid Marye.* Gud Mawdleyn, say not soo;
This is the thrid day ȝe remember welle.
*Mawdleyn.* The bot of my master and lorde I here not telle,
Therfore I can not cease:
We were goynge to monyment,
Wher os lyeth that swete innocent,—
Loo here! oyntmentes of swetnese!
*Thrid Marye.* Gude sisters, on yow shalle I wayte.
*Secunde Marye.* Then let us tak the way furth strayte.
*Mawdleyn.* Sisters, I perceyve the place is her bye,
Lat us ordeyn our oyntmentes occordinglye,
With alle humylité:
Here lyes he that was mercifulle to synners alle,
Here lyethe he most piteose when we did calle!
Com nere, sisters, and see.
Loo, here is the place wher the body was laid,
Which borne was of a virgyn and a cleyne maid,
Tille honour it grete cawse have wee:
Gud sisters, be we not affrayd
To do hym reverence and dewtee.
Here he lyeth whose lif surmountes alle other,

Which raysed from deth to lyve Laȝarus my brother,
Now a levinge man!
He lyese here, which by hys powre devyne
In Chana Galilee turnyde water to wyne,
Ose many testyfy can.

*The angelle spekes,*

Whom seke ye, women sanctifiede?

*Three Maryes togider sais,*

Jhesus of Naȝareth crucified,
The redemer of mankind!
*Angelle.* He is resyne, he is not here;
To his discipules he shalle apere,
In Galilee thay shalle hym fynd!
Mulier, quid ploras? Woman, why wepis thou soo?
*Mawdlen.* ffor myn harte is fulle of sorow and woo;
My Lorde, that was the kinge of blisse,
Is takyn away, I wat not wher he is.
*Angelle.* Com hidere, woman, approche mor nere:
Be of gude comfurth and of gud chere,
ffor so gret cawse ye have;
He that ye seke so beselye,
With gude mynd so faythfullye,
Is resyn here from his grave!
The son of Gode, in his humanité,
Sufferde deth, and, by his divinitee,
Is resyn the thrid daye!
ffor redemption of man was he borne,
Displayede on the crose, and alle to-torne
In righte piteose araye!
The batelle is done and victorye renuyd,
The grete enmy of man therby is subduyd,
That most hatid mankynd;
Com hidder, and behold with your eye
The place where the body did lye,—
Be joyeos now of mynd!
Loo, here is the cloth droppid blud,
Which was put on hym takyn of the rud,
Ose yourself did see;
ffor a remembraunce tak it yee,
And hy yow fast to Galilee,
ffor ther apper shalle hee.
*Mawdleyn.* Yit must myn herte wepe inwerdelye,
Yit must I mowrne contynuallye,
Myndinge my master dere!

O what myn harte is hevy and lothe,
When I beholde this piteose clothe,
Which in my hande is here!
This cloth with blude that is so stayned,
Of a maydens child so sor constraynid,
On cross when he was done!
O rygore unright! O crueltee!
O wikkit wylfullenese! O perversitee!
O hartes harde os stone!
To put to deth a lamb so meke,
Welle may the teres rone down your cheke,
Welle may your hartes relent;
Myndinge the payn my lorde and master felte,
O in my body my herte now dothe melte!
To dy I were content!
*Secund Marye.* Sister Mawdlen, to blame ye are,
With this dedly sorow yourself to marre,
Yourself thus to torment!
Ye torment yourselfe and crucifye,
Ye have cawse to tak gladnes, and whye,
Ye have prove evident:
That your master and oures by his Godly myght
Is resen from deth to lyfe, an angelle bright
Schewes thes tidinges tille us;
And shewed us the place wher his body laye,
Which is not ther, for-thi let passe awaye
Our sorow most grevouse.
*Thrid Marye.* Sister Mawdleyn, in your hart be stabille,
We shalle here tidinges right comfortabille,
And yit I trust shortlye;
ffor that is suth veritabille,
Saide so afore suthlye.
*Mawdleyn.* A! A! sisters, my slewth and my necligence,
I have not don my dewty ne my diligence,
Ose unto me did falle:
At my masters sepulcre if I hade gifen attendaunce,
And waytid wisely with humble affiance,
Os I was bounde most of alle,
I shuld have seyn his uprisinge gloriose,
Of my swete lorde of the which desirose
I am, and nedes must bee.
Alese! sisters, I was to tidiose
That holy sight to see!
Than I shuld have had comforth uncomperabille,
Of the which joye to speke I am not abille,
Than I hade seyn my Lorde

To have resyn from his sepulture,
With his bludy woundes of hym I had bene sure!
Ales! when I record
How I myghte have had a sight of your presence,
Who then aught of verrey congruence
To be mor glad than I?
Which ye have callid by your grace onlee,
Beynge gretist synner unto your large mercee,
And that most curtesly:
Whoso wille not wayte when that tym is,
When faynest he wold thereof shalle he mysse,
So it faris by mee:
O wold to God I had made more haste!
My slewthfulle werke is now in wast,
3it, gud Lord, have thou pitee!
When Symon to dyner did hym calle,
Amonges the gestes and straungers alle,
With meknese soberlye,
I com in with mynde contrite,
ffor I hade levid in fowlle delite,
In syn of licherye!
Notwithstandinge the gret abhomynatioun
Of my grete synnes, fulle of execratioun,
Yit of his benignité,
As with alle mercy he was replete,
He sufferte me with teris to wesh his fete,
Loo! his mercyfulle pitee!
My synfulle lippes which I did abuse
To towch his blessit fleshe, he wald not refuse,
And ther right oppenlye,
Off his most piteouse tendernese,
The pardone of my synnes and gret excesse,
He gave to me hoolye,
How may I wringe, both wepe and wayle,
Myndinge on Friday his gret bataile,
He had on crosse of tree:
And tuk opon hym for us alle,
To overcom the fend that made us alle,
A! sisters, welle mowrne may wee!
*Secunde Marye.* Sister Mawdleyn, it is bot in vayn,
Thus remedilesse to mak compleyn,
Therfor it is the best,
Ych on of us a diverse way to take;
His apperinge joyfulle may us make,
And set our hartes in reste.
*The thride Marye.* Ye, to sek and inquere let us hast and hye;

Sister Mawdlene, this is next remedye,
And therefore departe wee.
*Mawdleyne.* O Lorde and master! help us in hye
To have a sight of thee.

*Tunc exeunt hæ tres Mariæ. Petrus intrat flens amare.*

O allmyghty God, which, with thyn inward ee,
Seest the depest place of mannys conscience,
And knowest every thinge most cler and perfitlee,
Have mercy, have pitee, have thou compatience!
I confesse and knowlege my most gret offence,
My fowle presumptioun and unstabilnetse,
Let thi mekille mercy overflowe my synfulnesse,
And yit I knaw welle,
No erthly thinge can telle,
Nor ȝit it expresse!
My fawtes and gret syn,
Which I am wrappid in,
With dedly hevinesse,
Ther may not be lightly a greter trispesse,
Then the servaunt the master to denye,
His owne master, his own kind master, alesse!
I make confessioun here most sorowfullye,
That I denyed mayster and that most unkindlye!
ffor when thay did enquere, if that I did hym knoo,
I saide I never sawe hym, alesse! why did I soo?
With teres of contritioun,
With teres of compassioun,
Welle may I mowrnynge make!
What a fawte it was,
The servaunte, alas!
His master to forsake!
When his grace callid me fro wardly besines,
And of a poore fishere his discipule chas mee;
I was callit Symon Bariona, playnly to expresse,
But he namid me Petrus,—Petra was hee,
Petra is a stone fulle of stabilitee,
Alway stedfaste, alase! wherfor was I
Not stabille accordinge to my nam stedfastlye?
O my febille promesse!
O my gret unkindnesse!
To my shame resarvyd:
O mynde so unstabille,
Thow hast made me culpabille,
Deth I have deservyd:
It plesid thy gudnese gret kindnese to shew mee,

Callinge me to thi grace and gudly conversatioun,
And when it pleasid thi Godhed to tak but three
To beholde and see the highe speculatioun,
Of thy Godly majestye in thy transfyguratioun,
Thy specialle grace did abille me for one,
With the gud blessid James and thi cosyn John,
Alese! that I was so unkind
To hym, so tender of mynd
To me most unworthye!
Alese! the paynes ar smarte,
Which I fele at my harte,
And that so bitterlye:
O Lorde, what example of meknesse shewed yee!
On Thursday after supere it pleasid your grace,
To wesh your servauntes fete who ever are did fee,
More perfite me knese shewet in any case,
I myself was present in the same place;
Alese! of myself why presumyd I,
Consideringe your meknese don so stedfastlye,
A! myn unkinde chaunce,
When it commys to remembraunce,
In my mynde it is ever:
I fele owt of mesure,
Dedly payne and displesure,
That I can not dessevere:
O mercyfulle Redemer, who may yit recounte,
The paynes which thiself for us did endure:
Unworthy if I were, I was with the in the mount,
Where thou swet bludy droppes man saule to recure,
In that gret agonye I am right verrey sure
Stony hartes of flint thou wald tham have mevid,
Seynge thy tendernese to man by the relevid.
O that passion was grete,
When blud droppes of swet
Ran downe apace.
That was excedinge payne
In every membere and vayne,
As apperit by his face.
Of Judas thow were betrayede by and bye,
Which was thy discipulle and familiere with the,
It grevid the more, I knew it certanlye,
He was fede at thi burde of thi benignitee:
And ȝe were betrayed by his iniquitee;
Yf a straunger had don that dede so traytorouse,
It had beyn mor tolerabille and not so grevowse.
David did say in prophecye

"Homo pacis meæ in quo speravi
Supplantavit me."
O Lord, your pacience may be perceyvid,
Which suffert so to be betrayed
Of Judas, woo is hee!
ffulle of wo may I bee sorowfulle and pensyve,
Complenynge and wepinge with sorow inwertlee,
And wep bitter teres alle the days of my life,
Myn unstabille delinge is ever in myn ee.
I saide I wald not leve my master for to dee,
He said I shuld forsak hym or the crok crow thris,
But I was presumptuose, unware, and unwise!
Afterwerd, when hee
Lokid upon mee
With a myld cowntenaunce,
Ose he stude on the ground,
Emange his enmyse bownd,
O I wepit abundaunce!
Then my teres continuelly
Ran down most sorowfully,
And yit thay can not cesse!
How may I cesse or stynte?
Yf my harte wer of flinte,
I have caus to wepe dowtlese!
O caytife! O wofulle wreche!
From thy harte thou may feche
Sore and sighes depe:
O most unkind man,
What creatur may or can
The from sclaunder kepe.
To forsake thi master so tender and so gude,
Which gave to the the keyes of alle holy kirke;
And morover for thy sake shed his owne blud,
O synfulle caytyfe, now aught I sore tille irke!
Ales! John, why did not I
ffolow my master so tenderlye,
Os ȝe did, to the ende?
But for ye delt soo stedfastlye,
My master gave you Marye
To kep in your commend.
Yf this dedly woo and sorowe
Endure with me unto to-morowe,
Myn hart in sunder wille breke!
Now, Lorde, for thi tender mercyes alle,
Reconcyle me to grace and to thi mercy calle!
Ales! I may not speke!

*Et sic cadit in terram flens amare. Andreas frater Petri dicit,*

A! brothere Peter, what nedes alle this?
I se welle good cowncelle wille yow mysse,
Dry up your teres and rise!
Comforth yourselfe, I require yow and praye,
We shalle have gud tidinges, this is the thrid day,
Sorow not in this wise.
*Johannes Evaungelist.* Stand up, gud brothere, and mesar your hevynese,
This great contritioun of your hart dowtlese
To God is plesant sacrifice.
*Petrus.* A! gud brethere Andrewe and John,
Was never creatur so wo begone
Os I wrech most unwyse!
ffor rememberinge the infinite gudnese
Of my Lorde, and my most unkyndnese
Don so writchitlye,
At my hart sorow sittes so sore,
That my dedly payne encreses mor and more;
Alese! my gret folye!
*Andreas.* Gud brother Peter, yourself ȝe comfort,
Ther is none of alle bot comfurth may he hafe,
ffor emonges us agayn our Lorde shalle resorte,
By his Passioun his purpasse was mankind to save.
This is the thrid daye in which from his grave
He shalle arise fro deth, I have no dowte,
Therfor lett comfurth put this sorowe owt!
Brothere Peter, thee verrey truth to saye,
ffew of us alle hade perfit stedfastnesse,
But sumwhat dowtid and wer owt of the waye,
Notwithstandinge of his Godhede the clernesse,
Shewed by his miracles with alle perfitnesse.
And yf ye remember, brothere, in his last oblatioun,
He spak of our unstabilnesse and of his desolatioun.
Saynge "Omnes vos scandalum patiemini,"
Alle ye shalle suffer sclaunder for me,
Os who say ye shalle forsak me a lonly,
The hirdman shal be strikyn, and the flokk, which we bee,
Schal be disperbilit and away shalle flee!
Loo! gud brother Peter, he knew our frealtés alle,
Our gude master is mercifulle and graciose withalle,
And yow, brother Peter, the most specialli
Hase cause of comfurth, for of his church the hed

He chace you by order by his grace frelye.
ffor-thi from your harte put this fere and dred;
Yf ye remember he said to yow in dede,
"Thy faith shalle never faile whatsoever befalle,"
Therfor have gud hope and comforth specialle,
Ye askit hym ons a whestioun wherwith he was content,
"How oft to your brother synne ye shuld relese"—
Ye thought vij. tymes were verrey sufficient,
But he said "sevynty tymes and vij. ye suld forgif dowtelese,"
A gret now[m]ber it plesit hym tille expresse;
The gret frelty of man he saw in his Godly mynd,
ffor-thy for your trispace pardon may ye find;
Howbeit of yourself to presume to blame ye were,
Man that is freale of hymself suld have fere;
Your pennaunce contritioun acceptabille must bee,
Ther for in your harte rejoye ye may be fayne,
Rememberinge he has put in gret auctoritee,
That he has saide ons he wille never calle agayne.
"Quodcumque ligaveris," he said, thes wordes ar playne,
And gave yow tho keyes of hevyne and of helle,
So to lowse and to bynd this can we alle telle.
*Johannes Evaungelista.* Gude brother Peter marke ye welle and note
The wordes of Andrewe beyn sadd and ponderose,
In your conscience I knaw welle is noȝt so great mote,
But that mercy may clere it of hym that is so graciose.
Peraventur it was the wille of our master Jhesus,
That ȝe shuld not be present his passioun to see,
Which he hade on the hille in the most crueltee;
Peter, if ye had seyn your mastere at that poynt,
I trou that syȝt had beyn to hevy to yow tille endure,
He had torment apon torment in every vayn and joynt,
He was so harde nailet to that paynfulle lure;
His flesh that was so tender born of a mayden pure,
And was wont to be towchid with virgyns handes swet,
Was al to-torn most piteosly from hede to the fet:
When his body was halid and stritchid with ropes,
To caws his armes and fet to the holes extend,
Then the nayles dreffyn in and of the blude dropes
Ran owt so plentuosly, his wille it was to spend,
Alle his precios blude mannes sor tille amend,
Withowt complent he suffert the nayles and the spere,
But gretist payn that he had was for his moder dere.
He sufferd patiently,

To be betrayed unkindly,
To be accusid falsly,
To be intreytid cruelly,
To be scornynd most dedenynglye,
To be juged wrangfully,
To be dampnyt to deth dolfully,
With other paynes sere!
To be crucified piteosly,
To be woundid universally,
With scourges, nayles, and spere.
ffor thes causes he wald be born of a maid most obedient,
Now the gret rawnsom is paied which was requirid,
ffor redemptioun of man of the fader omnipotent,
The tyme of desolation is now expirid,
The tyme of grace is commen so longe of us desirid,
Hevyn ȝeates so longe closid for gret syn,
Our Saveyour gafe yow the keyes to open and to lat in,
He knew welle for his deth we shuld be afrayed,
And therfor ose ȝe remembere he told us afore,
His Godhed saw welle that we shuld be dismaid,
Of his resurrectioun he comfortid us therfore,
He saide he shuld arise and live everemore,
This is the thride daye, therfor dowt nothinge,
But shortly we shalle here of his gloriose uprisinge.
Brother, I wold tarrye with yow longe here,
But nedes I must go to the virgyn mylde,
Most sorowfulle is hir hart, most hevy is hir chere,
Alle joye and comfurthe from hir is exilde!
Alle hir rememberance is of hir dere childe!
My master assignyt me to gyve hir attendance,
And that is my dewtye with alle humblye observaunce.
Hir sorow increacyse aye,
As welle nyght os daye,
In most piteose araye,
ffor I dar say suerlye,
Sen hir son was betrayed,
And in his grave layde,
The maid hase me dismaide,
ffor sorow inwerdlye!
That sho nowther tuk rist ne slepe,
Ne from hevynese hirself cowth kepe,
But evermore stille dose she wepe;
That I am verrey sure,
Hartes harder then stone,
Wold be mollyfyed anone,
And melte to see hire mone,
That sho dose endure:

To hire hir mourn so moderlye,
To se hir wep so tenderlye,
Alle myn hert it fayles:
Now she spekes of the scornes,
Now she remembers the thornes,
And the grete sturdy nayles!
Now she spekes of his pacience,
Now she myndes his obedience,
That unto deth was;
Now of his visage spekes shee,
Defilid with deformyté,
Of fowlle spittinge, alasse!
Now of his woundes dos she speke,
And of the spere which did breke
Hir sonnes blessid sid;
Thus is she alle comfurthlesse,
Replet with alle dulfulnesse,
Therfor I may not bide:
As for this tyme I wille departe,
Brother Peter, be of gud harte,
ffor other cause have ye none!
Now farwelle for a starte,
I shalle ȝow mete anone.
*Peter.* Praye fore me, brother, for Godes sake.
*Johannes Evaungelista.* Brothere, to yow no discomfurth take,
But truste ever faithfullye,
We shalle have comforth ȝoure sorowe to slake,
And that I trust shortlye.

*Tunc exit Johannes et dicit Petrus,*

Brothere Andrewe, God reward ȝoue ever speciallye,
ffor John and ye, with youre swete wordes of consolatioun,
Hase easid my mynd with comforte stedfastlye;
I am in trewe faith and hope without desperatioun,
In my saule now havynge spiritualle jubilatioun,
Trustinge on the mercy of my master and lord,
Of whose infinite gudnese I shall ever record:
Let the dew of mercy falle opon us!
Ostende faciem tuam et salvi erimus!
Schewe thy powere, gud Lord, and to us appere,
Let beames of thi grace approche to us nere,
Super nos writchit synners!

*Intrat Maria Magdalena.*

O I, writchit creature, what shalle I doo?

O I, a wofulle woman, whidere salle I goo?
My Lorde wher shalle I find?
When shalle I se that desirid face,
Which was so fulle of beuty and grace,
To me the most unkind?
I have sought and basely inquerid
Hym whom my harte alleway has desired,
And so desiries stille!
Quem diligit anima mea quæsivi,
Quesivi illum et non inveni,
When shalle I have my wille?
I have sought hym desirusly,
I have sought hym affectuosly,
With besines of my mynd;
I have sought hym with mynd hartely,
The tresure wherin my hart dose lye,
O deth, thou arte unkind!
On me use thou and exercise
The auctorité of thyn office,
My bales thou may unbind!
What effence, Deth, have I don to the,
Which art so over unkind to mee?
Nay, nay, Deth, be not soo!
ffiliæ Jerusalem, wherof ye goo?
Nunciate dilecto meo,
Quia amore langueo!
Of Jerusalem the virgyns clere,
Schew my best love that I was here,
Telle hym, os he may prove,
That I am dedly seke,
And alle is for his love!

*Jhesus intrat in specie ortulani dicens,*

Mulier, ploras, quem queris?
Wooman, why wepis thou? whom sekes thou thus?
Telle me whome thou wald have.
*Mawdlene.* I sek my master and swete Lorde Jhesus,
Which hir was layd in grave.
*Jhesus.* Woman, thou mournest to piteoslye,
And compleynist the most hevilye,—
Thy mynd is not countent!
Thyn hart is trowblit welle, I see,
Alle fulle doloruse, os thinkes mee,
Thou has not thyn intente!
*Maudleyn.* Myn intent that knawes hee,
On whom my hart is set and ay shal bee,

Gardener, I yowe praye,
Schew unto mee, if ye can,
Yf that ye did see here ony man
Tak his body awaye.

*Jhesus dicit "Maria!" Mawdleyne answers "Raboni!"*

*Jhesus.* Noli me tangere!
Mary, towche me not now,
But into Galilee go thowe,
And to my brether saye,
And to Peter which sorowfulle is,
That I am rescue from dethe to lif ay in blisse,
Renynge perpetuallye!
Exhort tham to be of gud chere
And hastely wylle I to tham apere,
To comfurth joefullye. [*Exit Jhesus.*
*Mawdleyn.* O myn harte, wher hast thou bee?
Com home agayn and leve with mee,
My gret sorow is past!
Now may thou entone a mery songe,
ffor he whom thou desirid so longe
I have foun now at laste!
I thanke your grace with hert intere,
That of youre gudnese to me wald apere,
And make my hert thus light.

*Secund Marye intrat cum tertia.*

Soror, nuncia nobis:
Gud Mawdleyne, sister, how standes with yow?
*Mawdleyn.* Dere sisters, never so welle os nowe,
ffor I have hade a sight
Of my lorde and master to my comfurth specialle,
To his godhed I render thankes immortalle,
Os I am bound of dewtee!
*Thrid Marye.* It apperis, suster, by your countenaunce,
That the gret sorow is owt of remembraunce;
And so by your sawe gret cause have yee.
*Mawdleyn.* I have gret cause, sisters, I knaw it welle,
ffor of my joye he is the springe and welle,
And of my lyfe sustenaunce.
*Secunde Marye.* Have ye seyn our Lord, sister, are ye sure?
*Mawdlene.* Sister, I have seyne my gretist tresure,
My hartly joye and plesaunce.
*Thride Mary.* A! sister, gret comfert may your hart inflame.
*Mawdlene.* 3e, gude sister, he callit me *Mary* by my name,
And spak with me homlye.

I saw hym bodely, in flesh and bloode,
Oure Redemere, which for us hang on the roode,
He shewed hyme gratioslye.
And bade me go to his disciples sone,
Thanne to certifye of his resurrectioune,
And so wille I shortely doo.
*Secunde Marie.* A! A! Mawdleyne, right happee ye were,
Ye spente not in vayn so many bitter tere,
Gret grace is lent yow too.

*Tunc venit Jhesus et salutat mulieres istas tres. Tamen mulieres nil dicunt ei, sed procidunt ad pedes ejus.*

Avete! hayle, blessit women leve,
My blessinge here I youe geve,
Let sorow no more youre harte meve,
But have comfort allwaye.
I am resene fro deth, so may he telle,
I have deliverit my presoners frome helle,
And made tham sure for aye!
*Mawdleyne.* Now, gud sisters, be no more sadd,
Ye have cause os welle os I to be gladd!
Oure Lorde, loo, of his gudnese,
Of his heghe and godly excellence,
Haves shewede us here his joyefulle presence,
With wordes of swetnese!
My wordes wer not fantasticalle, sister, yee see!
I told youe no lesinge, sisters, report mee
Ye have seyn with your eye.
*Thrid Mary.* Oure spirites bene revivid, our hartes beyn light!
O Mawdleyne, this was a gloriose sight
Eschewed to us gracioslye!
*Secund Marye.* Blessid be that Lorde! blessit be that kinge,
That haves comfurth us thus with his uprisinge
So sone and glorioslye!
*Mawdlen.* Susters, in joye of this joyfullenese,
A songe of comforte lete us expresse,
With notes of armonye.

*Tunc hæ tres cantant id est Victime Paschalis totum usque ad . . . . . in cantifracto vel saltem in pallinodio.*

*Tunc occurrent eis apostoli, scilicet, Petrus, Andreas, et Johannes, cantantes hoc, "Dic nobis Maria quod vidisti in visu." Respondent mulieres cantantes, "Sepulcrum Christi vinctum" etc. usque ad "credendem." Apostoli respondentes cantant "Credendum est magis soli Mariæ veraci, quod vides*

*turbe fallaci." Mulieres iterum cantant "Scimus Christum surrexisse vere." Apostoli et mulieres cantant quasi concredentes, "Tu nobis, Christe rex, misere. Amen!" Post cantum dicit Petrus (sufficit si cantentur eisque notis et cantantur ut habetur in sequentia predicta),*

*Petrus dicit post cantum,*

How is it now, Marye, can ye telle
Any newes which may lik us welle?
Blithe is youre countenaunce!
*Mawdleyn.* Peter, in youre mynde be fast and stabille,
I can shew youe tydinges most comfortabille
Trust it of assurance
*Petere.* Gude Mary, of hym I wold knawlege have.
*Mawdleyne.* Peter, oure master is resyn from his grave
He apperit unto us three
In fleshe and bone in a gloriose wise;
He hase restorid Adam and his into paradise,
Which were in helle captivitee.
*Peter.* God graunte youre wordes war not in vayne!
*Mawdlene.* Peter, that I saye is trew and certayne,
And therfor dowt no more.
*Secun Marye.* Brother we saughe our Lord face to face;
He apperit to us in this same place,
And bad as mowrne not so sore.
*Thride Mare.* He bade us testify and telle
That he was resyne in flesh and felle,
And dy he shalle no more.
*Petrus.* A! Mary, gret grace to youe is lent,
To whom our Lord was so content
Befor other tille apere.
*Mawdlen.* He said ye alle shuld see hym in Galilee;
And, Peter, youreselfe expreslye namyd hee,
Therfore be of gud chere.
*Andrewe.* Yit to his sepulcre lat us go and see,
To satisfye our myndes from alle purplexitee.
*Peter.* So cownselle I we doo.

*Tunc ibit precurrens Johannes dicit,*

Brothere Peter, com hither and behold!
It is no fabille that Marye us hase told,
This thinge is certen, loo!
How say ye? brother, be ye satisfied?
*Petrus.* Brothere John, I am fully certifyed
To gife credens her too.
Now shalle the suth be verefied?

Of hym that most may doo.
O myche ar we bound gud Lord to your highnes!
ffor us wer ye born and also circumcised,
ffor us were ye tempid in the wildernese;
Now crucyfied to deth most shamfully dispised,
Yit alle this gude Lorde had us not sufficyed,
But ye had resene fro deth by your godhed gloriuse,
Your resurrectioun was most necessarye for us,
Youre meknese suffert deth for our salvatioun,
And now are ye resen for oure justificatioun;
Youre name ever blessit bee!

*Andrewe.* This resurrectioun to alle the warld is consolatioun,
ffor of oure fayth it is trew consolatioun,
Approved by his divinitee.

*Johannes Evaungelista.* Brether, joy and comfurth, and inward jubilatioun,
And gostly gladnese in us alle encrease may;
We have passid the tyme of dole and desolatioun,
And also I am sure, and right wille dare I saye
The joyfulle tresure of our hart we salle se this daye;
Honour, joy, and glory, be to hym without end,
Which after sich sorow comfurte can send!
To laude and prayse hym lat us be abowt,
To love hym and lofe hym and lawly hym lowt,
With mynd and mowth devowtlye;
Ther, brothere, with joyfulle harte,
And devowt sisters, in your parte,
Entone sum ermonye.

*Tunc cantent omnes, scilicet, "Scimus Christum." Vel aliam sequentiam ant ympnum de Resurrectione. Post cantum dicit Johannes finem faciens,*

Loo, downe fro hevyne evermor grace dos springe,
The gudnese of God is incomperabille yee see;
Her was sorow and mournynge, lamentacion and wepinge,
Now is joy and gladnese, and of comfurth plentee;
Joyfully depart wee now owt of this place,
Mekly abidinge the inspiratioun of grace,
Whiche we belefe
Schalle com to us this nyght.
Now farwelle every wighte,
We commend yow alle to his myght
Which for us suffert grefe!

*Explicit.*

*Hllll.*

## VERSES ON POPE JOAN.

From the Cotton MS. Nero. D. xi. fol 95, (Wyntown's Chronicle) of the fifteenth century.

*Off a pape that was than,*
*Johan be nayme, and was woman.*

Qwhen this pape Leo was dede,
A woman occupyde that stede,
Twa ȝhere ful as pape and mare;
Scho was to wanton of hire fayr.
Scho was Inglis of nacioun,
Richt willy of condicioun;
A burges douchtyr and his ayre;
Prewe, pleyssande, and richt fayr.
Thai callit hir fadyr Hob of Lyme;
Fra fader and moder and al hir kyn
Withe hir luf scho past of lande,
A woman ȝonge tyl eylde growande,
And at Athenys in to study
Scho bade, and lerit ithandly,
And nane persawit hir womanne,
Bot al tyme kythit hir as a manne,
And callit hir self Johan Magwictyne,
ȝha wit ȝhe wul a schrewe fyne.
Same agane fra Grece to Rome,
As a solempne clerk scho coymme,
And had of clergy sic renowne,
That be concorde eleccioun
Pape sche was chossyn there;
ȝit fel it that hyre cubiculare
By hyr lay, and gat a barne,
That al hir clergy canythe not warne.
In til procession on a day
As scho past in til the waye,
Hir childe il al suddandly
Trawalit hir sa angrely,
That suddandly thar was scho dede,
And endit in that ilka stede,
Witheouetyn prayer, orisoun,
Or ony kyn dewocioun;
And but al other honesté,
Solempne or in preweté.
Benedic pape next that wiff
Was twa ȝhere pape in til his liff.

*Ty.*

## NOTES OF POSSESSION.

It was a common custom in early times for owners of books to write in them metrical notes of their right to possess and keep them. The following are a few of such scraps. I may mention that the earliest *printed* book-plate that I know of, is inserted in the MS. Claud. D. vii., being that of Sir Henry Savile, the celebrated Antiquary and Historian.

From MS. Ashm. 59, of the fifteenth century.

Yee that desyre in herte and have plesaunce
Olde stories in bokis for to rede,
Gode matiers putt hem in remembraunce,
And of the other take yee none hede ;
Byseching yowe of your godely hede,
Whane yee this boke have over-redde and seyne,
To Johan Shirley restore yee it ageine.

From MS. Harl. 1251, written by the Countess of Worcester, about the year 1440.

And I yt los, and yow yt fynd,
I pray yow hartely to be so kynd,
That yow wel take a letel payne,
To se my boke brothe home agayne.

Thys boke is one,
And God's kors ys anoder ;
They that take the ton,
God gefe them the toder.

From MS. Bib. Reg. 18, A. xvij., of the fifteenth century.

He that stelys this booke
Shul be hanged on a hooke.
He that this booke stelle wolde,
Sone be his herte colde.
That it mow so be,
Seith *Amen* for cherité.

Qui scripsit carmen,
Pookefait est sibi nomen.
Miller jungatur,
Qui scripsit sic nominatur.

From MS. Harl. 45, of the fifteenth century.

If ony persone stele this boke,
He shal be hongyd by a hoke,
Or by the necke with a rope.

From MS. Addit. 10336, temp. Hen. vii.

This is the boke of William Tucke,
Christ graunte to hym yn erth good lucke;
And or he dye to send hym grace,
In Hevyn so hye to purchase a place.

From MS. Ii. vi. 4, in the Public Library of Cambridge, a breviary of the fifteenth century.

Where from ever thys boke be com,
Yt ys Wyllyam Barbors off Newe Bokenham.

Who-so-ever thys booke fynde,
I pray hym have thys in hys mynde;
For Hys love that dyed on tre,
Save thys booke and bryng yt to me!—
Wylliam Barbor off newe Bokenham.

From MS. Harl. 3118, of the time of Henry VIII.

Thomas Beech is my name,
And with my pen I write the same;
Yf my pen had been better,
I would have mended it everey lettere.

From a printed book formerly in the possession of John Flamstead, the celebrated Astronomer.

John Flamsteed his book,
In it he doth often look.

From a copy of Recorde's "Grounde of Artes," in the possession of Mr. Maynard.

Hic liber mihi pertinet,
Denie it who can?
Ad Jacobum Parsons,
A verie honeste man.
In Gravesendia
He is to be founde,
Si non moveatur,
And laid in the grounde.
1674.

*Hlll.*

## MORAL SONGS.

From MS. Sloane, No. 2593, fo. 54, r°. written about the reign of Henry VI.

God be wyth trewthe qwer he be, I wolde he were in this cuntré.

A man that xuld of trewthe telle,
Wyth grete lordys he may not dwelle,
In trewe story as klerkes telle,
Trewthe is put in low degré.

In laydyis chaumberes comethe he not,
Ther dar trewthe settyn non fot;
Thow he wolde, he may not
Comyn among the heye mené.

With men of lawe he haȝt non spas;
They lovyn trewthe in non plas;
Me thinkit they han a rewly grace
That trewthe is put at swyche degree.

In holy cherche he may not sythe,
Fro man to man they xuln hym flythe,
It rewit me sore in myn wytte,
Of trewthe I have gret peté.

Relygius that xulde be good,
If trewthe cum ther, I holde hym wood;
They xuldyn hym rynde cote and hood,
And make hym bare for to flye.

A man that xulde of trewthe aspye,
He must sekyn esylye
In the bosum of Marye,
For there he is for sothe.

fol. 54, r°.

Man, be war, be war, be war, and kep the that thou have no car.

Thi tunge is mad of fleych and blod,
Evele to spekyn it is not good,
But Cryst that deyid upon the rood
So ȝyf us grace our tunges to spare.

Thi lyppis arn withoute bon;
Spek non evyl of thi fon;
Man, I rede, be Seynt Jon,
Of evyl speche that thou be war.

Quan thou seyst thi evyl seying,
Be it of eld, be it of ȝyng,
Among many men thi speche may spring,
And make thin herte of blysse ful bare.

Therfore I telle the, be seynt Austyn,
Ther xal non man of evele speche may wyn
But sorwe and schame and meche syn,
And to his herte meche care.

Prey we to God and seynt Margerete!
That we mowun our tunges kepe,
Qwether we wake or slepe,
And our body fro evele fare.

fol. 56, r°.

Man, be war er thou be wo, think on pride and let hym goo.

Pryde is out and pride is ine,
And pride is rot of every synne,
And pride will never blynne,
Til he haȝt browt a man in woo.

Lucyfer was aungyl bryȝt,
And conquerour of meche myȝt,
Throw his pride he les his lyȝt,
And fit doun into endeles woo.

Wenyst thou for thi gaye clothing,
And for thin grete othis sweryng,
To be a lord or a kyng?
Lytil it xal avayle the too.

Quan thou xalt to cherche glyde,
Wermys xuln ete throw thi syde,
And lytil xal avayle thi pride,
Or ony synnys that thou hast doo.

Prey to Cryst with blody syde,
And othere woundes grile and wyde,
That he for-ȝeve the thi pryde,
And thi synnys that thou hast doo.

fol. 76, v°.

I may seyn, and so mown mo, that in semenaunt goth gyle.

Semenaunt is a wonder thing,
It begylyt bothe knyȝt and kyng,
And makit maydenys of love longyng;
I warne ȝou of that gyle.

Semenaunt is a sly peyntour,
It florchyt and fadit in many a flour,
And makit wommen to lesyn here bryte colour,
Upon a lytil qwyle.

In semenaunt be thinges thre,
Thowt, speche, and prevyté,
And trewthe xuld the forte be,
It is hens a .M^l^. myle.

Trewthe is fer and semit hynde,
Good and wykkyt it ha3t in mynde,
It faryt as a candele ende,
That brennit fro half a myle.

Many man fayre to me he spekyt,
And he wyste hym wel be-wreke,
He hadde we levere myn hed to-breke,
Than help me over a style.

God that deyid upon the cros,
Ferst he deyid and sythin he ros,
Have mercy and peté on us,
We levyn here but a qwyle.

fol. 77, r°.

Kep thi tunge, thi tunge, thi tunge, thi wykyd tunge werkit me woo.

Ther is non gres that growit on ground,
Satenas ne peny round,
Wersse then is a wykkyd tunge,
That spekit bethe evyl of frynd and fo.

Wykkyd tunge makit ofte stryf
Betwyxe a good man and his wyf,
Quan he xulde lede a merie lyf,
Here qwyte sydys waxin ful blo.

Wykkyd tunge makit ofte stauns,
Bothe in Engelond and in Frauns;
Many a man wyt spere and launs,
Throw wykkyd tunge to ded is do.

Wykkyd tunge brekit bon,
Thow the self have non,
Of his frynd he makit his fon,
In every place qwer that he go.

Good men, that stondyn and syttyn in this halle,
I prey 3ou bothe on and alle,
That wykkyd tunges fro 3ou falle,
That 3e mowun to hefne go.

*Wrt.*

## AN ANGLO-NORMAN DRINKING SONG.

From MS. Reg. 16, E. viii. fol. 103, r°. written early in the thirteenth century, as prose in the MS.

*Letabundus.*

Or hi parra,
La cerveyse nos chauntera,
*Alleluia !*

Qui que aukes en beyt,
Si tel seyt com estre doit,
*res miranda !*

Bevez quant l'avez en poin,
Ben est droit, car mut est loing
*sol de stella ;*

Bevez bien ⁊ bevez bel,
Il vos vendra del tonel,
*semper clara.*

Bevez bel ⁊ bevez bien,
Vos le vostre ⁊ jo le mien,
*pari forma.*

De ço soit bien porveu,
Qui que auques le tient al fu,
*fit corrupta.*

Riches genz funt lur brut ;
Fesom nus nostre deduit,
*valla nostra !*

Beneyt soit li bon veisin,
Qui nus dune payn ⁊ vin,
*carne sumpta !*

E la dame de la maison,
Ki nus fait chere real,
Jà ne pusse elle par mal
*esse ceca !*

Mut nus done volenters,
Bons beiveres ⁊ bon mangers,
Meuz waut que autres muliers,
*hec predicta.*

Ore bewom al dereyn,
Par meitez ⁊ par pleyn,
Que nus ne seum demayn
*gens misera !*

Ne nostre tonel nus ne fut,
Kar plein est de bon frut,
E si ert tu à nuit

*puerpera.* Amen.

*Wrt.*

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## LISTS OF ANGLO-SAXON BISHOPS AND KINGS.

**From MS. Cotton. Tiberius B. v. fol. 20, r°. written apparently about the year 990.**

*Nomina archiepiscoporum Dorobernensis æcclesiae.* Augustinus, Laurentius, Mellitus, Justus, Honorius, Deusdedit, Theodorus, Berhtwaldus, Tatwinus, Nothelmus, Cuthberhtus, Bregowine, Ianbriht, Æðelheardus, Uulfredus, Feologeldus, Ceolnoðus, Æþelredus, Clegmundus, Aþelm, Wulfhelm, Oda se goda, Dunstan, Æðelgar, Sygeric.

*Nomina episcoporum Hrofhensis aecclesie.* Paulinus, Ithamar, Putta, Quichelm, Gebmund, Tobias, Ealdulf, Dunn, Eardwulf, Deora, Wærmund, Beornmod, Burhric, Ælfstan.

*Nomina episcoporum Orientalium Saxonum.* Mellitus, Cedd, Ercenwald, Waldhere, Inguuald, Ecguulf, Wigheh, Eadbriht, Eadgar, Cenwalh, Eadbald, Haðobriht, Osmund, Æðelnoð, Ceolbriht, Deodred, Brihthelm, Ælfstan.

*Nomina episcoporum Australium Saxonum.* Wilfrið, Eadbriht, Eolla, Sigga, Alubriht, Bosa, Gislhere, Iota, Piothun, Aðelwulf, Cynred, Guðheard, Ælfred, Eadhelm, Æðelgar, Ordbyrht.

*Nomina episcoporum Occidentalium Saxonum.* Primus Occidentalium Saxonum Birinus fuit episcopus, qui cum consilio Honorii pape venerat Brittanniam. Ægilberht, Wine, Leutherius, Hædde. Deinde in duas parrochias divisa est, altera Uuentane æcclesiæ, altera Scireburnensis aecclesiae. Daniel, Hunfrið, Cyneheard, Æðelheard, Ecgbald, Dudd, Cinebriht, Ealhmund, Wigðegin, Herferð, Eadhum, Helmstan, Suuiðhun, Ealhferð, Denewulf, Friðestan, Byrnstan, Ælfheah, Ælfsige, Aðelwold, Ælfheah.

Uuentania ecclesia in duas parrochias divisa est tempore Friðestan, unam tenuit Friðestan, et alteram Ædelstan, postea Oda. Deinde in .iii^es^. parrochias divisa est, Wiltunensis, et Willensis, et Cridiensis aecclesiae.

*Nomina episcoporum Scireburnensis æcclesiæ.* Eldhelm, Fordhere, Herewald, Æðelmod, Cenefrið, Sigbriht, Ealhstan,

Heahmund, Æðelheah, Wulfsige, Asser, Æðelweard, Waerstan, Æðelbald, Sigelm, Ælfred, Wulfsige, Alfwold, Æþelsige.

*Nomina episcoporum Uuiltunensis.* Æðelstan, Oda .iii. Ælrici, Osolf, Ælfstan, Wulfgar, Sigericus dei amicus.

*Nomina Uuillensis æcclesiæ.* Aðelm, Wulfhelm, Ælfheah .ii., Wulfhelm, Brihthelm, Kynewerd, Sigegar.

*Nomina episcoporum Cridiensis æcclesiæ.* Eadulf, Æðelgar, Ælfwold, Sideman, Ælfric, Alfwold.

*Nomina episcoporum Uuicciorum æcclesiæ,* Sexwulf, Bosel, Estfor, Ecwine, Wilfriþ, Hildred, Wærmund, Gilhere, Heaðered.

*Nomina episcoporum provincie Merciorum.* Primus in provincia Merciorum et Lindisfarorum ac Mediterraneorum Anglorum episcopus, Diuma, Cellaham, Trumhere de natione Anglorum, Bearomon, Tedda, Ginfriþ, Seaxwulf. Postea vero in .v. parrochias dividitur post Sexwulfum provincia Merciorum, duos episcopus habuit Headdan et Uulfridum, postea Wilfriþ electus et Headda præfatus regebant ambas parrochias, deinde Ealdwine qui et Uuor nominabatur. Iterum divisa est in duas parrochias. Torhthelm, Eadberht, Enpona, Terenbyrht, Teðhum, Ealdred, Ceoldred, Hwita, Cemele, Cuðfriþ, Berthun, Sigeberht, Aldulwulf, Herewine, Aðelwald, Humberht, Kynefyrð.

*Nomina episcoporum.*(sic) Putta, Torhelm, Torhthere, Ealhstod, Cuðberht, Dodda, Acca, Ceadda, Aldberht, Esne, Ceolmund, Utel, Uulfheard, Peonna, Eadwulf.

*Nomina episcoporum Lindisfarorum.* Eadheah, Æðelwine, Eadgar, Cynebyrht, Alowig, Ealdwulf, Ceolwulf, Eadwulf, Byrhstred, Leofwine, Ælfnoð, Æscwig.

*Nomina episcoporum Orientalium Saxonum.* Felix, Thomas, Beorhtgils, Bisi. Postea in .ii$^{as}$. parrochias dividitur. [. .]eadwine, Roðberht, Haðelac, Æðelfriþ, Eanfriþ, Aþelwulf, Alhheard, Sibba, Hunferð, Hunberht, Æcce, Æscwulf, Eadred, Guðwine, Alberht, Ecglaf, Heardred, Ælfhun, Widfriþ, Wærmund, Wilred, Aðulf, Ælfric, ðeodred.

*Nomina episcoporum gentis Norðan-Hymbrorum.* Primus Paulinus, a Justo archiepiscopo ordinatus. Aðan, Lines, Colmann, Luda. Postea in duas parrochias dividitur. Ceadda Eboracensi æcclesiæ ordinatum Wilfriþ Hagstaldensie ordinatus depositoque Wilfriðo a rege Ecfriðo Eata pro eo ordinem episcopus Hagstaldensie, pro Ceaddan Bosa Eboracensi, Defuncto Iatan Johannes pro eo, post longum vero exilium Wilfriþ iterum in episcopatu receptus est et idem Johannæ (sic) defuncto Eboraci substitutus.

*Nomina episcoporum Eboracensi* (sic) *aecclesiae.* Wilfriδ, Ecberht, Coena, Eanbald, Wulfsige, Wimund.

*Nomina episcoporum Haustaldensis æcclesiæ.* Acca, Friδeberht, Alhmund, Gilberht, Æδelberht, Heardred, Eanberht.

*Nomina episcoporum Lindisfarorum.* Aidan, Finan, Colman, Eata, Cuδberht, Eanberht, Eadfriδ, Kynewulf, Sigebald, Ecberht.

*Nomina episcoporum aecclesiae quæ dicitur Casa Candiona.* Penthelm, Froδowald, Hehtwine, Æδelberht, Eadwulf.

cccc. xc. iiii. Cerdic .xiii., Cyneric .xxiii., Ceaulic .xvii., Ceol .v., Ceolwulf .xiiii., Cynegils, primus christianus, .xxxxi., Cenwalh .xxxi., Sexburh .i. annum, Æscwine .ii., Centwine .ix., Ceadwalla .iii., Ine .xxxvii., Æþelheard .xiiii., Cuδred .xvi., Sigebryht .i., Cynewulf .xxxii., Byrhtric .xvi., Ecgbyrht .xxxvii. ⁊ .vii. monδ., Æþelwulf .xix. healf gear, Aþelbald .v., Æþelbyrht .v., Æδered .v., Ælfred xxix. ⁊ .vii. monδ, Eadweard .xxv., Æþelstan .xiiii. ⁊ .vii. wucan, Eadmund .vii. healf gear, Eadred .x. healf gear, Eadwig .iiii. butan .vii. ucan, Eadgar .xvi., Eadweard .iii., Æþelred.

*Haec sunt genealogie per partes Brittannie regum regnantium per diversa loca Norδhymbrorum.*

Eadwine Ællinc, Ælle Yffinc, Yffe Uuscfreaing, Uuscfrea Uuilgilsing, Uuilgilsing Uueosterwalding, Uuestorualcna Seomling, Seomel Sæfulfing, Sæfugul Sæbalding, Sæbald Siggeoting, Siggeot Suæbdæging, Swæbdæg Siggaring, Siggar Uuægdæging, Uuægdæg Uuoddenning, Uuoden Frealafing.

Ecgfriδ Osweoing, Oswio Æþelfriδing, Æδelfriδ Æþelricing, Æþelric Iding, Oda Eopping, Eoppa Eosing, Eosa Æþelberhting, Æþelberht Angelgeoting, Angelgeot Alusing, Alusa Ingebranding, Ingebrand Wægbranding, Wægbrand Beornicing, Beornic Bældæging, Bældæg Wodning, Woden Frealafing.

Ceolwulf Cuδwinning, Cuδwine Leodwalding, Leodwald Ecgwalding, Ecgwald Eadelming, Eadelm Ocgting, Ocg Iding. Eadberht Eating, Eata Leodwalding.

*Item Norδan Hymbrorum.* Alhred Eanwining, Eanwine Byrnhoming, Byrnhom Bofing, Bofa Blæchomning, Blæcmon Eadricing, Eadric Iding.

*Ida regnavit decem annos,* Clapba .i., Odda .viii., Æþelric .vii., δeodred .vii., Osred .xi., Teonred .ii., Osric .xi., Seolwulf .xi., Eadberht .xxi., Oswulf .i., Aþelwald .vi., Alhred .viii., Æδelred .iii., Alfwold .x., Osred .i., Item, Æþelred .vii.

*Penda regnavit annos .xxi.* Peada .i., Wulfhere .xvii., Æþelred .xxviiii., Cenred .v., Ceolred .vii., Aþelbald .xli.

*Item.* Offa .xxxix., Freoðwald .vii., Fussa .vii., Æþelfriþ .xxviii., Eadwine .xvii., et sextus christianus, Oswald .viii., Osweo .xxviii., Ecgfriþ .xv., Aldfriþ .xx., Ecgfriþ .cli. dies, Cenwulf, Ceolwulf, Beornwulf.

*Item Merciorum.* Aþelbald Alewing, Alewig Eoping, Eopa Pybbing. Æþelred Pending, Penda Pybbing, Pybba Creoding, Creoda Cynewalding, Cynewald Cnebbing, Cnebba Icling, Icel Eomering, Eomer Angelgeoting, Angelgeot Offing, Offa Wærmunding, Wærmund Wihtlæging, Wihtlæg Weoðogeoting, Weoðogeot Woding, Woden Frealafing. Ecgfriþ Offing, Offa þingferðing, þingferð Eanwulfing, Eanwulf Osmoding, Osmod Eowing, Eowa Wybbing. Cenwulf Cuðbrihting, Cuðbriht Baffing, Baffa Ceonrowing, Cynreow Centwining, Centwine Cuðwaling, Cuðwalh Cenwaling, Cenwalh Pybbing.

*Item.* Aldfriþ Eating, Eata Eanferðing, Eanferð Bisceoping, Bisceop Beding, Beda Bubbing, Bubba Cædbæding, Cædbæd Cwædgilsing, Cwædgils Cretting, Cretta Winding, Winta Wodning, Woden Frealafing, Frealaf Freoðowulfing, Freoðowulf Finning, Finn Godwulfing, Godwulf Eating.

Æðelberht Wihtreding, Wihtred Ecgberhting, Ecgberht Ærconberhting, Ærconbyrht Eadbalding, Eadbald Æðelberhting, Æðelberht Eormricing, Eormric Oesing, Oese Ocging, Ocga Hengesting, Hengest Witanging, Witta Wihtgilsing, Wihtgils Wægdæging, Wægdæg Woding, Woden Frealafing.

*Item.* Alfwald Aldwulfing, Ældwulf Æðelricing, Æþelric Ening, Eni Tytling, Tytla Wuffing, Wuffa Wehhing, Wehh Wilhelming, Wilhelm Hrypping, Hryp Hroðmunding, Hroðmund Trigling, Trygil Tytmaning, Tytman Casericg, Caser Wodning, Woden Frealafincg.

Yne Cenreding, Cenred Ceolwalding, Ceolwald Cuðulfing, Cuðwulf Cuðwining, Cuðwine Celing, Celin Cynricing, Cynric Creoding, Creoda Cerdicing, Cerdic Alucing, Aluca Giwising, Giwis Branding, Brand Bældæging, Bældæg Wodning, Woden Frealafing.

*Haec sunt genealogiae regum Occidentalium Saxonum.*

Eadweard ȝ Eadmund ȝ Æðelred æðelingas syndon, Eadgares suna cyninges. Eadgar Eadmunding, Eadmund Eadwerding, Eadweard Ælfreding, Ælfred Aþolfing, Aþulf Ecgbyrhting, Ecgbriht Ealhmunding, Ealhmund Eauing, Eaua

Eopping, Eoppa Ingelding. Ingeld wæs Ines broðor West-seaxna cyninges, ȝ he heold rice .vii. ȝ .xxx. wintra, ȝ he ge-timbrade þ beorhte mynster æt Glæstinga-byrig, ȝ æfter þam fyrde to sce' Petres, ȝ þær his feorh asealde ȝ on sibbe ge-rest, ȝ hi begen broðra wæron Cenredes suna. Cenred wæs Ceolwalding, Ceolwald Cuðing, Cuþa Cuðwining, Cuðwine Ceawlining, Ceawlin Cynricing, Cynric Creoding, Creoda Cynricing, (sic) Cerdic Elesing, Elesa Esling, Esla Gewisling, Gewis Wiging, Wig Freawining, Freawine Freoðegaring, Freoðegar Branding, Brand Bældæging, Bældæg Wodening, Woden Frealafing, Frealaf Finning, Finn Godulfing, Godulf Eating, Eat Beawing, Beaw Scealdwaging, Scealwa Heremoding, Heremod Itermanning, Iterman Haðraing, Haðra Bedwiging, Bedwig Sceafing. Se Scef wæs Noés sunu, ȝ he wæs innan þære earce ge-boren. Noe wæs Lameches sunu, Lameh Maþusalemys, Maðusalem wæs Enoches, Enoh, Lared, Malalehel, Caino, Enos, et Ada, primus homo, et pater omnium qui est Christus.

Heingils, Wealhstod, Coengils, Beorhtwald, Cealdhun, Luca, Wiccea, Bosa, Stiðheard, Herefyrð, Hunbeorht, Andhun, Guðlac, Cuðred, Ecgwulf, Dunstan, Ælfric, Sigegar, Ælfweard.

*Wrt.*

## A POETICAL LETTER.

**From MS. Harl. 2399, fol. 64, v°. of the fifteenth century. Very carelessly written.**

Worschefulle brother, and ever thu mynde,
Beyth noth dysplesyd that y wolle say;
To yow, my broder, bothe gentyl and kynd,
Ÿ recommende me bothe nyth and day!

Yowre wellefare y pray God encresse,
And kepe yow ever out of wo,—
Thys schal y pray and never cesse!
Now doth ye the same alsoo.

ȝe now duellyng yn your jolyté,
Commend me to alle good frendys;
Y thanke God y am yn prosperyté
Now, yn magyr of alle myn enmys.

And yn specyal, above alle odyr,
Yn consyl to yow y ther welle say,
Jenyt R. and hyr good moder,
But now ys alle the worlle y-tornyd away

Alsoe my doster y may welle say,
Whatever men telle byhynd my backe,
Brother, hit ys no lasse, by my fay;
Y pray yow therfore nothynge hyre lack.

No more but a letter wold y se,
Of gentylnys wryte of your honde,
With alle the new tydynges of the contré,
But ever be y schal hym onderstonde.

*Hllll.*

## SATIRE ON THE PEOPLE OF KILDARE.

By Friar Michael of Kildare, from MS. Harl. No. 913, fol. 7, v°. written in Ireland, about the year 1308. See an account of the MS. in Mr. Crofton Croker's Popular Songs of Ireland, pp. 282—287.

Hail, seint Michel with the lange sper,
Fair beth thi winges up thi scholder,
Thou hast a rede kirtil anon to thi fote,
Thou ert best angle that ever God makid.
This vers is ful well i-wroȝt,
Hit is of wel furre y-broȝt.

Hail, seint Cristofre with thi lang stake,
Thou ber ur loverd Jhesu Crist over the brod lake;
Mani grete kunger swimmeth abute thi fete,
Hou mani hering to peni at West Chep in London.
This vers is of holi writte;
Hit com of noble witte.

Seint Mari bastard, the Maudleinis sone,
To be wel i-clothid wel was thi wone;
Thou berist a box on thi hond i-peintid al of gold,
Woned thou wer to be hend, ȝive us sum of thi spicis.
This vers is makid wel,
Of consonans and wowel.

Hail, seint Domnik with thi lang staffe,
Hit is at the ovir end crokid as a gaffe:
Thou berist a bok on thi bak, ic wen hit is a bible;
Thoȝ thou be a gode clerk, be thou noȝt to heiȝ.
Trie rime la God hit wote.
Soch an othir an erthe I note.

Hail, seint Franceis with thi mani foulis,
Kites and crowis, revenes and oules,
Fure and .xx.ti wildges and a poucok;
Mani bold begger siwith thi route.

This vers is ful wel i-sette,
Swithe furre hit was i-vette.

Hail be ȝe, freris, with the white copis,
ȝe habbith a hus at Drochda war men makith ropis;
Evir ȝe beth roilend the londis al a-boute,
Of the watir daissers ȝe robbith the churchis.
Maister he was swithe gode,
That this sententе understode.

Hail be ȝe, gilmins, with ȝur blake gunes,
ȝe levith the wildirnis and fillith the tunis,
Menur with-oute and prechur with-inne,
ȝur abite is of gadering, that is mochil schame.
Sleilich is this vers i-seid,
Hit wer harme adun i-leiid.

Hail, ȝe holi monkes, with ȝur corrin,
Late and rathe i-fillid of ale and wine,
Depe cun ȝe bouse, that is al ȝure care,
With seint Benetis scurge lome ȝe disciplineth.
Taketh hed al to me,
That this is sleche ȝe mow wel se.

Hail be ȝe, nonnes of seint Mari house,
Goddes bourmaidnes and his owen spouse,
Ofte mistredith ȝe ȝur schone, ȝur fete beth ful tendre,
Datheit the sotter that tawith ȝure lethir.
Swith wel ȝe understode,
That makid this ditee so gode.

Hail be ȝe, prestis, with ȝur brode bokes,
Thoȝ ȝur crune be i-schave, fair beth ȝur crokes;
ȝow and other lewidmen deleth bot a houve,
Whan ȝe delith holi-brede, ȝive me botte a litil.
Sickirlich he was a clerk,
That wrothete this craftilich werk.

Hail be ȝe, marchans, with ȝur gret packes,
Of draperie, avoir-de-peise, and ȝur wol sackes,
Gold, silver, stones, riche markes, and ek pundes;
Litil ȝive ȝe therof to the wrech pover.
Sleiȝ he was and fūl of witte,
That this lore put in writte.

Hail be ȝe, tailurs, with ȝur scharpe schores,
To make wronge hodes ȝe kittith lome gores;
Aȝens midwinter hote beth ȝur neldes,
Thoȝ ȝur semes semith fair, hi lestith litil while.
The clerk that this baston wrowȝte,
Wel he woke and slepe riȝte nowȝte.

Hail be ȝe, sutters, with ȝour mani lestes,
With ȝour blote hides of selcuth bestis,
And trobles and treisuses, bothevampe and alles;
Blak and lothlich beth ȝur teth, hori was that route.
Nis this bastun wel i-piȝte,
Euch word him sitte a-riȝte.

Hail be ȝe, skinners, with ȝure drenche kive,
Who so smillith ther to, wo is him alive;
Whan that hit thonnerith, ȝe mote ther in schite;
Datheit ȝur curteisie, ȝe stinketh al the strete.
Worth hit wer that he wer king,
That ditid this trie thing.

Hail be ȝe, potters, with ȝur bole-ax,
Fair beth ȝur barmhatres, ȝolow beth ȝur fax;
ȝe stondith at the sthamil, brod ferlich bernes;
Fleiis ȝow folowithe, ȝe swolowith y-now.
The best clark of al this tun,
Craftfullich makid this bastun.

Hail be ȝe, bakers, with ȝur lovis smale,
Of white bred and of blake, ful mani and fale;
ȝe pincheth on the riȝt white aȝen Goddes law,
To the fair pillori ich rede ȝe tak hede.
This vers is i-wrowȝte so welle,
That no tung i-wis mai telle.

Hail be ȝe, brewesters, with ȝur galuns,
Potels and quarters, over al the tounes;
ȝur thowmes berith moch awai, schame hab the gyle;
Beth i-war of the coking-stole, the lak is dep and hori.
Sickerlich he was a clerk,
That so sleilich wroȝte this werk.

Hail be ȝe, hokesters, dun bi the lake,
With candles and golokes and the pottes blak,
Tripis and kine fete and schepen hevedes;
With the hori tromcheri hori is ȝure inne.
He is sori of his lif,
That is fast to such a wif.

Fi a debles kaites that kemith the wolle,
Al the schindes of the croun(?) a heiȝ opon ȝur sculle,
ȝe makid me sech a goshorne over al the wowes,
Ther-for ich makid on of ȝou sit opon a hechil.
He was noble clerk and gode,
That this dep lore understode.

Makith glad, mi frendis, ȝe sittith to long stille;
Spekith now, and gladieth, and drinketh al ȝur fille;
ȝe habbeth i-hird of men lif that wonith in lond;
Drinkith dep, and makith glade, ne hab ȝe non other nede.
This song is y-seid of me,
Ever i-blessid mote ȝe be!

*Wrt.*

## A LULLABY.

From the same manuscript as the preceding, fol. 32, r°.

Lollai, .l., litil child, whi wepistou so sore?
Nedis mostou wepe, hit was i-ȝarkid the ȝore,
Ever to lib in sorow, and sich and mourne evere,
As thin eldren did er this, whil hi a-lives were.
Lollai, litil child, child, lolai, lullow,
In to uncuth world i-commen so ertow.

Bestis and thos foules, the fisses in the flode,
And euch schef a-lives, makid of bone and blode,
Whan hi commith to the world, hi doth ham silf sum gode,
Al bot the wrech brol that is of Adamis blode.
Lollai, .l., litil child, to kar ertou be-mette,
Thou nost noȝt this worldis wild bi-for the is i-sette.

Child, if be-tidith that thou ssalt thrive and the,
Thench thou wer i-fostred up thi moder kne;
Ever hab mund in thi hert of thos thinges thre,
Whan thou commist, whan thou art, and what ssal com of the.
Lollai, .l., litil child, child, lollai, lollai,
With sorow thou com into this world, with sorow ssalt wend awai.

Ne tristou to this world, hit is thi ful ro;
The rich he makith pover, the pore rich also;
Hit turneth wo to wel, and ek wel to wo;
Ne trist no man to this world, whil hit turnith so.
Lollai, .l., litil child, the fote is in the whele,
Thou nost whoder turne to wo other wele.

Child, thou ert a pilgrim in wikidnis i-bor,
Thou wandrest in this fals world, thou lok the bifor;
Deth ssal com with a blast ute of a wel dim horre,
Adamis kin dun to cast, him silf hath i-do be-for.
Lollai, .l., litil child, so wo the worth Adam,
In the lond of Paradis, throȝ wikidnes of Satan.

Child, thou nert a pilgrim, bot an uncuthe gist,
Thi dawes beth i-told, thi jurneis beth i-cast;
Whoder thou salt wend, north, other est,
Deth the sal be-tide, with bitter bale in brest.
Lolla, .l., litil chil, this wo Adam the wroȝt,
Whan he of the appil ete, and Eve hit him betach.

*Wrt.*

## CHARACTERISTICS OF TOWNS.

From MS. Trin. Coll. Cambridge, O. 9. 38, written in the fifteenth century.

*Londonus.*

Hæc sunt Londonis, pira pomaque, regia, thronus,
Chepp-stupha, coklana, dolum, leo, verbaque vana,
Lancea cum scutis, hæc sunt staura cuntutis.

*Eboracus.*

Capitulum, kekus, porcus, fimus, Eboracus,
Stal, nel, lamprones, kelc et melc, salt, salamones,
Ratus, cum petys, hæc sunt staura cuntetis.

*Lincoln.*

Hæc sunt Lincolnæ, bow, bolt, et bellia bolne,
Ad monstrum scala, rosa bryghta, nobilis ala,
Et bubulus flatus, hæc sunt staura cuntatis.

*Norwycus.*

Hæc sunt Norwycus, panis ordeus, halpeny-pykys,
Clausus posticus, domus Habrahæ, dyrt quoque vicus,
Flynt valles, rede thek, cuntatis optima sunt hæc.

*Coventriæ.*

Contreye mirum, sopanedula, tractaque wyrum,
Et carmen notum, nova stipula, pedula totum,
Cardones mille, hæc sunt insignia villæ.

*Brystoll.*

Hæc sunt Brystollys, bladelys, doȝelys quoque bollys,
Burges, negones, karinæ, clocheriaque, chevones,
Webbys cum rotis, hæc sunt staura cuntotis,

*Cantuariæ.*

Hæc sunt Cantorum juga, dogmata, bal baculorum,
Et princeps tumba, bel, brachia, fulsaque plumba,
Et syserem potus, hæc sunt staura cuntotis.

*Wrt.*

## EPITAPH ON A BALLAD-MAN.

From MS. Harl. 665, fol. 294, of the fifteenth century.

Here lyeth under this marbyll ston,
Riche Alane, the ballid man;
Whether he be safe or noght,
I reche never, for he ne roght!

*Hlll.*

## SONG ON ATHELSTAN'S VICTORY OVER THE DANES AT BRUNANBURH,

AND PRAYER BEFORE THE BATTLE.

From MS. Cotton. Nero. A. II. fol. 8, v°. written in a bold Saxon hand contemporary, or nearly so, with the event (A. D. 938). The song (or fragment) appears to have been taken down from recitation by an ignorant scribe, and is hopelessly corrupt.

Carta dirige gressus
per maris et navium
tellurisque spatum
ad reges palatum.

Regem primum salute
reginem et clitanum
clarus quoque commitis
militis armieros.

Quorum regem cum Æþelstanum
ista per fecta Saxonia
vivit rex Æþelstanum
per fecta gloriosa.

Ille Sictric defuntum
armatum in prelia
Saxonum exercitum
per totum Bryttanium.

Constantinus rex Scottorum
et velum Bryttannium
salvando regis Saxonum
fideles servitia.

Dixit rex Æþelstanus
per Petri preconia
sint sani sint longe
in Salvatoris gratia.

Domine Deus omnipotens, rex regum et dominus dominantium, in cujus manu omnis victoria consistit, et omne bellum conteritur, concede mihi ut tua manus cor meum corroboret, ut in virtute tua in manibus viribusque meis bene pugnare viriliterque agere valeam, ut inimici mei in conspectu meo cadent et corruant, sicut corruit Golias ante faciem pueri tui David, et sicut populus Pharaonis coram Moysi in Mare Rubro, et sicut Philistim coram populo Israhel ceciderunt, et Amalech coram Moysi et Chananei coram Jesu corruerunt, sic cadant inimici mei sub pedibus meis, et per viam unam conveniant adversum me, et per septem fugiant a me, et conteret Deus arma eorum, et confringet framea eorum, et eliquisce in conspectu meo sicut cera a facie ignis, ut sciant omnes populi terre quia invocatum nomen Domini nostri Jhesu super me, et magnificetur nomen tuum, Domine, in adversariis meis, Domine Deus Israel.

*Wrt.*

## CATALOGUE OF THE LIBRARY OF THE MONASTERY OF RIEVAUX.

Written in the fourteenth century, from a MS. in the library of Jesus College, Cambridge, N. B. 17.

*Hi sunt libri sancte Marie Rievall'.*

A. Codex Justiniani.
Decreta Graciani.
Johannes super decreta.
Haymo super epistolas Pauli.

B. Augustinus de civitate Dei, in uno volumine.
Augustinus super Johannem, in uno volumine.
Augustinus super Psalterium, in quinque voluminibus.
Augustinus de decem preceptis, de gratia et libero arbitrio, et epistola Prosperi ad Augustinum, et epistola Hylarii ad Augustinum, et Augustinus de predestinatione sanctorum, de bono perseverantie, et Augustinus super Genesim contra Manicheos, in uno volumine.
Augustinus de sermone Domini in monte, et de natura et gratia, et epistola ejusdem ad Valentinum, in uno volumine.
Augustinus de quantitate anime, et Ambrosius de bono mortis et de fuga seculi et de viduis, in uno volumine.
Augustinus de perfectione justicie, de correptione et gratia, et Dominus vobiscum, in uno volumine.
Augustinus de caritate, et retractationes ejusdem, in uno volumine.

Augustinus de duabus animabus, de disciplina Christianorum, de decem cordis, regula ejusdem de vita clericorum, de nuptiis et concupiscentia, et Augustinus contra Julianum, et contra duas epistolas Pelagianorum, et de sancta virginitate, in uno volumine.

*Augustinus ad Simplicianum contra Pelagium, in uno volumine, et alia.*

C. Augustinus contra Faustum, in uno volumine.

Augustinus de trinitate, in uno volumine.

Augustinus de confessionibus, in uno volumine.

Augustinus de verbis Domini, in uno volumine.

Augustinus super Genesim ad litteram, et versus Damasippe, in uno volumine.

Epistole Augustini, et Augustinus contra interrogationes Pelagii heretici, in uno volumine.

Augustinus de penitentia, et unde malum, et de libero arbitrio, et contra quinque hereses, et de bono conjugali, et pars quedam de perfectione justicie, et Hugo de archa Noe, in uno volumine.

Augustinus de baptismo parvulorum, et ad Marcellinum, et de unico baptismo, de spiritu et littera, et ad Paulinum, et Yponosticon, et contra Pelagianos, et de moribus ecclesie, et contra epistolam Manichei, et Augustinus de cura per mortem agenda, in uno volumine.

Augustinus de doctrina christiana, in uno volumine.

Augustinus contra mendacium, et ad Renatum de origine anime contra libros Vincentii, et ad Petrum contra libros ejusdem Vincentii, et ad Vincentium Victorem, et contra perfidiam Arrianorum, et contra adversarios legis et prophetarum, et liber bestiarum, et epistole Anselmi, in uno volumine.

Augustinus de consensu Evangelistarum, et duo sermones ejusdem de jure-jurando, in uno volumine.

Soliloquia Augustini.

*Augustinus contra achademicos, et de ordine monachorum.*

D. Bernardus super cantica canticorum, in uno volumine.

Libri Bernardi, expositio scilicet super evangelium, missus est angelus Gabriel, et de gradibus humilitatis et superbie, et de distincta varietate monastice discipline, et de gratia et libero arbitrio et diligendo Dominum, et exhortatio ejusdem ad milites templi, et libellus ejusdem ad Eugenium Papam, in uno volumine.

Sermones Bernardi per anni circulum, in uno volumine.

Item, Bernardus de gratia et libero arbitrio, et liber ejusdem

ad Ascelinum cardinalem de diligendo Dominum, et versus Hildeberti de missa, in uno volumine.

Item, Bernardus de diligendo Dominum, et sentencia ejus de trinitate, et de presciencia, de sacramento altaris, de quibusdam sacramentis fidei, in uno volumine.

Epistole Bernardi, in uno volumine.

Anselmus, cur Deus homo, de conceptu virginali, de monte humilitatis, de reparatione humane redemptionis, expositio evangelii, Intravit Jesus in quoddam castro, et vita ejusdem, et Wimundus de copore Domini contra Berengarium, in uno volumine.

Libri Anselmi de incarnatione verbi, Monologion, Prosologion ejusdem, et contra ejusdem libri secundum et tertium et quartum capita oppositio cujusdam et responsio illius, epistola ad Walerannum episcopum, tractatus illius de veritate, tractatus illius de libero arbitrio, de casu diaboli, de concordia prescientie et predestinationis et gratie cum libero arbitrio, de similitudinibus, de gramatico, in uno volumine.

Ailredus de spirituali amicitia, et de institutione inclusarum, in uno volumine.

Liber sermonum illius qui sic incipit, Petis a me, etc., in uno volumine.

Ailredus de oneribus Ysaie, in uno volumine.

Ailredus de vita sancti Edwardi, de generositate et moribus et morte Regis David, de vita sancti Niniani episcopi, de miraculis Haugustaldensis ecclesie, in uno volumine.

Epistole Ailredi, in uno volumine.

Ailredus de anima, in uno volumine.

Speculum caritatis.

Epistole Romanorum pontificum, in uno volumine.

Epistole Cypriani, in uno volumine.

*Alredus de fasciculo frondium.*

E. Origenes super vetus testamentum, in duobus voluminibus.

Rabanus super Matheum, in uno volumine.

Haimo super epistolas Pauli, in uno volumine.

Josephus de antiquitate, in uno volumine.

Josephus de Judaico bello, et Ailredus de generositate regis David, in uno volumine.

Sentencie magistri Petri Lumbardi, in uno volumine.

F. Moralia beati Gregorii Pape in Job, in quinque voluminibus.

Gregorius super Ezechielem, in uno volumine.

Liber pastoralis, et liber de tribus generibus homicidii, et liber de conflictu viciorum et virtutum, in uno volumine.
Liber dialogorum beati Gregorii, in uno volumine.
Liber quadraginta omeliarum, in uno volumine.
Prima pars registri, et Augustinus de vera religione, et Marsias, in uno volumine.
Secunda pars registri, et liber de scientia dictandi, in uno volumine.
*De summa trinitate et fide catholica.*
Robertus super Apocalipsim, in uno volumine.
Liber sermonum, et quedam excerpta de libris Justiniani, et bestiarium, in uno volumine.

G. Ambrosius super Lucam, in uno volumine.
Ambrosius super Beati immaculati, in uno volumine.
Ambrosius de officiis et de sacramentis, in uno volumine.
Epistole Ambrosii, in uno volumine.
Ambrosius de virginibus, et de Nabuthe, et sermo ejus de jejunio, et libellus Ricardi Prioris de Benjamin et fratribus ejus, de quibusdam partibus mundi, de septem mirabilibus Rome, de quinque plagis Anglie, in uno volumine.
Ambrosius be bono mortis, de fuga seculi, de viduis, Exameron ejusdem, de penitentia, et Cassiodorus de virtutibus anime, in uno volumine.
Prima pars Ysidori ethimologiarum, et expositio libri Donati grammatici et quedam derivationes per alphabetum inchoantes, et regule versificandi, in uno volumine.
Secunda pars Ysidori ethimologiarum, et Ysidorus de quibusdam propriis nominibus veteris ac novi testamenti et eorum significationibus, et libellus Ysidori qui Synonima appellatur, in uno volumine.
Johannes Crisostomus super psalmum quinquagintesimum, de muliere Chananea, de reparatione lapsi, Augustinus super mulierem fortem, et vita duorum presbiterorum, Augustinus de duodecim abusivis, et miraculum de corpore et sanguine Domini, et Beda super Tobiam, et Ysidorus de summo bono et diversis virtutibus, in uno volumine.
Liber Beati Gregorii Nazianzeni, in uno volumine.
Paralipomenon glosatum, et quedam expositiuncule super epistolas Pauli, et sermones Babionis, in uno volumine.
Laurentius de consolatione amicitie, et quedam decreta patrum, et ysagoge Johannicii, in uno volumine.
Epistole Senece, in uno volumine.
Sermones Mauricii, qui sic incipiunt, Festum super festum, in uno volumine.

Vigniti octo sermones sancti Bernardi super cantica canticorum, in uno volumine.

H. Hugo de sacramentis, in duobus voluminibus.

Hugo de contemptu mundi, soliloquium ejusdem de arra anime, item, de virginitate sancte Marie, solutio ejusdem cur non fiat conjugium inter eundem sexum, et didascalion ejusdem, in uno volumine.

Tractatus Hugonis, et miracula de corpore et sanguine Domini, in uno volumine.

Hugo super Ecclesiasten, et liber ecclesiasticorum dogmatum Gennadii, et eulogium magistri Johannis de Cornubia, in uno volumine.

Pannormia Yvonis Carnotensis episcopi, in uno volumine.

Item Pannormia Yvonis, et epistole Dindimi et Alexandri, et epistola domini Baldwini abbatis de Forda, et sermo de sancto Thoma et sancto Willelmo, et salubrius admonitio cujusdam sapientis quomodo de Deo et de anima rudibus et minus peritis caute loquendum sit, in uno volumine.

*Sentencie Hugonis.*

Epistole Yvonis, et epistole Hildeberti episcopi Cenomannensis, in uno volumine.

Hugo super Iherarchiam, in uno volumine.

Robertus super Matheum, in uno volumine.

Robertus super Leviticum, sermo magistri Roberti Pullani de omnibus Christiane vite necessariis, libellus Ricardi Prioris de Benjamin et fratribus ejus, regula sancti Basilii, in uno volumine.

Epistole Mauricii, in uno volumine.

Libri Mauricii, scilicet, specula monastice religionis, et apologia ejusdem, et itinerarium pacis, et rithmus ejusdem, et de translatione coporis Santi Cuthberti, in uno volumine.

Lapidarium, et quidam sermones et sentencie et compilaciones, in uno volumine.

I. Beda super Lucam, in uno volumine.

Beda super Marcum, in uno volumine.

Beda de tabernaculo, in uno volumine.

Beda de ystoria Anglorum, in uno volumine.

Beda de temporibus, cum quibusdam cronicis ejus, in uno volumine.

Beda de triginta questionibus, et super Esdram, in uno volumine.

Beda super Samuelem, in uno volumine.

Beda super epistolas canonicas, et super cantica canticorum, in uno volumine.

Beda de vita Sancti Cuthberti, et Cuthbertus de transitu sancti Bede, in uno volumine.
Libri de littera Anglica duo.

K. Hystoria ecclesiastica, in uno volumine.
Historia Egesippi, in uno volumine.
Historia Henrici, in uno volumine.
Historia de Jerusalem, in uno volumine.
Historia Britonum, in uno volumine.
Itinerarium Clementis, in uno volumine.
Sermones Magistri Gaufridi Babionis, et expositio in Johel prophetam et in Naum prophetam, in uno volumine.
Orosius de ormesta mundi, historia Daretis de bello Trojano, et versus Petri Abailardi ad filium, et cronica de Anglia, in uno volumine.
Libri Aldelmi, quedam nomina et verba de libro capitulorum, Hugo de Folieto de claustro materiali, item, de claustro anime, invectio Solomonis, in uno volumine.
Expositio evangelii, Dixit Symon Petrus ad Jesum, sermo de labore sanctorum et mercede, sermo de novem mensibus conceptionis et octo diebus circumcisionis Christi, sermo de sancto Pascha, collectiones sententiarum et meditacionum, tractatus super quedam capitula de cantica canticorum, manipulus rerum et verborum, in uno volumine.
Expositio super cantica canticorum, Ambrosius super cantica canticorum, expositio super Prisciani octo constructiones, expositio super Apocalipsim, item, expositio super cantica canticorum, glose Boecii, et expositio brevis super quosdam psalmos, in uno volumine.
Johannes super decreta Gratiani, in uno volumine.
Corpus canonum, in uno volumine.
Matheus glosatus, in uno volumine.
Actus apostolorum glosati, in uno volumine.
Boecius de Trinitate, liber Catonis, passio sancti Laurentii, proverbia de libris poetarum, vita sancte Marie Egiptie, Hildebertus de edificio anime, item versus ejusdem, quidam hymni, Odo de viribus herbarum, Marbodeus de generibus lapidum, passio sancti Mauricii, vita Taisidis et alii versus, cosmographia Bernardi Silvestris, passio sancti Thome, et alii versus et dictamina, in uno volumine.
Versarium de libris Ethnicorum, passio sancti Laurencii, argorismus, in uno volumine.

L. Vitas patrum, vita sancti Guthlaci, liber qui dicitur formula vite honeste, in uno volumine.
Vita sancti Godrici heremite, in uno volumine.
Johannes Heremita in decem collationes, in uno volumine.
Libri quatuordecim collationum, in uno volumine.
Prosperus de vita activa et contemplatione, et diadema monachorum, in uno volumine.
Liber Odonis, in uno volumine.
Expositiuncula super vetus et novum testamentum, et quedam gesta in ecclesia pro passione Domini, Augustinus super psalmos, et alie compilationes, et regula splendescit, in uno volumine.
Liber Heraclidis episcopi qui dicitur paradisus, et persecutio Affricane provicie, in uno volumine.
Sentencie Magistri Walteri que sic incipiunt, Ferculum sibi fecit salvatio, in uno volumine.
Sentencie que sic incipiunt, Dum medium silentium, in uno volumine.
Regula Johannis Cassiani, in uno volumine.
Psalterium glosatum domini Ailredi abbatis, in uno volumine.
Psalterium glosatum domini Ernaldi abbatis, in uno volumine.
Psalterium magistri Walteri glosatum, in uno volumine.
Psalterium Huroldi glosatum, in uno volumine.
Psalterum Radulfi Barun glosatum, in uno volumine.
Psalterium Symonis de Sigillo glosatum, in uno volumine.
Psalterium parvum de probatorio glosatum, in uno volumine.
Psalterium Gaufridi Dinant non glosatum, in uno volumine.
Psalterium Fulconis non glosatum, in uno volumine.
Psalterium Willelmi de Rotelando non glosatum, in uno volumine.
Psalterium Ieronimi, quod fuit Willelmi de Berking', in uno volumine.

M. Liber Justiniani de legibus, in uno volumine.
Liber medicinalis qui appellatur antidotarium, in uno volumine.
Ysagoge Johannicii, in uno volumine.
Priscianus magnus, in uno volumine.
Priscianus de constructionibus, in uno volumine.
Bernardus de duodecim gradibus humilitatis, sermones et sentencie utilissime, apologeticum sancti Bernardi, interpretationes Hebraicorum nominum, in uno volumine.

Sermones sancti Bernardi qui sic incipiunt, sancti per fidem, et alie quedam sentencie, in uno volumine.

Expositio super Naum prophetam et super Johel, sentencie et sermones et epistole plurimorum perutiles, Laurentius de creatione et operibus Domini, in uno volumine.

Congestio diversarum sententiarum diversis sancte catholice ecclesie causis congruentium, et excerpta quedam de registro Gregorii ornate dicta, in uno volumine.

Sinonima Ciceronis, quedam de compoto, regule versificandi, in uno volumine.

Rethorica, in uno volumine.

Boecius de consolatione, in uno volumine.

Ysagoge Porphirii in cathegorias Aristotelis, et alii libri dialectici, in uno volumine.

Liber de miraculis sancte Marie, in uno volumine.

N. Liber omeliarum in hyeme, in uno volumine.

Liber omeliarum in estate, in uno volumine.

Passionale mensis Octobris, in uno volumine.

Passionale mensis Novembris et Decembris, in uno volumine.

Passionale mensis Januarii, in uno volumine.

Vita sancti Silvestri et aliorum sanctorum, in uno volumine.

Vita sancti Ambrosii et aliorum sanctorum, in uno volumine.

Omelie in quadragesima, in uno volumine.

Psalterium tripartitum, in uno volumine.

O. Ieronimus super duodecim prophetas, in duobus voluminibus.

Ieronimus super Ieremiam et super Danielem, in uno volumine.

Ieronimus de Hebraicis questionibus, de mansionibus filiorum Israel, de distantiis locorum, de Hebraicorum nominum interpretatione, de questionibus libri Regum, de Paralipomenone, de decem temptacionibus, de sex civitatibus fugitivorum, de cantico Debbore, de lamentacionibus Jeremie, de edificio Prudentii, Hugo de Folieto de claustro anime, Jer' Gennad', Ysidorus de illustribus viris, Cassiodorus de institutionibus divinarum litterarum, Ailredus de standardo, de mappa, in uno volumine.*

* This is now in the Minster Library, York.

Bernardus super cantica canticorum, Jeremias glosatus, item, opuscula Bernardi, et epistole et sententie plurimorum, Barbarismus glosatus, epistole Senece et Pauli, in uno volumine.

Sermones Petri Manducatoris, de ortu sancti Cuthberti, passio sancti Thome archiepiscopi Cantuariensis, miraculum de ymagine sancte Marie, vita S. Olavi, in uno volumine.

Quedam gesta Salvatoris, sermo Roberti Pulani, regula de quibusdam adverbiis et questio de quadam constructione, Ieronimus contra Jovinianum de locis misticis, Beda de arte metrica et de scematibus, Hugo de institutione noviciorum, epistola Patellici abbatis ad episcopum suum et rescriptum episcopi, in uno volumine.

Vita sancti Ieronimi et epistole ejusdem, in uno volumine.

Sentencie magistri Roberti Melodinensis.

Sermones abbatis Werri, in duobus voluminibus.

Epistole Sydonii, in uno volumine.

*Libri glossati.*

P. Genesis, glosatus, in uno volumine.

Exodus, glosatus, in uno volumine.

Ysaias, glosatus, in uno volumine.

Item, Ysaias, glosatus, in uno volumine.

Job, glosatus, in uno volumine.

Item, Job, glosatus, in uno volumine.

Duodecim prophete, glosate, in uno volumine.

Item, duodecim prophete, glosate, in uno volumine.

Item, duodecim prophete, glosate, in uno volumine.

Sex prophete, glosate, in uno volumine.

Tobias et Judith, glosati, et liber Hester et Apocalipsis, in uno volumine.

Cantica canticorum et epistole canonice, glosate, in uno volumine.

Matheus, glosatus, in uno volumine.

Marcus, glosatus, in uno volumine.

Item, Marcus, glosatus, in uno volumine.

Lucas, glosatus, in uno volumine.

Item, Lucas, glosatus, in uno volumine.

Item, Lucas, glosatus, in uno volumine.

Johannes, glosatus, in uno volumine.

Item, Johannes, glosatus, in uno volumine.

Item, Johannes, glosatus, in uno volumine.

Epistole canonice, glosate, in uno volumine.

Epistole Pauli, glosate, in uno volumine.

Item, epistole Pauli, glosate, in uno volumine.

Apocalypsis, glosatus, in uno volumine.
Item, Apocalypsis et cantica canticorum glosati, in uno volumine.

Q. Liber usuum, in duobus voluminibus.
Glosule super psalterium, G. Pore, in uno volumine.
Quedam evangelia breviter exposita, exhortatio sancti Bernardi ad Eugenium papam, sententie patrum de viciis et virtutibus, et phisica, in uno volumine.
Orationarium quod sic incipit, Domine Jesu Christe fili Dei vivi, Bernardus de cantus proprietate, hore de sancta Maria, institutio capituli, expositio super quasdam preces, in uno volumine.
Item, orationarium quod sic incipit, Domine Jesu Christe qui in hoc mundum, in uno volumine.
Sententie que sic incipiunt, "Ne velis tibi", et Prudentius, in uno volumine.
Quedam nominum et verborum expositio in epistolas Pauli, et versus de Christo, et de sacramentis fidei quorundam patrum sermones, in uno volumine.
Encheridion, et versus cujusdem de morte Roberti Bloet, episcopi Lincolniensis, et difficiliores partes veteris ac novi testamenti, in uno volumine.
Quedam commenta philosophie, quedam sententie Pauli et Ysaie, glosate, flores quorundam evangeliorum, aurea gemma, epistola Carnotensis episcopi mirifice utilitatis, liber sancti Patricii, collatio Trinitatis, sanctus Augustinus a se ipso ad se ipsum, excerptiones Pannormie Yvonis, soliloquium Mauricii, quorundum verborum interpretationes, in uno volumine.
Psalterium cum dimidio versibus, et quedam orationes per rithmum, in uno volumine.
Libellus qui appellatur ymago mundi, et alie sentencie, in uno volumine.
Liber medicinalis qui fuit Hugonis de Beverlaio, in uno volumine.

## ODE OF A LOVER.

The following is taken from the back of a rent roll of Sir George Bowes of Streatham, Durham, dated 1560, and is in the same hand-writing as the list of the tenants. It was kindly communicated to us by Sir Cuthbert Sharpe.

That self-same toung which first did the entreat
To lynk thie liking with my lucky love,
That trustie toung must now thes words repeat,
"I love the still," my fancy cannot move.

That drieles hart, which durst attempt the thought
To wynne thy will with myne for to consent,
Mayntaynes that vowe, which love in me first wrought,
"I love the still," and never shall repent.

That happie hand which hardely did touche
Thy tender body, to my depe delight,
Shall strive with sword to prove my passion suche,
As "loves the still," much more than it can write.

Thus love I still with toung, hand, hart, and all,
And when I chaunge, lett vengeaunce on me fall.

## HYMN BY MICHAEL KILDARE,

From MS. Harl. No. 913, fol. 9, r°. of the beginning of the fourteenth century.

Swet Jhesus, hend and fre,
That was i-straw3t on rode tre,
Nowthe and ever mid us be,
and us schild fram sinne;
Let thou no3t to helle te,
thai that beth her inne;
So bri3te of ble, thou hire me,
hoppe of alle man-kynne,
Do us i-se the Trinité,
and hevene riche to winne.

This worldis love is gon a-wai,
So dew on grasse in someris dai,
Few ther beth, weilawai!
that lovith Goddis lore;

Al we beth i-clung so clai,
we schold rew that sore;
Prince and king, what wenith thai
to libbe ever more?
Leveth ȝur plai, and crieth ai,
Jhesu Crist, thin ore.

Alas, alas! ye riche men,
Of muk whi wol ȝe fille ȝur denne?
Wende ȝe to ber hit henne?
nai, so mote I thrive!
ȝe sulle se that al is fenne,
the catel of this live.
To Criste ȝe ren, and falleth a knen,
that wondis tholiid five;
For ȝe beth trenne worthi to brenne
in bittir helle kive.

Godde ȝow havith to erthe i-sent,
Litil dwel ȝou havith i-lent,
He schal wit how hit is spent,
I rede ȝou, tak hede;
If hit be hidde, ȝe beth i-schent,
for helle worth ȝur mede.
The bow is bend, the fire i-tend,
to ȝow, if ȝe beth gnede;
Bot ȝeu amend, ȝe sul be wend
in ever glowind glede.

Povir was thin in comming,
So ssal be thin oute going,
Thou ne salt of al thi thing
a peni ber to molde;
That is a rewful tithing,
whose hit hire wold.
Loverd king, to hori ding,
what makith man so hold?
In pining ȝive a ferthing
he ne sal, theȝ he wold.

Riche man, bethenche the,
Tak gode hede wat thou be;
Thou ne art bot a brotil tre
of schorte seven fote,
I-schrid with-ute with gold and fe;
the ax is at the rote;
The fent un-fre halt al to gle,

this tre a-dun to rote:
So mote ic the, ic rede the, fle,
and do this sowle is bote.

Now thou art in ro and rest,
Of al the lond thou art the mest,
Thou doist no streinth of Godis hest,
of deth whi neltou thenche?
Whan thou wenist libbe best,
thi bodi deth sal qwench;
The pover chest ssal be thi nest,
that sittist bold a bench;
Est and west schal be thi qwest,
ne mi3t thou nothing blench.

Be thou barun other kni3te,
Thou salt be a sorful wi3te,
Whan thou liste in bere i-ti3te,
in fulle pover wede;
Nastou nother main no mi3te,
whil thou no man drede:
With sorw3ful si3t, and that is ri3te,
to erthe me sul the lede.
Than ssal thi li3t turn into ni3te,
bethench, man, this i-red.

The pover man bit uche dai
Gode of the, and thou seiist ai,
"Beggar, wend a devil wai!
thou denist al min ere."
Hungir bitte he goth a-wai,
with mani sorful tere.
A! wailowai! thou clotte of clai,
whan thou list on bere,
Of fow no grai, no rede no rai,
nastou bot a here.

Christ tellith in holi writte,
That a man of withir witte
I-biriid was in helle pitte,
that in this lif was riche,
Ssal he never than flitte
fram the sorful diche;
He sal sitte in helle flitte,
with-oute wyn and miche;
The fent sal sitte is knot to knitte,
sore mai he skriche.

The pover man goth bi-for the,
Al i-driid als a tre,
And gredith, "Loverd, help me,
hungre me havith i-bund;
Let me dei pur charité,
i-broȝt ic am to grund!"
So mot I the and Crist i-se,
if he die that stund,
His lif sal be i-cravid of the,
theȝ thou ȝif him no wonde.

I the rede rise and awake
Of the hori sinne lake;
If thou be ther in i-take
I wisse thou schalt to helle,
To woni with the fentis blake
in that sorful wille;
Thi wei thou make, thou dri the stake,
to prest thi sinnes telle;
So wo and wrake sal fram the rake,
with fendis grimme and felle.

If in sinne thi live is ladde,
To do penance ne be noȝt sadde;
Who so doth, he nis noȝt madde,
as holi churche us techithe;
Ther of be thou noȝt a-dradde,
Crist sal be thi lech.
Thus Crist us radde, that rode spradde,
with a blisful speche,
Whan he so bad, thou miȝt be gladde,
ne lovith he no wreche.

Jhesu, king of heven fre,
Ever i-blessid mot thou be!
Loverd, I besech the,
to me thou tak hede,
Fram dedlich sinne thou ȝem me,
while I libbe on lede;
The maid fre, that bere the
so swetlich under wede,
Do us to se the Trinité,
al we habbeth nede.

This sang wroȝt a frere,
Jhesu Crist be is socure!
Loverd, bring him to the toure!

frere Michel Kyldare;
Schild him fram helle boure,
whan he sal hen fare!
Levedi, flur of al honur,
cast a-wei is care;
Fram the schoure of pinis sure
thou sild him her and thare! Amen.

*Wrt.*

## DUTIES OF AN ANGLO-SAXON KING.

From MS. Cotton Cleop. B. xiii. 56, r°, of the tenth century.

*Promissio Regis.*

Ðis ge-writ is ge-writen stæf be stæfe be þam ge-write þe Dunstan arceb. sealde urum hlaforde æt Cingestune þa on dæg þa hine man halgode to cinge, ⁊ for-bead him ælc wedd to syllanne butan þysan wedde þe he up on Cristes weofod léde swa se b. him dihte. On þære halgan þrynnesse naman, Ic þreo þing be-háte cristenum folce, ⁊ me under ðeoddum; án ærest þ Godes cyrice ⁊ eall cristen folc minra ge-wealda soðe sibbe healde; oðer is þ ic reaf-lac ⁊ ealle unrihte þing eallum hádum for-beode; þridde þ ic be-háte ⁊ be-beode on eallum dómum riht ⁊ mild-heortnisse, þæt us eallum arfæst ⁊ mild-heort God þurh þ his ecean miltse for-gife, se lifað ⁊ rixað. *Finit.*

Se cristena cyng þe þas þing ge-healdeð, he ge-earnað him sylfum woroldlicne weordmynt, ⁊ him éce God ægðer ge-miltsað ge on andwerdum life ge ac on þam ecean þe æfre ne ateorað. Gif he þonne þ awægð þ Gode was be-háten, þonne sceal hit syððan wyrsian swyðe sóna on his þeode, ⁊ eall hit on ende ge-hwyrfð on þ wyrste, butan he on his lif fæce ær hit ge-béte.

Eala! leof hlaford, beorh huru þinga georne þe sylfum. Geþenc þ ge-lóme þ þu scealt þa heorde forð æt Godes dóme ywan ⁊ lædan, þe þu eart to hyrde ge-scyft on þysum life, ⁊ þonne ge-cennan hu þu ge-heolde, þ Crist ær ge-bohte sylf mid his blóde.

Ge-halgodes cynges riht is, þ he nænigne man ne for-déme, ⁊ þ he wuduwan ⁊ steop-cild ⁊ æl þeodige werige ⁊ amundige, ⁊ stala for-beode, ⁊ unriht hæmedu ge-béte, ⁊ sib-legeru totwæme, ⁊ grundlunga for-beode, wiccan ⁊ galdra adilige, mæg-myrðran ⁊ man-swaran of earde adrife, þearfan mid ælmyssan féde, ⁊ ealde, ⁊ wise, ⁊ syfre him to ge-þeahterum hæbbe, ⁊ rihtwise mæn him to wicnerum sette, for þan swa hwæt swa hig tó unrighte ge-doð þurh his aful, he his sceal ealles ge-scead agyldan on domes-dæg.

*Wrt.*

## ANGLO-SAXON VERSES.

From MS. Cotton. Claudius, A. iii. fol. 29, v°. a Benedictional of the tenth century, formerly belonging to St. Augustine's at Canterbury.

Ic eom halgung-boc,
healde hine Dryhten
þe me fægere þus
frætewum belegde;
þureð to þance
þus het me wyrcean
to love ȝ to wurðe
þam þe leoht ge-sceop,
ge-myndi is he mihta ge-hwylcre
þæs þe he on foldan
ge-fremian mæg,
ȝ him ge-þancie
þeoda waldend,
þæs þe he on ge-mynde
madma manega
wyle ge-mearcian
metode to lace;
ȝ he sceal æce lean
ealle findan,
þæs þe he on foldan
fremaþ to ryhte.

*Wrt.*

## PROVERBS.

Copied from an ancient set of ten fortune cards by Barrett, and now printed from his MS. Collections preserved in the Chetham Library at Manchester.

A woman thatt ys wylfull ys a plage off the worste,
As good live in hell, as withe a wytte that is curste.

Wittes are moste wylly where wemen have wyttes,
And curtilly comethe uppon them by ffittes.

In frinds ther ys flattery, in men lyttell trust,
Thoughe fayre they proffer, they be offten unjuste.

Good fortune God sende you, I dare laye my heade
You will holde with the horne yff ever youe wedd.

Tene pound to a pudding whensoevere you mary,
You will repente yee that so longe you did tarrye.

Wheresoever thou traveleste, este, weste, northe or southe,
Learne never to looke a geven horsse in the mouthe.

Wyssdome dothe warne the in many a place,
To truste no suche flatteres as gill jere in thy face.

A widdowe that ys wanton with a running head,
Ys a dyvell in the kyttchine and a nape in her bedde.

Pyke oute a throwe that will learne you a choisse,
With a read head, a sharpe nolle, and a shrill voyce.

Cholle oute a mater that wyll learne you a choisse,
With a rede heade, a sharpe nosse, and a shrill voyce.

*Hllll.*

## BALLAD OF A TYRANNICAL HUSBAND.

**From a MS. on paper of the reign of Henry VII. preserved in the Chetham Library at Manchester.**

Jhesu that arte jentylle, ffor joye off thy dame,
As thu wrought thys wyde worlde, in hevyn is thi home,
Save alle thys compeny and sheld them from schame,
That wylle lystyn to me and tende to thys game.

God kepe alle women that to thys towne longe,
Maydens, wedows, and wyvys amonge;
For moche the ar blamyd and sometyme with wronge,
I take wyttenes of alle ffolke that herythe thys song.

Lystyn, good serrys, bothe yong and olde,
By a good howsbande thys tale shalbe tolde;
He weddyd a womane that was ffayre and bolde,
And hade good i-now to wende as they wolde.

She was a good huswyfe, curteys and heynd,
And he was an angry man, and sone wold be tenyd,
Chydyng and brawlynge, and farde leyke a feynd,
As they that oftyn wylbe wrothe with ther best frend,

Tylle itt befelle uppon a day, shortt talle to make,
The goodman wold to the plow, his horse gan he take;
He calyd forthe hys oxsyn, the whyt and the blake,
And he seyd, "dame, dyght our denner betyme, for Godes sake."

The goodman an hys lade to the plow be gone,
The goodwyf hade meche to doo, and servant had se none,
Many smale chyldern to kepe besyd hyrselfe alone,
She dyde mor then sho myght withyn her owne wone.

Home com the goodman be tyme off the day,
To loke that al thing wer acordyng to hes pay,
"Dame," he sed, "is owr dyner dyght?" "Syr," sche sayd, "naye;
How wold yow have me doo mor then I cane?"

Than he began to chide and seyd, "Evelle mott thou the!
I wolde thou shuldes alle day go to plowe with me,
To walke in the clottes that be wette and meré,
Than sholdes thou wytt what it were a plowman to bee."

Than sware the goodwyff, and thus gane she say,
"I have mor to doo then I doo may;
And ye shuld folowe me ffoly on day,
Ye wold be wery off your part, my hede dar I lay."

"Wery! yn the devylles nam!" seyd the goodman,
"What hast thou to doo, but syttes her at hame?
Thou goyst to thi neybores howse, be on and be one,
And syttes ther janglynge with Jake an with John."

Than sayd the goodwyffe, "feyr mot yow ffaylle!
I have mor to do, who so wyst alle;
Whyn I lye in my bede, my slepe is butt smalle,
Yett eyrly in the morneng ye wylle me up calle.

"Whan I lye al myght wakyng with our cheylde,
I ryse up at morow and fynde owr howse wylde;
Then I melk owre kene and torne them on the felde,
Whylle yow slepe ffulle stylle, also Cryst me schelde!

"Than make I buter ferther on the day;
After make I chese,—thes holde yow a play;
Then wylle owre cheldren wepe and upemost they,
Yett wylle yow blame me for owr good, and any be awey.

"Whan I have so done, yet ther comys more eene,
I geve our chekyns met, or elles they wylb[e] leyne:
Our hennes, our capons, and owr dokkes be-dene,
Yet tend I to owr goslyngs that gothe on the grene.

"I bake, I brew, yt wylle not elles be welle;
I bete and swyngylle flex, as ever have I heylle:
I hekylle the towe, I kave and I keylle,
I toose owlle and card het and spyn het on the wheylle."

"Dame," sed the goodman, "the develle have thy bones!
Thou nedyst not bake nor brew in fortynght past onys;
I sey no good that thou dost within thes wyd wonys,
But ever thow excusyst the with grontes and gronys."

"Yefe a pece off lenyn and wolen I make onys a yere,
For to clothe owre self and owr cheldren in fere;

Elles we shold go to the market, and by het ful deer,
I ame as bessy as I may in every [yere.]

"Whan I have so donne, I loke on the sonne,
I ordene met for owr bestes agen that yow come home,
And met ffor owr selfe agen het be none,
Yet I have not a ffeyr word whan I have done.

"Soo I loke to owr good withowt and withyn,
That ther be none awey noder mor nor myn,
Glade to ples yow to pay, lest any bate begyn,
And fort to chid thus with me, i-feyght yow be in synne."

Then sed the goodman in a sory tyme,
"Alle thys wold a good howsewyf do long ar het were prime;
And sene the good that we have is halfe dele thyn,
Thow shalt laber for thy part as I doo for myne."

"Therffor, dame, make the redy, I warne the, anone,
To morow with my lade to the plowe thou shalt gone;
And I wylbe howsewyfe and kype owr howse at home,
And take myn ese as thou hast done, by God and Seint John!"

"I graunt," quod the goodwyfe, "as I wnderstonde,
To morowe in the mornyng I wylbe walkande:
Yet wylle I ryse whylle ye be slepande,
And see that alle theng be redy led to your hand."

Soo it past alle to the morow that het was dayleyght;
The goodwyffe thoght on her ded and upe she rose ryght:
"Dame," seid the goodmane, "I swere be Godes myght!
I wylle fette hom owr bestes, and helpe that the wer deght."

The goodman to the feeld hyed hym fulle yarne;
The godwyfe made butter, her dedes war fulle derne,
She toke ayen the butter-melke and put het in the cheyrne,
And seid yet off on pynt owr syer shalbe to lerne.

Home come the goodman and toke good kype,
How the wyfe had layd her flesche for to stepe:
She sayd, "Sir, al thes day ye ned not to slepe,
Kype wylle owr chelderne and let them not wepe.

"Yff yow goo to the kelme malt for to make,
Put smal feyr ondernethe, sir, for Godes sake;
The kelme is lowe and dry, good tend that ye take,
For and het fastyn on a feyr it wylb[e] eville to blake.

"Her sitt ij. gese abrode, kype them wylle from woo,
And thei may com to good, that wylle wesk sorow i-now."
"Dame," seid the goodmane, "hy the to the plowe,
Teche me no more howsewyfre, for I can i-nowe."

Forthe went the goodwyff, curtes and hende,
Sche callyd to her lade, and to the plowe they wend;
They wer besé al day, a fytte here I fynde,
And I had dronke ones, ye shalle heyre the best behynd."

*A fytte.*

Here begenethe a noder fytte, the sothe for to sey,
* * *

*Hllll.*

## THE FORRESTER'S SONG.

From Addit. MS. No. 5665. fol. 50, v°. in the British Museum, written apparently in the reign of Henry VIII.

Y have ben a foster longe and meney day,
My lockes ben hore, foster woll y be no more;
Y shall honge up my horne by the grene wode spray,
My lockes ben hore, ffoster will y be no more.

Alle tho whiles that y may my bowe bende,
Shall y wedde no wyffe, my bowe bende, shall y wedde no wiffe;
I shall bygge me a boure atte the wodes ende,
Ther to lede my lyffe, att the wodes ende, ther to lede my lyffe.

*Wrt.*

## ST. NICHOLAS.

The following fragments of an early rhythmical Latin poem on the Miracles of St. Nicholas, are written in different parts of MS. Cotton. Tiberius B. V. of the end of the tenth century. They are curious illustrations of the history of Middle Age Latin verse. The lines are arranged as in the MS. with the exception of the last fragment, which is there arranged in very long lines consisting of two lines as here printed. All the peculiarities of the MS. are carefully preserved. The assonance of these verses is very remarkable.

I. fol. 74, r°.

In Litiæ provintia fuit quidam Christicola,
Post transitum sanctissimi Nicholai pontificis;
Hic de multis divitiis ad paupertatem rediit,
Cujus pressus miseriis quendam Judeum adiit,
Rogans ut aurum misero accommodaret mutuo,
Unde posset adquirere victum sine dedecore.
Tunc Judeus pacifice dat responsum Christicolæ,
Quicquid a me petieris cito habere poteris;
Si vis aurum recipere, fidejussorem tribue,
Vel tale vadimonium quod sit valens ad debitum.

Nullus est, inquid, proximus, qui de me sit sollicitus,
Sed altare pontificis dabo in loco pigneris,
Ut si ingratus fuero, et tua non reddidero,
De me vindictam faciat, quæ omnibus appareat.
Dixit Judeus perfido, NICHOLAUM non respuo,
Nam in ejus presentia nulla latet fallatia.
Tali pacto catholicus aurum recepit callidus,
Qui in paucis temporibus effectus est ditissimus.
Tandem ille qui prestitit debitorem commonuit,
Ne diutius differat reddere quod acceperat.
Ad hæc ille, quod habui jam diu est quod reddidi,
Tu habes, et nunc repetis quasi nondum receperis.
Tunc Judeus expalluit, et admirans ingemuit,
NICHOLAUMque invocat, ne hoc inultum sufferat.
Si jusjurandum feceris super altare presulis,
Quicquid cogor exigere floccipendo amittere.
Christianus excogitat qualiter hunc decipiat;
Aurum includit concavo quod debebat in baculo.
Judeo fraudis nescio istud aurum cum baculo
Ad portandum committitur, sicque dum fallit fallitur.
Tali fretus astutia, perjurare non dubitat,
Ut innocens appareat, et verum sit quod dixerat.
Immemor beneficii jurat quod aurum reddidit,
Quasi victor exhilarat, redire vult ad propria.
Sed cum venit ad bivium, oppressus somno nimium,
Ire ultra non potuit, suppinus ibi jacuit.
Per viam ipsam pariter plaustrum ducebant homines,
Clamant, monent ut fugiat, ne dormiens intereat.
Jacet ille culpabilis velut lapis immobilis,
Donec rota volúbilis ventrem cum ligno conterit.
Tunc apparet dolositas quæ in ligno latuerat,
Morsque stulti tam subita falso jurasse conprobat.
Advolans fama exiit, aures Judei percutit,
Nuntians quod acciderat de morte tam terrifica.
O NICHOLAE, presulum decus et honor omnium,
Jam diu est quod comperi te esse servum Domini;
Tua maxima bonitas, atque fortis justitia,
Compellit me Judaicam relinquere perfidiam.
[A]modo jam Christicola fiam per tua merita,
[Ut] possim tecum perfrui æternæ vitæ gaudiis;
[I]d precor ut qui merito migravit ex hoc seculo,
[H]unc vitæ restituas, ne corruat in tartara.
[Tant]o fit exorabilis NICHOLAUS mirabilis,
[Ad] vitam functum revocat, qui mox aurum restituat.
[To]tus mundus hoc audiat, NICHOLAUMque diligat,
[Qui] rectam tenens regulam nullam amat fallatiam.

Quidam paterfamilias multas habens divitias,
[E]rat solitus pergere ad limina æcclesiæ;
[I]n qua corpus sanctissimi humatum jacet presulis,
[A]tque quotannis debita persolvere munuscula.
[A] se facturum vasculum pollicitus est inclitum,
[In] honore sanctissimi Nicholai pontificis.
[Ta]ndem queritur aurifex doctus in tali opere,
[Q]ui pulchre sciat sculpere, auro gemmas inserere,
[Un]iones cum jaspide auro miscet Arabiæ,
[A] Salomonis tempore vix fuit opus simile.
[F]actum est vas aureum cuivis regi congruum,
[L]apidibus circumdatum, mirifice compositum.
[Se]d pulchritudo vasculi oculos dantis illicit,
[T]rahens ad avaritiam per demonis invidiam.
[Qu]od sua sponte voverat, abnegare non dubitat,
[Ve]rtens ad usus proprios retinuit dominio;
[Ru]rsus aurifex queritur, cui aurum committitur,
[J]ubet vas restituere quod sit priori simile.
[Il]le dat, iste recipit, cepto insistens operi
[L]aborare non desinit, et tamen nichil proficit.
[In]strumena defitiunt, naturam perdit obrizum,
[V]elut vitrum perfragile gemmæ ruunt ab opere,
[Ce]rnens magister propriam nil valere industriam,
[Si]mul in unum colligit, aurum gemmasque reddidit.
Cum prope esset annua Nicholai festivitas,
Miles iste cum ceteris navigare disposuit,
Cum uxore et filio, servos ducit quam plurimos,
Qui sibi necessarium adimpleant obsequium.
Sed cum foret in pelago, pater petit a filio,
Ut predictum vas capiat sibique potum tribuat.
Currens puer quantotius, arripit sciphum promtulus,
Quem priusquam miscuerit refrigidare voluit.
Qui cum in aqua tinguitur, de manibus elabitur,
Sed cum cupit retrahere simul ruit in equore.
Exclamat pater pueri, suffundens ora lacrimis,
De tua morte juvenis omnino sum culpabilis.
Te, Nicholae, deprecor, indulge mihi misero,
Nec vicem tanti criminis rependas ut promerui.
Ut quid dixi mendacia nulla pressus inopia,
Nulla mihi necessitas incumbebat nec orbitas.
Utcumque lamentabilis miles ad terram exiit,
Nota limina repetit Nicholai pontificis.
Non est ulla facundia quæ narrare prevaleat,
Quantum se accusaverit, vel quam amare fleverit.
Tandem post multas lacrimas offert ingrata munera,

Quæ aurifex reddiderat, nunquam sancto placentia.
At gloriosus pontifex indignans tali munere,
Mox ab altari reppulit quicquid miles apposuit.
Tunc res aperte claruit, qua propter infans periit,
Qui tenere non poterat sciphum quod pater voverat.
Dum in sacris solemniis festa peragunt populi,
Et sua infortunia plangit paterfamilias,
Ecce puer ingreditur sciphum ferens in manibus,
Qui corda contuentium mox convertit in gaudium.
Currit pater exanimis, ruens in collum filii,
Attonitus pre gaudio vix potest fari puero.
Tandem post pia oscula pater natum interrogat,
Quomodo se habuerit quando in undis corruit.

II. fol. 57, r°.

[I]nfit ille, Cum cecidi, senex michi apparuit,
Venustatis angelicæ in veneranda spetie,
[C]ui ut mater piissima tenuit inter brachia,
Michique sciphum tradidit, et dixit, Ne timueris.
[Q]ualiter me eduxerit de tam magnis periculis,
Egomet ipse nescio, sed mirans adhuc stupeo;
[H]oc unum tamen recolo, quod, educto de pelago,
Ductor ostendit semitam ducentem ad æcclesiam.
[T]unc subito arripuit sciphum de manu filii,
Atque libenti animo offert spectante populo.
[C]unctis mare currentibus Nicholaus est cognitus,
Cui quasi preposito vota reddunt ex debito.

VANDALORUM exercitus, ab Affricanis partibus
Causa predandi exiens ad terram Calabritidem,
[P]assim per agros homines depredantur et pecudes,
[E]t quisquis prout potuit obtima quæque rapuit,
[U]nus sancti imaginem Nicholai inveniens,
Quam ne viderent socii in sinu suo contegit,
[E]t quia pulchre fuerat et decenter composita,
Sepius illam visitat, et cujus sit interrogat.
[Chris]tiani mirabilem intuentes imaginem,
Dicunt hæc est notissima Nicholai ichonia.
[S]i in Deum crediderit quisquis eam habuerit,
Securus sit quod omnia venient sibi prospera.
[V]ir iste de quo loquimur erat telonearius,
Multis habundans opibus, nondum tamen catholicus;
[Q]ui reversus in proprio dum sederet ospitio,
Vestes et quicquid habuit in aperto exposuit.
[I]n pariete desuper Nicholaus appensus est,

Cui jubet ut omnia fideliter custodiat;
[H]ic commendat imagini, quasi viventi homini,
Hinc securus ad alia profectus est negotia.
[P]er noctem fures veniunt, qui omnia diripiunt,
Preter solam imaginem tollentes suppellectilem.
[S]ummo mane vir remeat, qui res suas commiserat,
Quas tristis cum non invenit, imaginem arripuit,
[D]icens, NICHOLAE, tuam male vidi custodiam,
Quia fidum te credidi omnia mea perdidi.
[T]estor deos et omnia quecumque colo idola,
Si mea non reddideris, subjacebis incendiis.
[H]æc dicendo acerrime statuam cedit undique,
Ac si sentire valeat illata sibi vulnera.
[P]ost quam se vindicaverat, nec illa contra murmurat,
In pariete collocat, de quo ante pependerat.
[I]nde sanctus ad vesperam NICHOLAUS rememorans
Quanta illius statua perpessa est obprobria,
[P]ergit ad diversorium quo latrones conveniunt,
Ut inter se distribuant quod per furtum abstulerant.
[O] vos, ait, furciferi, quid est quod hic dividitis?
Pro vestris latrociniis afflictus sum injuriis;
[D]e vestro patrimonio non est istud quod video,
Nam in mea custodia hæc fuerunt reposita.
[N]e per meum indicium incurratis periculum,
Et publicem vos omnibus, reportate quantocius.
[S]ic locutus disparuit, latronibus exterritis;
Mox omnia restituunt, ne incurrant periculum.
[M]ane teloneario consurgente de lectulo,
Illum locum revisitat in quo sua perdiderat;
[S]ed cum venit ad hostium, repperiens quæ sua sunt,
Nemo fari sufficiet quam alacer effectus est.
[P]re gaudio tripudiat, cuncta respuens idola;
Christianus efficitur, quo nichil est salubrius.
[Sanc]to per cujus meritum hoc accidit miraculum,
Fabricavit ecclesiam mirifice compositam.
[S]emper ex illo tempore NICHOLAUM gens Affrice
Pre omibus provintiis miro amore coluit.
[N]on est in omni seculo Christianorum regio,
Ubi non sint æcclesiæ ejus nomini deditæ;
[C]ujus nomen sic occupat omnes terras et maria,
Ejus sit intercessio nobis criminum demptio!

CŒLI letentur ordines, congaudens tellus jubilet,
Pro beati piissima NICHOLAI memoria,
[Q]ui in ætate tenera pendens ad matris ubera,

Ostendit abstinentiæ exemplum memorabile.
[Q]uarta cum sexta feria mammotreptus dum fuerat,
Semel lactatus ubere vitabat ultra tangere.
[P]ost mortem patris unicus hæres remansit filius,
Qui suum patrimonium vertit in usus pauperum.
[V]icinus huic aderat, qui habebat tres filias,
Quas fornicari statuit, licet fuisset nobilis.
[T]unc miserum artaverat tanta panis inopia,
Quod pauper factus vivere volebat cum dedecore.
[S]ed caritate fervidus NICHOLAUS juvenculus
Extinxit illud vitium per trinitatis numerum.
[N]ondum factus episcopus, auro dato virginibus,
Fugat patris infamiam et filiarum reprobam.
[T]alibus beneficiis indolis tantæ juvenis
Divinitus promeruit presul prepotens fieri.
[E]x hinc nautas in æquore fractos adverso flamine,
Seque vocantes, visitat, dum loquerentur talia :
[N]ICHOLAE, si vera sunt quæ de te plures referunt,
Succurre nobis citius, ne obruamur fluctibus.
[P]re timore periculi clamantibus apparuit,
Quem invocant se indicat, NICHOLAUM se nominat,
[A]ntemnis et rudentibus et armamentis pluribus,
Postquam mare injecerat, tumida placat æquora.
[N]aucleri Alexandriæ obstupuerunt valide,
Cum farris abundantiam aspicerent superfluam.
[D]emetientes integra mensuræ reddunt pondera,
Preter illud quod habuit NICHOLAUS ut petiit.
[H]oc revelante pessimæ patuerunt insidiæ,
Quas Diana fantastico mittebat pro munusculo.
[D]eferentes ut jaciunt in mare maleficium,
Velut fornax exestuat, et quicquid tangit concremat.
[T]res juvenes innoxii morti fuerunt dediti,
Quos liberavit validam solutos per potentiam.
[C]onstantinus non multum post captos tenebat alios ;
Sed quod a morte eruit, dicam qualiter accidit.
[S]uperba gens de Frigia regi negabat debita,
Ad quam digne reprimere tres duces jubet pergere.
[S]ed cum redirent prospere, hoste devicto robore,
Aliqui per invidiam invenerunt fallaciam ;
[M]entiti sunt quod socii, Arpileon et cæteri.
Reges volebant fieri, ablato regno Cæsari.
[T]antæ capud malitiæ fuit corruptus munere
Prefectus, cujus fraudibus truduntur in carceribus.
[P]ost hæc jubet rex presidi innocentes interimi,
Ne simili superbia aliquis tale faciat.
[C]arcerali custodiæ notæ fiunt insidiæ ;

Noctu patrantur omnia sicut judex preceperat;
[J]ustos audito funere venit ad clausos carcere,
Sed non valet abscondere, quia defluunt lacrimæ.
[Q]ui videntes pallidum custodem preter solitum,
Si quid de se audierat attoniti interrogant.
[S]ilete, inquit, juvenes, de vobis totum factum est,
Nam vitæ vestræ terminus appropinquabit citius.
[D]e vestra morte callidum judex dedit consilium,
Preparans ut vos perimat antequam lux appareat;
[Q]uia planctus et lacrimæ nequeunt vos redimere,
Virtus vobis altissima in hac nocte subveniat.
[Q]uis enarrare valeat quanta fuit tristitia,
Quæ in eorum cordibus versabatur interius.
[S]ed cum nemo mortalium dare posset auxilium,
Nec fieret effugium evadendi periculum;
[R]ediit ad memoriam quando mare transierant,
Quod NICHOLAUM viderant, cui se commendaverant.
[I]ccirco hunc pre omnibus orant in suis precibus,
Ut qui alios liberat, servos suos non negligat.
[E]adem hora concite fidus suorum opifex,
Constantinum interrogat utrum dormit an vigilat;
[Q]uo sciscitante, tu, quis es, qui sic ad me ingressus es?
Sanctus respondet, Litiæ NICHOLAUS sum pontifex,
[C]ompatiens huc veneram, stratilates ne pereant,
Quos ne tangas precipio nisi vis mori subito;
[S]cias quod rex fortior te bellum movebit contra te,
Cujus forti victoriæ non valebis resistere;
[S]i ad pugnam exieris, et cum eo te junxeris,
Victus eris et mortuus, eo quod es incredulus.
[P]ostquam regem terruerat, ocior vento advolat,
Et durius exterritat qui eos accusaverat.
[I]mpie, latro, proditor, digne exitu misero,
Pro tua avaritia recipies supplicia;
[C]onsumptus eris vermibus veluti canis putridus,
A te fetente longius fugiet omnis populus.
[S]ed hac vice propitius tuis parcam sceleribus,
Si penitens extiteris de hoc quod male egeris.
[Q]uo audito prepositus de lectulo excutitur,
Pavefactus per tenebras venit ad fores regias;
[A]ntequam preses venerat, imperator surrexerat,
Minasque sibi plurimas furibundus intorserat.
[I]lle verbis pacificis regem placare studuit,
Excusans se de crimine, captos jubet adducere;
[Q]ui statim regi traditi, mortem expectant pavidi,
Gemunt, sudant formidine, non putant ora vivere.
[I]nterrogat rex milites, NICHOLAUS hic ubi est,

Qui pro sua clementia velim nolim vos liberat.
[A]d notum nomen presulis, exclamant fusis lacrimis,
Tollunt manus ad sidera, laudant Dei magnalia,
[R]espondentes in Licia Mirreorum est civitas,
In quo pontifex habitat, quem Dominus glorificat,
[D]e illius prudentia ac forti pacientia,
Nusquam vidimus hominem, tam bonum nec tam humilem;
[P]re cæteris virtutibus quarum nullus est numerus,
Fulget in eo caritas, quæ omnium est maxima,
[C]ujus orationibus nos simul commendavimus,
Quando navali prelio fuimus contra barbaros;
[I]bi prout potuimus fideles tibi fuimus,
Nam parva manu militum plures vicimus hostium,
[Q]ui rebelles extiterant, et se dari vix poterant,
Subjectos tibi fecimus et mitiores ovibus.
[P]ro talibus serviciis ad mortem sumus traditi,
Nisi Deus nos eruat per NICHOLAI merita.
[Q]uis habuit tam ferreum pectus, vel cor lapideum,
Quod non molliret pietas, humanitatis gratia?
[Q]ui presentes astiterant continere non poterant,
Multis excussit lacrimas militum eloquentia.
[N]am tandem rex placabilis juvenes jubet indui,
Reparans amicitiam quam primitus habuerant;
[D]einde ait, Munera ex parte mea plurima
Ferte sancto pontifici, de quo tanta loquimini;
[I]n verbis ejus comperi quia non estis perfidi,
Sed suo testimonio fideles in servicio,
[V]alde Deo est proximus NICHOLAUS espiscopus,
Per quem tanta miracula ostenduntur per secula.
[Q]uod vivitis et sapitis, quod facti estis liberi,
Totum illius bonitas fecit atque clementia.
[O]fferte sibi munera, textus atque candelabra,
Quæ in mei memoria suscipere non renuat.
[E]go et mei filii sui erimus famuli,
Pro quibus Deo supplicet, nec ultra me terrificet.
[S]ic alacres cum munere naves ascendunt concite,
NICHOLAO in Litia grates reddunt innumeras.
[T]erra marique novimus NICHOLAUM pre omnibus
Succurere quantocius cunctis se invocantibus.
[D]um sumus in hoc seculo postulemus a Domino,
Ut hujus sancti precibus conjungamur cælestibus.

III. fol. 77, r°.

DICAMUS Deo gloriam, per cujus providentiam,
NICHOLAUS fit propior quam foret ab initio;
[H]inc defleat gens Gretiæ et finitimi Asiæ,
Mirreaque praecipue, quæ tanto caret hospite,
[C]ujus fecit offensio ne haberet in proximo
Patronum tantæ gratiæ, nec talis excellentiæ.
[P]acis amator extitit dum in seculo floruit,
Post transitum pacificos semper diligit populos,
[F]ugit Turcos et Pincenas, scilicet gentes pessimas,
Quæ creatori omnium nullum reddunt officium.
[V]alde Deo amabilis urbs Varensis promeruit
NICHOLAUM cum gaudio suscipere ospicio.
[V]arenses et Venetici, cum navibus firmissimis,
Sepe transcurrunt maria mercationis gratia.
[M]odo nostris temporibus plenis frumento ratibus,
Post Myrreæ provinciam venerunt Antiochiam.
[F]arribus ibi venditis, divinitus admoniti,
Invenerunt consilium nutu Dei dispositum,
[U]t redeuntes tumulum sancti frangant marmoreum,
Cum instrumentis ferreis paratis huic operi.
[P]er voluntatem Domini et auxilio praesulis,
Intraverunt æcclesiam ut facerent quod dixerant.
[C]ustodes ibi quatuor inventi sunt in atrio,
Qui extrahunt periculo liquorem more solito;
[H]i putantes quod solita vellent offerre munera,
Non dubitant ostendere quicquid volunt inspicere.
[T]unc unus e Varensibus, audax et fortis viribus,
Ferreum ferens malleum, de quo percussit tumulum,
[E]x quo ictu per plurimas partes scinditur tabula,
Et odoris flagrantia exit tam suavissima,
[U]t quasi essent positi in paradiso Domini,
Nullam sperabant alteram post hanc futuram gloriam.
[H]inc thesaurum arripiunt excellens omne pretium,
Impellunt rates pelago, vela dant ventis subito,
[P]rospera navigatio letos perduxit socios,
Qui corpus venerabilis deferebant pontificis.
[Q]uidam nauta desidius per somnium est monitus,
Cui dixit, ne paveas, quia strenue navigas,
[C]ursui tuo terminus herit dies vicesimus,
Interea in pelago nulla fit commotio.
[U]t dictum est, sic accidit, sanctus ad ripam exiit,
Cui gaudens Apulia tota concurrit obvia.
[M]iraculorum copia facta per ejus merita
Commovet voluntarium de toto orbe populum.

[D]ives et pauper properant, qualiter locum videant,
Ubi sanantur languidi tacti liquore olei.
[C]omites et episcopi, abbates et presbyteri,
Et omne genus hominum, currunt ad sancti tumulum.
[A]estas, hiems, et maria, non retardant itinera
Peregrinorum hospitum ad ipsum concurrentium;
[F]it grata remanentium devotio fidelium
Christo, qui suum famulum facit ubique cognitum.
[T]e, NICHOLAE, petimus, ut qui ire non possumus,
Simus bonorum omnium participes euntium. AMEN.

*Wrt.*

## THE MASS OF THE DRUNKARDS.

From MS. Harl. No. 913, fol. 13, v°. compared with MS. Harl. No. 2851, where it is entitled, *Incipit Missa Gulonis.*

*Incipit Missa de potatoribus.*

*V*ª. Introibo ad altare Bachi. *R.* Ad eum qui letificat cor hominis.

CONFITEOR reo Bacho omnepotanti, et reo vino coloris rubei, et omnibus ciphis ejus, et vobis potatoribus, me nimis gulose potasse per nimiam nauseam rei Bachi dei mei potatione, sternutatione, ocitatione maxima, mea crupa, mea maxima crupa.* Ideo precor beatissimum Bachum, et omnes ciphos ejus, et vos fratres potatores, ut potetis pro me ad dominum reum Bachum, ut misereatur mei. Misereatur vestri ciphipotens Bachus, et permittat vos perdere omnia vestimenta vestra, et perducat vos ad majorem tabernam, qui bibit et potat per omnia pocula poculorum, Stramen. Crapulanciam et [absorbutionem] et perditionem omnium vestimentorum vestrorum tribuat vobis ciphipotens Bachus, [per talem decium dominum nostrum], Stramen. Deus tuus conversus letificabis nos. Et plebs tua potabitur in te. Ostende nobis, domine, letitiam tuam. Et perditionem vestimentorum da nobis. Dolus vobiscum. Et cum gemitu tuo. Potemus. *Oratio.*

AUFER a nobis quesumus, Bache, cuncta vestimenta nostra, ut ad taberna poculorum nudis corporibus mereamur introire per omnia pocula poculorum, Stramen. *Introitus.*

LUGEAMUS omnes in decio, diem mestum deplorantes sub honore† quadrati decii, de cujus jactatione plangunt miseri et perjurant filium dei. *V*'. Beati qui habitant in

* MS. Harl. 2851, reads here, *quia ego potator potavi nimis, bibendo, ludendo, vestimenta mea perdendo, mea crupa,* and omits the next and several other paragraphs; in two instances it has *manifestetur* for *misereatur.*

† MS. Harl. 2851, has *celebrantes sub errore.*

taberna [tua, Bache], et meditabitur ibi die ac nocte. *V'*. Gloria potori et filio Londri. Asiot, Ambisasiot, treisasiot, quinsiot, quinsasiot, sinsasiot, quernisiot, quernisasiot, deusasiot. *V'*. Dolus vobiscum. Et cum gemitu tuo. Potemus. *Oratio.*

Deus qui multitudinem rusticorum ad servitium clericorum venire fecisti et militum, et inter nos et ipsos discordiam seminasti, da nobis quesumus de eorum laboribus vivere, et eorum uxoribus uti, et de mortificatione eorum gaudere, per dominum nostrum reum Bachum, qui bibit et poculat per omnia pocula poculorum. Stramen. [. . . .] *tuum apurtatricum* (?)

In diebus nullis, multitudinis bibentium erat cor unum et omnia communia, nec quisquam eorum quod possidebat suum esse dicebat. Sed qui vendebat spolia, afferebat ante pedes potatorum, et erant illis omnia communia. Et erat quidam Londrus nomine, pessimus potator, qui accommodabat potatoribus ad ludum prout vestis valebat. Et sic faciebat lucra et dampna e poculo. Et eicientes eum extra tabernam lapidabant. Dejectio autem fiebat vestimentorum ejus, et dividebatur potatio unicuique prout opus erat. *R.* Jacta cogitatum tuum in decio, et ipse te destruet.* *V'*. Ad dolium enim potatorem inebriavit me. Asiat, asiat. *V'*. Rorate ciphi desuper, et nubes pluant mustum, aperiatur terra et germinet potatorem. Dolus vobiscum. Et cum gemitu tuo. Frequentia falsi ewangelii secundum Bachum. Fraus tibi, rustice. [In illo turbine.] *S.' Bachum.*

In verno tempore, potatores loquebantur ad invicem, [dicentes], Transeamus usque [ad] tabernam, et videamus hoc verbum quod dictum est de dolio hoc. Intrantes autem tabernam, invenerunt tabernariam et tres talos positos in disco. Gustantes autem de mero hoc, cognoverunt quia verum erat quod dictum fuerat illis de dolio hoc. Et omnes qui ibi aderant inebriati sunt de hiis quæ data fuerant a potatoribus ad ipsos. Tabernaria autem contemplabat vestes eorum, conferens in corde suo si valerent. Et denudati sunt potatores glorificantes Bachum, et maledicentes decium. Dolus vobiscum. Et cum gemitu tuo. Potemus. *Off.*† Ciphi evacuant copiam Bachi, et os potatorum

* The other MS. reads here, et ipse te destruet. Allecia. Ad dolium cum inebriarer clamavi, et exspoliavit me. Allecia. *Euvangel.* Dolus vobiscum, etc.

† The other MS. reads here, *Off.* O vinum fortissimum veni inebriandum, et noli tardare; accipite enim quod vobis paratum est vitis. Sanctus enim dicitur agnus rei qui rollit talos in disco. Miserere nudis. *Bis.* Agnus rei qui rollit talos in disco, dona nudis pannos. Pax non datur, etc.

nauseant usque ad fundamentum. Non cantatur sanctus, nec agnus dei, sed pax detur cum gladiis et fustibus. Pater noster qui es in ciphis, sanctificetur vinum istud. Adveniat Bachi potus, fiat tempestas tua sicut in vino et in taberna, panem nostrum ad devorandum da nobis hodie, et dimitte nobis pocula magna sicut et nos dimittimus potatoribus nostris, et ne nos induces in vini temptationem, sed libera nos a vestimento. *Co.* Gaudent animæ potatorum, qui Bachi vestigia sunt secuti, et quia pro ejus amore vestes suas perdiderunt, imo cum Bacho in vini dolium. Dolus vobiscum. Et cum gemitu tuo. Potemus. *Oratio.*

Deus, qui tres quadratos decios. .lx$^{a}$ iij$^{us}$. oculis illuminasti, tribue nobis quesumus, ut nos qui vestigia eorum sequimur, jactatione quadrati decii a nostris pannis exuamur. per d. Dolus vobiscum, etc. Ite bursa vacua. Reo gratias.

*Wrt.*

## OLD AGE.

From MS. Harl. No. 913, fol. 54, v°. of the begining of the fourteenth century.

Elde makith me geld, and growen al grai;
When eld me wol feld, nykkest ther no nai;
Eld nul meld no murthes of mai;
When eld me wol aweld, mi wele is a-wai;
Eld wol keld, and cling so the clai.
With eld I mot held, and hien to mi dai.
When eld blowid he is blode, his ble is sone abatid;
Al we wilnith to ben old, wy is eld i-hatid?

Moch me anueth,
That mi drivil druith,
and mi wrot wet;
Eld me awarpeth,
That mi schuldren scharpith,
and ȝouthe me hath let,
Ihc ne mai no more
Grope under gore,
thoȝ mi wil wold ȝete;
Y-ȝoket ic am of ȝore,
With last and luther lore,
and sunne me hath bi-set.

I-set ic am with sunne,
That I ne mai noȝt munne
non murthis with muthe;
Eld me hath amarrid,
Ic wene he be bi-charrid,
that trusteth to ȝuthe.

Al thus eld me for-dede,
Thus he toggith ute mi ted,
and drawith ham on rewe;
Y ne mai no more of love done,
Mi pilkoc pisseth on mi schone,
uch schenlon* me bischrewe.
Mine hed is hore and al for-fare,
I-hewid as a grei mare,
mi bodi wexit lewe.†
When I bihold on mi schennen,
Min dimmith al for-dwynnen,
mi frendis waxith fewe.

Now I pirtle, I pofte, I poute,
I snurpe, I snobbe, I sneipe on snoute,
throȝ kund I comble and kelde;
I lench, I len, on lyme I lasse,
I poke, I pomple, I palle, I passe,
as gallith gome I geld;
I rivele, I roxle, I rake, I rouwe,
I clyng, I cluche, I croke, I couwe,
thus he wol me aweld.
I grunt, I grone, I grenne, I gruche,
I nase, I neppe, I nifle, I nuche,
and al this wilneth eld.

I stunt, I stomere, I stomble as sledde,
I blind, I bleri, I bert in bedde,
such sond is me sent;
I spitte, I spatle in spech, I sporne,
I werne, I lutle, ther-for I murne,
thus is mi wel i-went.

I spend, and marrit is mi main,
And wold wil ȝuthe aȝayn,
as falc I falow and felde.

* A gloss in the original explains this word by, *.i. puer.*

† *i. debile.* Gloss in the original.

I was heordmon, nou am holle,
Al folk of mo beth wel folle,
such willing is after elde.

Seo wouw spakky he me spent,
Uch toth fram other is trent,
arerid is of rote.
The tunge wlaseth wend ther with,
Lostles lowteth in uch a lith,
I mot be ther eld bith,
he fint me under fote. *Amen.*

*Wrt.*

## A POEM TO THE VIRGIN.

From MS. Camb. Pub. Lib. Ff. v. 48, of the fifteenth century.

Mary moder, wel thow be!
Mary mayden, thynk on me;
Maydyn and moder was never non
To the, lady, but thou allon.
Swete Mary, mayden clene,
Shilde me fro all shame and tene;
And out of syn, lady, shilde thou me,
And out of det, for charité.
Lady, for thi joyes fyve,
Gyf me grace in this life
To know and kepe over all thyng
Cristyn feath and Goddis biddyng,
And truly wynne all that is nede
To me and myne, bothe cloth and fede.
Helpe me, lady, and alle myne,
Shilde me, lady, fro hel pyne.
Shilde me, lady, fro vilany,
And fro alle wycked cumpany.
Shilde me, lady, fro evel shame,
And from all wyckid fame.
Swete Mary, mayden mylde,
Fro the fende thou me shilde,
That the fende me not dere;
Swete lady, thou me were
Bothe be day and be ny3t;
Helpe me, lady, with alle thi my3t,
For my frendis, lady, I pray the,

That thei may saved be
To ther soulis and ther life,
Lady, for thi joyes fyve.
For myn enimys I pray also,
That thei may here so do,
That thei nor I in wrath dye;
Swete lady, I the pray,
And thei that be in dedly synne,
Let hem never dye therin;
But swete lady, thou hem rede
For to amende ther my seede.
Swete lady, for me thou pray to hevyn kyng,
To graunt me howsill, Christe, and gode endyng.
Jhesu, for thi holy grace,
In heven blisse to have a place;
Lady as I trust in the,
These prayers that thou graunt me;
And I shall, lady, her belyve
Grete the with avys fyve,
A pater noster and a crede,
To helpe me, lady, at my nede.
Swete lady, full of wynne,
Full of grace and gode within,
As thou art flour of alle thi kynne,
Do my synnes for to blynne,
And kepe me out of dedly synne,
That I be never takyn therin.

*Hlll.*

## THE LAMENTATION OF THE VIRGIN.

**From the same manuscript.**

Off alle women that ever were borne,
That berys childre, abyde and se
How my son liggus me beforne,
Upon my kne, takyn fro tre.
Your childre ȝe dawnse upon your kne,
With laȝyng, kyssyng, and mery chere;
Beholde my childe, beholde now me,
For now liggus ded my dere son dere.

O woman, woman, wel is the!
Thy childis cap thou dose upon,
Thou pykys his here, beholdys his ble,
Thow wost not wele when thou hast done.

But ever, alas! I make my mone,
To se my sonnys hed as hit is here;
I pyke owt thornys be on and on,
For now liggus ded my dere son dere.

O woman, a chaplet chosyn thou has,
Thy childe to were hit dose the gret likyng;
Thou pymmes hit on with gret solas,
And I sate with my son sore wepyng.
His chaplet is thornys sore prickyng,
His mouth I kys with a carfull chere;
I sitte wepyng, and thou syngyng,
For now liggus ded my dere son dere.

O woman, loke to me agayn,
That playes and kisses your childre pappys;
To se my son I have gret payn,
In his brest so gret gapis,
And on his body so many swappys;
With blody lippys I kis hym here;
Alas! full hard me thynk me happys,
For now liggus ded my dere son dere.

O woman, thou takis thi childe be thi hand,
And seis, "my son, gif me a strok;"
My sonnys handis ar sore bledand,
To loke on hym me list not layke.
His handis he suffyrd for thi sake
Thus to be boryd with nayle and speyre;
When thou makes myrth, gret sorow I make,
For now liggus ded my dere son dere.

Beholde, women, when that ȝe play,
And hase your childre on knees damsand,
He fole therfor fittys or day,
And to your sught ful wel likand;
But the most fynger of any hande
Thorow my sonnys fete I may put here,
And pulle hit out sore bledand,
For now liggus ded my dere son dere.

Therfor, women, be town and strete,
Your chidre handis when ȝe beholde,
Theyr brest, theire body, and theire fete,
Then gode hit were an my son thynk ȝe wolde,
How care has made my hart full colde,
To se my son with nayles and speyre,

With scourge and thornys mony-folde,
Woundit and ded, my dere son dere.

Thou hase thi son full holl and sounde,
And myn is ded upon my kne;
Thy childe is lawse, and myn is bonde,
Thy childe is an life, and myn ded is he.
Whi was this 03t but for the?
For my childe trespast never here.
Me thynk 3e be holdyn to wepe with me,
For now liggus ded my dere son dere.

Wepe with me, both man and wyfe,
My childe is youres and lovys yow wele;
If your childe had lost his life,
3e wolde wepe at every mele;
But for my son wepe 3e never a del.
If 3e luf youres, myne has no pere,
He sendis yow both hap and hele,
And for 3ow dyed, my dere son dere.

Now alle wymmen that has your wytte,
And sees my childe on my knees ded,
Wepe not for yours, but wepe for hit,
And 3e shall have ful mycull mede.
He wolde agayn for your luf blede,
Rather or that 3e damned were;
I pray yow alle to hym take hede;
For now liggus ded my dere son dere.

Farewel, woman, I may no more
For drede of deth reherse his payn;
3e may lagh when 3e list, and I wepe sore,
That may 3e se and 3e loke to me agayn.
To luf my son and 3e be fayn,
I wille luff yours with hert entere;
And he shall bryng your childre and you, sertayn,
To blisse wher is my dere son dere.

## PROVERBIAL VERSES.

From MS. Harl. No. 913, fol. 62, r°.

Whan erth hath erth i-wonne with wow,
Than erth mai of erth nim hir i-now;
Erth up erth fallith ful frow;*
Erth toward erth delful him drow.
Of erth thou were makid, and mon thou art i-lich;
In on erth awaked the pore and the riche.

Terram per injuriam cum terra lucratur,
Tunc de terra cepiam terra sortiatur.
Terra super aream subito frustratur;
Se traxit ad aridam terraque tristatur.
De terra plasmaris, es similis virroni;
Una terra pauperes ac dites sunt proni.

Erth geth on erth wrikkend in weden;
Erth toward erth wormes to feden;
Erth berith to erth al is lif deden;
When erth is in erthe, heo muntid† thi meden.
When erth is in erthe, the rof is on the chynne;
Than schullen an hundred wormes wroten on the skin.

Vesta pergit vestibus super vestem vare;
Artatur et vermibus vesta pastum dare;
Ac cum gestis omnibus ad vestam migrare;
Cum vesta sit scrobibus quis wlt suspirare;
Cum sit vesta posita doma tangit mentum;
Tunc in cute candida verrunt‡ vermes centum.

Erth askith erth, and erth hir answerid,
Whi erth hatid erth, and erth erth verrid;
Erth hath erth, and erth erth terith;
Erth geeth on erth, and erth erth berrith.
Of erth thow were bigun, on erth thou schalt end,
Al that thou in erth wonne, to erth schal hit wend.

Humus humum repetit, et responsum datur,
Humum quare necgligit, et humo fruatur;
Humus humum porrigit, sic et operatur;
Super humum peragit, humoque portatur.
Humo sic inciperis, ac humo meabis;
Quod humo quesieris, humo totum dabis.

* A gloss in the margin has *festine*. † *Metitur*, in the margin.
‡ *Trahunt*, in the margin.

Erth get hit on erth maistri and miȝte;
Al we beth erth, to erth we beth i-diȝte;
Erth asketh carayne of king and of kniȝte;
Whan erth is in erth, so lowȝ he be liȝt.
Whan thi riȝt and thi wowȝ wendith the bi-for,
Be thou thre niȝt in a throuȝ, thi frendschip is i-lor.

Terra vincit bravium, terra collucratur;
Totus cetus ominum de terra patratur;
Ops cadaver militumque reges[que] scrutatur;
Cum detur in tumulum, mox terra voratur.
Cum jus et justicium coram te migrabunt,
Pauci post trinoctium mortem deplorabunt.

Erth is a palfrei to king and to quene;
Erth is ar lang wei, thouw we lutil wene;
That werith grover and groy, and schrud so schene,
Whan erth makith is liverei, he gravith as in grene.
Whan erth hath erth with streinth thus geten,
Alast he hath is leinth miseislich i-meten.

Dic vestam dextrarium regique reginæ;
Iter longum marium quod est sine fine;
Indumentum varium, dans cedit sentinæ;
Quando dat corrodium, nos tradit ruinæ.
Cum per fortitudinem tenet hanc lucratam,
Capit longitudinem misere metatam.

Erth gette on erth gersom and gold;
Erth is thi moder, in erth is thi mold;
Erth uppon erth, be thi soule hold;
Er erthe go to erthe, bild thi long bold.
Erth bilt castles, and erthe bilt toures;
Whan erth is on erthe, blak beth the boures.

Humus quærit plurima super humum bona;
Humus est mater tua, in qua sumas dona;
Animæ sis famula super humum prona;
Domum dei perpetra mundo cum corona.
Ops turres edificat ac castra de petra;
Quando fatum capiat, penora sunt tetra.

Thenk, man, in lond on thi last ende,
Whar of thou com, and whoder schaltou wend;
Make the wel at on with him that is so hend,
And dred the of the dome, lest sin the schend.
For he is king of blis, and mon of moche mede,
That delith the dai fram niȝt, and lenith lif and dede.

De fine novissimo mavors mediteris,
Huc quo veneris vico, dic quo gradieris;
Miti prudentissimo concordare deris,
Hæsites judicio ne noxa dampneris.
Quia rex est gloriæ dans mensura restat,
Mutat noctem de die, vitam mortem præstat. AMEN.

*Wrt.*

## QUALITIES REQUISITE FOR A PRIEST.

From MS. Q. A. 4, fol. 187, r°, in the library of Jesus College, Cambridge; of the fifteenth century, on vellum.

Sacerdos debet esse vir sanctus, a peccatis segregatus; rector, non raptor; speculator, non spiculator; dispensator, non dissipator; pius in judicio, justus in consilio; devotus in choro, castus in thoro; stabilis in ecclesia, sobrius in cœna; prudens in lætitia, purus in conscientia; verax in sermone, assiduus in oratione, humilis in congregatione; paciens in adversitate, benignus in prosperitate; dives in virtutibus, mitis in bonitatibus; sapiens in confessione, securus et fidelis in prædicatione; ab vanis operibus separatus, in Christo constans. Multis annis jam transactis, nulla fides est in pactis; fel in corde, verba lactis; mel in ore, fraus in factis.

*Hlll.*

## ON WOMAN.

From MS. Harl. No. 2253, fol. 110. v°, of the reign of Edward II.

Seignours e dames, ore escotez,
Ce qe vus dirroi l'entendez;
Quy le vodra entendre,
Grant bien il purra aprendre.
A comencement de ma resoun
De femmes froy mon sermoun,
Si vus dirra en escripture
De lor bounté e de lur nature.
Molt lur avyent bel aventure!
Quar Dieu les fist par grant cure;
Le noun de femme lur dona,
Pur sa mere qe taunt ama;
E pus les fist bones e pleynes de bounté,
E beles, sauntz iniquité.

Avenauntes sunt, e de bele porture,
Bien afeytes, e de grant mesure.
D'amer gent est lur nature,
De fere eux joie e enveysure.
Femme est la plusdouce rien
Qe unqe fist Dieu, ce di-je bien;
Tous les espieces de cest mount
Ne sunt si douces come femmes sunt;
Gyngyvre, sucre, ne lycorys,
Ne tous les espieces de Paris,
Certes, galingal, ne mas,
N'est vaillaunt à femme un pygas;
De femme plus savoure un beiser,
Qe plein poyn de lorer.
Eles sunt gentiles à demesure,
Greeles, bien fetes par la seinture,
E tous jours sunt de bele chere,
Devaunt la gent e derere.
En eux ne trovera um taunt ne quant,
Fors grant joie e bel semblaunt;
E reheitent gent ou bele enveysure;
De folie fere nen ount cure.
Jà ne verrez femme foleier,
Ne fust de honme le bel parler;
Jà ne freit-ele folement,
Ne fust de honme l'enchauntement;
Mès tous jours remeindreint virgines,
De netteté fuissent totes pleynes;
Mès um les bosoigne tous jours,
Pur aver de eux lur amours,
E ensi par grant priere
Receyvent sovent encombrere.
Qui à eux mesfet ou mesdit,
Jà ne serrount ou Die eslit;
Jà Dieu ne eyme qe femme het,
Quar nul enchesoun trover set.
N'est clerc taunt aparceyvaunt,
Ne nul autre taunt vaillaunt,
Qe femmes vueillent blamer,
Ne rien countre eux desputer,
S'il ne soit de vileyne natioun;
Pur ce ne dient si bien noun.
Grant amour à ly attret,
Cely qe honour à femme fet.
Ly gentil ne les despyt,
Ne vileynie de femme dit.

Dieu ayme femmes bonement,
Ataunt com il fet la gent,
Pur sa douce mere Marie,
Par qy recovri est la vie,
Dount chescun doit honorer
E femmes sur tous preyser.
Dieu les fist par grant leysir,
Pur servyr gentz à pleysyr;
Pur ce les doit-um loer,
E en nul point despiser.
Car de femmes sunt gent estret,
E suef nory de lur let;
Roys, countz, e barouns,
Evesques, freres que fount sermounz,
Prestres, moygnes, e abbés,
De femmes sunt engendrez;
Par femme est le siecle sustenu,
Malt avauncé e molt cru.
Si femmes ne fuissent, verroiment,
Cest siecle ne vaudra nyent.
Jà ne fust-il lée en cuer,
Que ne savoit femme amer.
Qy à femme fet vyleynie,
Dieu ly doynt male vie!
Femme est la pluspreciouse chose
Que le mound ad enclose.
Je aym femme sour tote rien;
Car yl me ount fet grant bien;
Je ay[me] femme ou le cors gent,
De mon cuer lur faz present.
De femmes vienent les pruesses,
Les honeurs, e les hautesses,
Tote bounté e drywerye,
Dount m'est avis qu'il fet folye,
Qe de eux se fet hayer;
Jà ne ly verrez bien chever,
Ceux qe à femmes mesdirrount,
Jà bon fyn ne averount.
Nul honme deit de eux mentyr,
S'il ne duissent mort soffryr.
Certes, pur rien qe femme fra,
Peyne d'enfern ne verra;
Quar Dieu lur ad doné le doun,
Qe eles ne verront si bien noun.
N'est honme qe soit de femme neez,
Qe tous siet dire lur bountez.

Je n'ai mie dit la centisme part,
Mès molt les lowe matin e tart ;
Ne say dyre ne penser
La grant bounté de lur cuer :
Mès à Dieu les comaund, femmes beles,
Ensement totes puceles,
E totes femmes qe sunt nees,
A Dieu soient comaundeez !

II. fol. 111, r°.

Quy femme prent à compagnie,
Veiez si il fet sen ou folye ;
Qy en femme despent sa cure,
Oiez sa mort e sa dreiture ;
Qy femme eyme e femme creit,
Sa mort brace, sa mort beyt ;
Qy coveyte ou femme preyse,
Sa mort quert, e nulle eyse,
Sauntz pris e sauntz loer se vend,
E fet la lace dount yl se pend.
Cui ces vers ad en remenbraunce,
Yl doute femme plus qe launce.
Femme est racyne de tous maus ;
Femme engendre ires mortaus ;
Femme deceit bons amys ;
De deus freres fet enymys.
Femme departe le fitz del pere,
A force le toud de sa mere.
Femme par sa fauce parole
Blaundist le honme e pus le afole ;
Femme afole les plus sachauntz,
Les plus riches fet payn querauntz.
Femme fet bataille e guere,
Occyre gentz, destrure terre,
Ard chastiels, prent cités ;
Femme refuse fermetes ;
Femme fet prendre les tornois,
E fet fere les desrois ;
Femme fet fere les mesleez,
Trere cotels e espeez ;
Femme fet chastiels graventer,
Chevalers e serjauntz anuyer ;
Femme fet ume de ordre issir,
E le service Dieu guerpyr.
Femme engendre en poi de houre,
Dount tote la countré emploure.

Femme est jolyf pur ly demostrer ;
Femme est lyoun pur devorer ;
Femme est gopil pur gent deceyvre ;
Femme est ourse pur cours receyvre ;
Femme est fotere pur tous prendre ;
Femme est ostour pur preie atteindre ;
Femme est esperver pur haut voler ;
Femme est hobel pur haut mounter ;
Femme est heyroun de suef payl ;
Femme est plus aspre que chamail ;
Femme est chyval de grant luxure ;
Femme est dragoun de grant arsure.
Unqe languor ne conoit,
Qe femme à compaigne ne avoit ;
Femme est fontaigne desouz vaye,
Que tot recet e tot abaye ;
Femme est taverne que ne faut,
Qui qe vine e qy qe vaut ;
Femme est enfern qe tot receit,
Touz jours ad seif e tous jours beit :
De femme ce est la nature,
Meynz la creez come plus jure.
Femme n'ert jà pris privée,
Si desouz loer ne soit trovée !
Femme est leger come le vent,
Cent foiz le jour chaunge talent ;
Mès quy vodera femme joyr,
Je ly dirroi sauntz mentyr
Qu'il ly donast poy à manger,
E mal à vestir e à chaucer,
E la batist menu e sovent,
Donqe freit-il de femme son talent.
N'est mie sage que femme creit,
Mere ne suere, qui qe seit ;
Car ly sage Salamoun,
Que de sen out graunt renoun,
Qe plussage de ly ne fu,
Par sa femme fust descu ;
Auxi fust Sampson forcyn,
Car femme par son engyn,
Tot en dormant il perdy
Ce dount fust si enforci.
En femme est molt malveysyn ;
Car l'emperour Constantyn
Out par sa femme tiele hountage,
Car ele cocha par folage

Ou le naym de lede figure,
Si come honme treove en escripture;
E ly bon myr Ypocras,
Qe tant savoit de medicyne artz,
Fust par sa femme descu,
Ceste chose est bien aparsu.
Pur ce vus dy tart e matyn,
Gardez-vus de femel engyn.
Nul honme puet à chief trere,
Taunt ad en femme mal affere!
Plus ne vueil de femmes parler;
Chescun se gard de eux à son poer;
E je vus dy tot sauntz fable,
Femme siet un art plus que le deable.

*Wrt.*

## ADVICE TO APPRENTICES.

**From MS. No. 8299. in the library of Sir Thomas Phillipps, Bart., a folio volume, on vellum and paper, of the fifteenth century.**

Children and yong men that come to this citie,
And purpose yourself apprentices to be,
To lerne craft or connyng,
I counsaille you alle doo after me,
And than ye shalle not reprovid be,
Yf ye use my doctryne sikerly.
Fyrst that ye rise in the mornyng erly,
And that ye serve God devoutly,
Withe *Pater Noster*, *Ave*, and *Crede*:
Araye yourself lightly,
Be with your maister in the mornyng tymely,
And doo that you bidde.
Speke to your maister reverently,
And answere hym ever curteisly.
See your araye be clene;
Suffer maister and maistresse paciently,
And doo their biddyng obediently,
And loke no pride in you be sene.
Serve atte the tabille manerly,
And love never to likerously,
Alle maner of othis ye refuse:
Lyve withe your felisship peisibly,
Answere never enviously,
And make ye never lye for noon excuse.

Exchewe allewey eville company,
Caylys, cardyng, and haserdy,
And alle unthryfty playes;
By and selle truly,
And applie your crafte besily,
And alwey flee suspiciows weyes.
Walke by the wey verry sadly,
And doo your erande verry wisely,
And loke ye appeire noo mannys name.
Spende never to riottously,
And loke ye use noo poynt of lechery,
And that shalle cause gode fame.
And ye that wylle be trusty,
Gette noo goode untruly;

* * * *

Suffer summe rebuke wrongfully,
And answere never to hastely,
Therin ye shalle fynde grete rest.
Nowe gode Lorde that made alle thyng,
Sende these apprentices goode lernyng,
And to their maister to be true;
Of hande and tunge specially,
And that they may lyve honestly,
And alwey goode vertues to sue. AMEN.

*Hlll.*

## ST. URSULA.

From the same MS., in the library of Sir Thomas Phillipps, Bart.

Xj. m[l]. virgyns he that wille honour,
With so many *pater noster* and *aves* therto,
He shalle fynde them alle his helpe and socour,
Atte the last passage hens whan he shall goo:
A faire revelacioun saith it is so:
Wherfore he that wille that comfort purchesse,
May be delyvered fro much care and woo,
And fynd in this lyf much more grace.

*Hlll.*

## RELIGIOUS POEMS.

From a MS. in the collection of Sir Thomas Phillipps, Bart. No. 8336, of the fourteenth century. It is the same MS. from which we have already printed two poems, vol. i. pp. 86, 87, and was written by William Herebert.

### I.

Wele, heri3yng, and worshype boe to Crist that doere ous bouhte!
To wham gradden Osanna chyldren clene of thoute.
*Gloria, laus, et honor, etc.*

Thou art kyng of Israel, and of Davidyes kunne,
Blessed kyng that comest tyl ous, withoute wem of sunne.
*Israel es tu rex.*

Al that ys in hevene the hery3eth under on,
And al thyn ouwe hondewerk, and euch dedlych mon.
*Cetus in excelsis.*

The volk of Gywes wyth bowes comen a3eyenst the,
And woe wyht boedis, and wyth song moeketh ous to the.
*Plebs Hebrea.*

Hoe kepten the wyth wors3yping, a3eynst thou shuldest dey3e;
And woe syngeth to thy worshipe, in trone that sittest hey3e.
*Hii tibi.*

Hoere wyl and here mockynge thou nome tho to thonk;
Queme the thoenne, kyng of mylse, oure ofringe of thys song.
*Hii placent.*

Wele heriing and worshipe boe, &c.

### II.

My volk, what habbe y do the?
Other in what thyng toened the?
Gynnouthe and onswere thou me!

Vor vrom Egypte ich ladde the,
Thou me ledest to rode troe;
My volk, what habbe y do the?

Thorou wyldernesse ich ladde the,
And vourty 3er bihedde the,
And aungeles bred ich 3af to the,
And into reste ich brouhte the;
My volk, what habbe y do the?

What more shulde ich haven y-don,
That thou me havest nouth under von?
My volk, etc.

Ich the vedde wel and shrudde the;
And thou wyth eysyl drinkest to me,
And wyth spere styngest me;
My volk, etc.

Ich Egypte boeth vor the,
And hoere tem ysllou vor the;
My volk, etc.

Ich delede the see vor the,
And Pharaon dreynte vor the;
And thou to princes soldest me;
My volk, etc.

In bem of cloude ich ladde the;
And to Pylate thou laddest me;
My volk, etc.

Wyth aungeles mete ich vedde the;
And thou bufetest and scourgest me;
My volk, etc.

Of the ston ich dronk to the;
And thou wyth galle drincst to me;
My volk, etc.

Kynges of Chanaan ich vor the boet;
And thou betest myn heved wyth roed;
My volk, etc.

Ich 3af the croune of kynedom;
And thou me 3yfst a croune of thorne;
My volk, etc.

Ich muchel worshype doede to the;
And thou me hongest on rode troe!
My volk, &c.

III.

Loverd, shyld me vrom helle deth at thylke gryslich stounde,
When hevene and oerthe shulle quake and al that ys on grounde!
When thou shalt demen al wyth fur, that ys on oerthe y-vounde.
*Libera me, Domine, etc.*

Ich am overgard agast, and quake al in my speche,
A3a the day of rykenyng and thylke gryslych wreche,
When hevene and oerthe shulle quake, and al that ys on grounde.
That day ys day of wreythe, of wo, and soroufolnesse;
That day shall boe the grete day, and voul of bytternesse,
When thow shalt demen al wyth fur that ys on oerthe y-vounde.
Thylke reste that ever last, loverd, thow hoem sende,

And lyht of hoevene blysse hoem shyne wythouten ende!
Crist, shyld me vrom deth endeles, etc.
What! ich vol of wrechenesse, hou shal ich take opon,
When ich no god ne bringe to-vore the domes mon?

IV.

Thou, wommon, boute vere,
Thyn oun vader bere,
Gret wonder thys was;
That on wommon was moder
To vader and ek hyre brother,
So never now other nas.

Thou my suster and my moder,
And thy sone ys my broder;
Who shulde thoenne drede?
Who so havet the kyng to broder,
And ek the quene to moder,
Wel auhte nou to spede.

Dame, suster, and moder,
Say thy sone my brother,
That ys domes mon,
That vor the that hym bere,
To me boe debonere,
My robe he haveth opon.

Soethye he my robe tok,
Also ich finde in bok,
He ys to me y-bounde;
And helpe he wole, ich wot,
Vor love the chartre wrot,
And the enke orn of his wounde.

Ich take to wytnessinge
The spere and the crounynge,
The nailes and the rode,
That he that ys so cunde,
Thys ever haveth in munde,
That bouhte ous wyth hys blode.

When thou ȝeve hym my wede,
Dame help me at the noede,
Ich wot thou myth vol well;
That vor no wreched gult,
Ich boe to helle y-pult,
To the ich make apel.

Nou, dame, ich the byseche,
At thylke day of wreche,
Hoe by thy sones trone,
When sunne shal been souht,
In werk, in word, in thouht,
And spek vor me thow one.

When ich mot nede apere,
Vor mine gultes here,
To-vore the domes mon;
Suster, boe ther my vere,
And make hym debonere,
That thy robe haveth opon.

Vor habbe ich the and hym,
That markes bery wyth hym,
That charité him tok;
The woundes al blody,
The toknes of mercy,
Ase techeth holy bok.
Tharf me nothing drede,
Sathan shal nout spede,
Wyth wrenches ne wyth crok.

V.

Heyl, levedy, se-stoerre bryht,
Godes moder, edy wyht,
Mayden ever vurst and late;
Of heveneriche sely ȝate,
Thylk *ave* thai thow vonge in spel,
Of the aungeles mouheth kald Gabriel,
In gryht ous sette and shyld vrom shome,
That turnst abakward Eves nome;
Gulty monnes bond unbynd;
Bryng lyht tyl hoem that boeth blynd;
Put vrom ous oure sunne,
And ern ous elle wynne.
Shou that thou art moder one,
And he vor the take oure bone;
That vor ous thy chyld by-com,
And of the oure kunde nom.
Mayde one thou were myd chylde,
Among alle so mylde,
Of sunne ous quite on haste,
And make ous meoke and chaste;
Lyf thou ȝyf ous clene;

Wey syker ous ȝarke and lene,
That we Jesus y-soe,
And ever blythe boe!
To the vader, Cryst, and to the Holy Gost, beo thonk and heryinge,
To threo persones and o God, o menske and worshypinge!

## VI.

Come, shuppere, Holy Gost, of feth oure thouhtes
Vul wyth grace of hevene, heortes that thou wrouhtest;
Thou that art cleped vorspekere, and ȝyft vrom God y-send,
Weolle of lyf vur charité and gostlych oynement.
Thou ȝyfst the sevene ȝyftes, thou vinger of Godes honde,
Thou makest tonge of vleȝe speke leodene of uche londe,
Send lyht in oure wyttes, in oure heortes love;
Ther oure body is leothe-wok, ȝyf strengthe vrom above;
Shyld ous vrom the veonde, and ȝyf ous gryth anon,
That woe wyten ous vrom sunne thorou the lodesmon.
Of the vader and the sone thou ȝyf ous knoulechinge,
To leve that vel of in bothe thou ever boe woninge.*
Woele to the vader, and to the sone that vrom deth aros,
And also thes Holy Gost ever worshipe and los.

*Hllll.*

* Herebert has written the word "lovinge" above this as if in doubt which to use. The following lines in another part of the MS. are curious—

Also the lanterne in the wynd that sone is aqueynt,
Ase sparkle in the se that sone is adreynt,
Ase vom in the strem that sone is to-thwith,
Ase smoke in the lift that passet oure sith.

## SATIRE AGAINST THE INHABITANTS OF ROCHESTER.

From a MS. of the fourteenth century, preserved in the Bibliothèque du Roi, at Paris. For the transcript of this singular specimen of early local satire, I am indebted to the kindness of M. Paulin Paris. There can be no doubt that this satire was written in France.

*Incipiunt proprietates Anglicorum.*

De animalibus Roucestriæ existentibus, qualia quidem animalia sint perscrutandum; in qua quidem specie animalis collocentur ex hiis quæ ad sensum eis insunt primo manifestantes. Generationes quoque eorum ex hinc narrando, proprias eorum passiones de ipsis demonstrabimus. Utrum igitur dictorum animalium genus una sit determinatarum ab Aristotile specierum considerandum, supponentes quod ad sensum notum est, quoniam dicta animalia caudas habent. Quod quidem igitur homines non sunt, palam ex hiis quæ ab Aristotile in de Partibus Animalium dicta sunt. Ibi namque ostensum est, quod hominibus caudam inesse non contingit. Si quidem igitur dicantur homines, hoc erit equivoce. Ex eisdem etiam ostensum sit, quoniam non erunt symiæ. Nos enim neque videmus unquam nec ab aliquibus accepimus caudas inesse symeis. Adhuc autem symeæ unquam fere pilosæ sunt, hæc autem non. Quod autem epigenei aut silvestres homines non sint, si sint tales aliqui, manifestum: civitatem inhabitant, quod epigeneis aut silvestribus non competit hominibus. Utrum autem aliqua sint species quadrupedum, nullus utique dubitat: duos enim tantum pedes habent. Sed quoniam alas non habent, non erunt utique volatilia. Reptilia vero non erunt, pedes enim habent. Siquidem sub aqua ponerentur, suffocarentur utique: quare pisces non erunt. Quod quidem igitur animalia Roucestriam inhabitantia nulla utique erunt animalium ab Aristotile determinatorum ex dictis est manifestum. Quod autem animalia sint, nullus dubitat; sentiunt enim et intuentur, per quæ philosophi animal a non animali distinxerunt. Rationabile igitur illi grates agere copiosas, qui talibus animalibus causa fuit existentiæ: plura enim sciendi quam aliqui priorum sciverunt nobis occasionem tradidit. Mundum namque una rerum specie quam prius non habuit ditavit. Quum autem cætera animalia ab hominibus omnino divisa non sunt, palam erit. Ratiocinatur enim et leges habent, quæ nulli alteri generi animalium competunt. Aliquid igitur hominis habent. Sed quod perfecte homines non

sunt, caudarum ostendit appositio. Si quidem igitur dicantur homines, hoc enim ut dictum est erit equivoce: monstra enim sunt.—Quum autem eis unum nomen proprium non habemus, vocentur sermonis gratia; sed tamen non lateat in hiis et hominibus veris rationem hominis equivocari.

De generatione autem hominum Roucestriæ jam tractandum. Contigit itaque ut cum Britones proditione Saxonum Britaneam amisissent, Saxones illam partem Britaneæ quam acquisierant, ex Angloe civitate quadam Saxoniæ a qua primo processerunt, Angliam vocaverunt. Britonibus autem christianissimæ fidei existentibus, Saxones templa quæ in honore Dei Sanctorumque suorum construxerant Britones destruxerunt, templa suis diis surdis et vanis construentes. Post multi vero temporis spatium, condolens urbis Romanæ episcopus tantæ terræ subversionem, quemdam virum religiosum nomine Augustinum ad partes Angliæ delegavit, ut ibidem verbum Dei Anglicis adhuc infidelibus existentibus prædicaret. Qui cum sibi jussum fuerat iter arripiens ad dictam patriam pervenit, ibique verbum Dei prædicando per multum tempus parum potuit exaudiri. Vir tamem Dei labores et angustias non reputans, sed magis illius gentis salutem intendens, a prædicatione non desistebat, quousque majorem partem illius insulæ ad fidem christianam vocaverat. Cumque de civitate in civitatem prædicando transiret, contigit ut in civitate quæ Roucestria dicitur semel prædicaret. Ipso autem prædicante, concives civitatis accesserunt, et verba ejus mendacia reputantes, multa ei obprobria intulerunt. Post multorum vero obprobriorum angustiam, caudas porcorum et vaccarum fimbreis vestimentorum eis alligantes, in faciemque ejus conspuentes, ipsum de civitate ejecerunt. Ejectus vero de civitate contristatus est valde, et in oratione positus oravit dicens: "Domine Jhesu Christe, pro cujus fidei exaltationem ad has partes iter arripui, sicut fidem tuam fideliter prædicavi, nec tamen gentem hujus civitatis convertere potui, suscipe orationem meam, et immitte eis ignominiam sempiternam, ut cognoscant quod nichil a memet ipso dixi, sed ea quæ ex te suscepi prædicavi, et ut sciant obprobrium tibi illatum non michi sed tibi intulerunt, et quam potens es cum tibi placuerit vindictam assumere." Cumque orationem complevisset, flevit amare. Et cum fleret, tale meruit audire responsum: "Augustine, surge nomenque meum indubitanter prædica, quoniam mihi placent opera tua, et in hiis quod postulas exaudieris." Volens igitur Deus de obprobrio sibi servoque suo illato vindictam assumere, instituit ut omnes qui ex tunc in civitate Roucestriæ nascerentur caudas ad modum porcorum haberent. Quod vero, sicut dictum est, contigit. Unde et universi civitatis prædictæ incoli omnisque terræ cir-

cumadjacentis magis timore quam amore ad fidem Christi sunt conversi. Non tamen potuit auferri quin caudas haberent; ex tunc enim et adhuc et in æternum existent caudati. Hoc igitur modo habitatores Roucestriæ generabantur; quod autem univoce homines non sunt, ex quo caudas habent manifestum est.

Quod autem ad scibilis multiplicationem multiplicantur scientiæ manifestum est, quum nobis ex ortu incholarum Roucestriæ una accrevit scientia, in qua passiones eorum de ipsis omnibus demonstrarem. Cum igitur caudas habent, contingit ut cum irascuntur caudas erigunt, quapropter cum irascuntur sedere nequeunt. Si vero in aliqua terra animalium species ponerentur, esset in genere hominum, rationantur etenim. Unusquisque autem aliter ea quæ sunt suæ speciei, nisi sibi nocuerint, diligit. Hiis autem quæ sunt Roucestriæ accidit contrarium. Quoniam enim aut homines non sunt, aut si sint, transfigurati et monstruosi sunt, nullam diligunt hominum nationem; ipsis enim transfiguratis et monstruosis exeuntibus in corpore, necesse est quod habeant perversas et monstruosas animæ passiones. Cæteris enim hominibus taliter consuetudinis exeuntibus, quum alios homines, nisi sibi nocuerint, a periculis eripere intendunt, hii autem qui sunt Roucestriæ cunctos alios ex proposito seducunt. Adhuc autem ut perversitatem animæ corporis transfigurationi magis conforment, nec cuculi existunt. Cuculo enim proprium ovum non potente fovere, ipsum curucæ supponit. Curuca vero ovum cuculi ita curiose sicut et proprium custodit, quousque exinde cuculus parvus procreatur, qui cum potestatem volandi et sibi fomentum quærendi habuit, et curucæ fomento non amplius indiget, ipsam curucam devorat et manducat. Sic unusquisque in ipsis qui Roucestriam habitant contigit. Quanto enim in aliis plura commoda pluresque honores perpetraverint, tanto citius cum exaltantur, alius qui eis causa fuit exaltationis, subversione ipso inopinante, excogitant. Unde et Roucestriæ dicti homines ingratissimi existunt. Cæteris quidem hominibus si qui seductores sunt, seductione ex parva consuetudine accusant, habitantibus Roucestriam ex naturali corporis complexione seductionem et ingratitudinem inesse manifestum est.

Perfecto autem unoquoque exeunte, quando nihil sibi deesse eorum quæ secundum naturam suæ speciei inesse feruntur, et compotens est sibi simile generasse, habitatores Roucestriæ perfecti proditores sunt dicendi; omnia enim quæ ad quemcumque speciem proditionis exiguntur eis inesse per experta manifestum est. Possunt ergo sibi simile generare. Omnes enim qui sibi affines sunt sua proditione inficiuntur. Contingit autem ut cum quidam mercator Romanus Angliam adiret,

et quemdam familiarem omni fidelitate et multociens expertum haberet, quadam die in civitate Roucestriæ sumpsit hospitium. Quo contingente, maximum dormiendi habuit appetitum. Ipso vero dormiente, tanto furore familiaris ejus interceptus est, quod domino suo guttur incidere volebat. Cumque novaculum accepisset acutum, ut conceptum furorem perduceret, tanto strepitu ad dominum suum accessit ut ipsum excitaret a sompnis. Famulus vero timore interceptus resiliit, atque a proposito desistebat; surgens vero mercator qui novaculum perceperat civitatem exivit; cumque familiaris post ipsum civitatem exivisset, subito a proposito mutatus est et ait: "magister, cum Roucestriam intrarem, intollerabilem habui appetitum ut te interficerem, unde et rationale est ut hac morte moriar qua te præparavi moriturum." Et extrahens novaculum seipsum pro dolore et confusione interfecit. Non est autem irrationabile credere quod præterquam tale desiderium in villa habuit, nec unquam prius habuisset, illud sibi ex naturali in illa civitate dominante generatum extitisse. Habitatores ergo Roucestriæ perfecti proditores existunt.

Quod autem non solum sibi simile generant Roucestriam habitantes, sed quod ab ipsis in omnibus aliis seductoribus proditio creatur, ex hiis manifestum. Illud enim quod per se est in unoquoque genere causa est eorum quæ per accidens talia sunt. Ex dictis autem palam est hominibus Roucestriæ ex natura proditionem inesse; aliis autem hominibus ex mala consuetudine. Quapropter enim quod omnes in communem proditionem participant, in quamcumque consuetudinem Roucestriæ participes existunt.

Existente autem in unoquoque genere, uno primo et minimo per approximationem ad quoddam et remotionem a quo omnia illius generis majus et minus talia dicuntur, necessarium est quoscumque proditores exercentes per approximationem et remotionem ad gentem Roucestriæ proditoris nomen et rationem sortiri. Homines enim Roucestriæ per ipsos proditores quibuscumque aliis existunt: non quidem corpore sed perfectione, perfectissimi enim existunt proditores, si quidem in perversis nomine perfecti uti contingat. Sunt enim et proditores minimi, non quidem sic quod minus seducant, sed quia in genere proditorum indivisibiles sunt specie. Videntibus enim eorum cuncta opera minimum est quod omne ipsorum opus aut ad spiritum est seductio, aut virtutis simulatio, ut cum eis placuerit cautius possint seducere, nisi si quid per intentum operentur. Adhuc adde quod ad approximationem et remotionem ad gentem Roucestriæ proditio secundum majus et minus creatur in aliis, ex accedentibus necessarium.

Existente vero Roucestria in regione Anglorum, totam regionem in ipsum infecit. Quo facinore cuncti Anglici insigni de genere præ cunctis nationibus incomparabiliter proditores existunt. Hoc autem palam, si quis inspiciat quæ gesta sunt in Anglia a tempore quo illa pars insulæ Britanneæ a .... quæ Logria dicebatur nomen Angliæ accepit. Contigit enim quod Daci Angliam causa bellandi intrarent, ad terminumque negocium deduxerunt quod Anglicis patriam tueri non potentibus, pacem cum Dacis inierant, nominatis tributis quæ Anglorum præsides in perpetuum regi Dacorum exhiberent. Quo contingente, Dacorum rex tanquam in propria patria se credens securum existere, quadam die cum privata societate et inermi ad quoddam nemus spaciatum exivit. Et ecce armatorum Anglorum magna multitudo sibi inopinate occurrit, ipsumque cum tota familia sua interceptum interfecerunt. Audientes autem hoc reliqui Dacorum corpus magnatum suorum quam secretius potuerunt colligentes ad propria cum festinanti fuga tanquam homines sine capite iter arripuerunt. Adhuc autem cum quidam Anglorum rex filio suo puero exercente moraretur, filium suum fratri suo commendavit. Frater autem ejus excogitans quod si puer mortuus esset sibi dominium Angliæ succederet, ad mortem pueri omni studio mentis, vultum tamen ostendens contrarium, inhalebat. Quadam igitur die ipse cum puero et uno solo armigero naviculam in fluvio qui dicitur Thamesis ascenderunt. Ipse autem Angliæ hæredis sceleratus avunculus tam precibus quam minis, concivibus Londoniarum hoc concernentibus, tantum erga armigerum perpetravit quod ipse cultello extracto Angliæ interfecerit hæredem. Ut autem nephandus ille avunculus scelus suum magis simularet, arrepto cultello quo nepos fuerat interfectus, ejus interfectorem interfecit. Corpore armigeri in aquam ejecto, se cum corpore pueri prout melius potuit ad fluminis litora devexit, inenarrabilem fingens dolorem, corpus nepotis sui concivibus civitatis et terræ magnatibus ostendit. Ipsis autem proditionem ignorantibus, ipsum ad regem levaverunt.

Quis ergo hæc gesta proditionem esse poterent improbare? Eodem enim Anglorum regi nephando nulli dubium quod Normanniam amisit, cum frater suus dominus excitaverat manifestata ab ipso rege Johanne seductione commissa. Cumque rex dictus sic modo proditoris Angliam acquisierat, hoc sibi non reputans sufficere. a venerabili rege Scotorum Willelmo tributa petebat. Rex autem Scotorum dedignatus, exercitum collegit, versusque Angliam iter arripuit ab orientali parte Angliæ viam incipiens. Rex vero Angliæ cum hoc sciret, nec pugnam sine maximo periculo aggredi putasset, eo quod rex

Scotiæ jam magnam partem sibi mancipaverat, alia fraude permunitus ex parte alia intravit in Scotiam. Cumque primam villam quam invenit igne succensit, et ad castellum quod Puellarum dicitur ex remotis aspexit illiusque castelli munitiones non sperans devincere, spe vacuus est reversus. Rex vero Scotorum intrepidus transiens, totam Angliam sibi per juramenta principum subjugavit, veniensque ad Doroberniam, equum ascendit, et mare quod Flandriam ab Anglia separat intravit. Cumque mare tantum ascendisset, quod ulterius non nisi equo natante transire posset, hæc ait: "Si proditori Anglorum adhuc perdendum remaneret, adhuc non redirem." Hiis dictis exercitum adunavit, et cum gaudio remeavit. Cumque ad villam quæ Castellum Novum dicitur veniret, tamquam in proprio credens existere, remisit exercitum, atque ibi cum privata societate remansit. O pro dolor et infortunium! Nam cum hoc regi Anglorum denunciatum fuerat, ecce armatorum multitudo cum impetu irruens regem Scotorum interceptum inermem acceperunt, eumque incarceratum in tantum angustiaverunt quod juri quod in Angliam acquisierat renunciavit. Sed non hæc tanto proditori sufficit, donec rex Scotorum magnam partem terræ suæ quæ Angliæ jacebat contigua ei pro deliberatione concessit. Sicque quod gladio acquirere non potuit proditione acquisivit.

Nulli autem mirum existat, nec Scoticis pro seductione reputetur, si id quod prædicti amiserunt cum tempus eis congruerit gladio temptent revocare. Quumque autem quamplurimas alias Anglorum reges postquam sic vocabatur Locria perpetraverint seductiones, has tamen tres ex gratia posuimus. Quod autem populus Anglorum in hac passione quæ proditio dicitur reges eorum imitantur, palam, siquis consuetudines quæ per Angliam observantes inspiciat. Quanto enim in Anglia aliquis alacrius in hospitio recipitur, tanto cautius sibi cavendum est, ne, cum dormierit, sibi guttur incidatur. Adhuc autem si gesta quæ per Angliam fuerint continue, quæque Anglici in aliis terrris agunt, inspiciantur, hoc idem itaque erit manifestum. Quæ quum fere infinita sunt ad præsens dimittantur. Quod quidem igitur Anglorum populus præ cunctis nationibus seductione incomparabili infectus est, ex dictis manifestum.

Attamen autem dubitabit aliquis utrum Gallorum gentes et Scotorum hac proditione sunt infectæ. In tantum enim proditor unusquisque dictus est in quantum Roucestriæ appropinquat. Aut virtus ista solum usque ad detriarum (?) distans potens est, species etiam quæcumque non nisi in materia disposita introducitur. Hæc autem ex aliis manifesta sunt. Exemplum igitur quum nec Gallici nec Scoti proditores existunt,

tantum enim a Roucestria distant quod virtus quæ Roucestria proditionem generat ad hos non pervenit. Adhuc autem in dictis nationibus materia ad susceptionem proditionis est indisposita. Gallici quidem quoniam ex bona provisione quadam incepta complent, Scoti vero proditioni non acquiescunt, tanquam probitate corporis et mentis audacia omnia potentes explere. Anglicis autem accidit contrarium. Quamquam enim in agendis sunt providi, sintque corpore robusti, mente tamen deficiunt, ut expleant igitur quod inceperant proditione indigent. Palam etiam ex hiis quod Scotis maxime contrariantur, quapropter et eisdem magis ut noceant insidiantur. Sed redeuntes dicamus quantum Roucestria in Anglia situatur, ejus virtus per totam regionem se potest extendere. Cumque etiam Anglici a prima generatione eorum aliqualiter proditores extiterunt, proditione namque partem Britaneæ quæ Anglia dicitur acquisierunt, si quidem veræ sint quæ de regibus eorum scriptæ sunt historiæ, palamque Anglici maxime sunt dispositi ut proditionem quæ a Roucestria procedit facillime suscipiant. Aut aliter solventes, dicemus quoniam proditionis causa secundum remotionem et appropinquationem localem Roucestriæ attenditur, sed potius primorum distantiam, sic utique in promptu, causam proditionis in omnibus aliis proditoribus assignabimus. Palam autem hæc ex moribus qui non solum habitantibus Roucestriam, sed etiam cunctis insunt Anglicis; mente namque deficientes, blanditiores existunt, blandientes quos decipiunt, quæque viribus et blanditiis acquirere nequeunt, proditione acquirunt. Quicumque autem seducunt, aut latenter hoc faciunt, aut adulando. Hæc autem ambo seductionis genera Anglicis manifeste insunt. Quos enim possunt, blandientes seducunt, quos autem tanquam malitiam eorum expertos aut vigore prævalentes blandiri nequeunt, latenter insidiantur. Quicumque igitur proditores sunt secundum morum approximationem ad Anglicos et distantiam, magis vel minus tales existunt. Scotis igitur et Gallicis secundum mores Anglicis contrariis existentibus, non inest proditio, nisi si quis illorum præter naturam operatur.

Utrum autem virtus sit aut vitium talia de Anglicis dicere, cum eis insunt, perscrutandum. Quod igitur hoc homini ex natura sua inest, ut omnium hominum nationem, nisi sibi nocuerint, virtutisque opus sit talia agere ex quibus ab amicis removentur nocua, palam quod virtuti adjacet homines a fraude Anglicorum præmunire. Nobis autem non potentibus habere colloquium cum omnibus cum quibus Anglici participient, has Anglorum proprietates conscripsimus quam breviter, quanquam quæ scripta sunt mille actibus Anglorum quæ tempore nostro acti sunt possent approbari. Et hæc quidem

hac intentione ut dictum est conscripsimus, ut amici nostri cujuscunque nationis hæc inspicientes, ab Anglorum proditione præmuniantur. De habitantibus igitur Roucestriam cæterisque Anglicis tanta dicta sint.

*Expliciunt proprietates Anglicorum.*

Anglicus angulus est cui nunquam credere fas est;
Si* tibi dicat ave, sicut ab hoste cave.

*Wrt.*

* *Al.* cum. This various reading is given in the manuscript.

## ANGLO-SAXON METRICAL CHARM.

From MS. Harl. No. 585, fol. 175, r°. a book of medical receipts, written in the tenth century.

Wiþ fær-stice, feferfuige, ȝ seo reade netele, þe þurh hærn inwyxð, ȝ wegbrade wyll in buteran.

Hlude wæran hy la hlude,
þa hy ofer þone hlæw ridan;
wæran anmode,
þa hy ofer land ridan.
Scyld þu þe nu þu
þysne niþ ge-nesan mote.
Ut lytel spere,
gif her inne sie!
Stod under linde,
under leohtum scylde,
þær þa mihtigan wif
hyra mægen beræddon,
ȝ hy gyllende
garas sændan.
Ic him oðerne
eft wille sændan
fleogende flanne
forane to-geanes.
Ut lytel spere,
gif hit inne sy!
Sæt smiþ, sloh seax lytel
iserna wund swiðe.
Ut lytel spere,

gif her inne sy!
Syx smiðas sætan,
wælspera worhtan.
Ut spere, næs inspere,
gif her inne sy,
isernes dæl,
hægtessan ge-weorc.
Hit sceal ge-myltan,
gif ðu wære on fell scoten,
oððe wære on flæsc scoten,
oððe wære on blod scoten,
oððe wære on lið scoten.
Næfre ne sy ðin lif atæsed,
gif hit wære esa ge-scot,
oððe hit wære ylfa ge-scot,
oððe hit wære hægtessan ge-scot.
Nu ic wille ðin helfan (sic):
þis ðe to bote esa ge-scotes,
þis ðe to bote ylfa ge-scotes,
ðis ðe to bote hægtessan ge-scotes,
ic ðin wille helpan.
Fled þr̄ on fyrgen!
hæfde halwestu,
helpe ðin drihten!

Nim þonne þæt seax, ado on wætan.

*Wrt.*

## SONG ON THE CORRUPTIONS OF THE TIME.

From MS. Harl. 5396, fol 23, r°. of reign of Hen VI., on paper. The bottoms of the leaves have been cut away, so that two lines are lost. It appears to be written in parts incorrectly.

Fulfyllyd ys the profe[s]y for ay
That Merlyn sayd and many on mo,
Wysdam ys wel ny away,
No man may knowe hys f[r]end fro foo.
Now gyllorys don gode men gye;
Ryȝt gos redles all behynde;
Truthe ys turnyd to se trechery;
For now the bysom ledys the blynde.

Now gloserys full gayly they go;
Pore men be perus of this land;
Sertes sum tyme hyt was not so,
But sekyr all this ys synnys sonde.

Now maynterys be made justys,
And lewde men rewle the lawe of kynde:
Nobull men be holdyn wyse,
For now the bysom ledys the blynde.

Truthe is set at lytyl prys;
Worschyp fro us longe hath be slawe;
Robberys now rewle ryȝtwysenesse,
And wynnerys with her sothe sawe.
Synne sothfastnesse has slawe;
Myrth ys now out of mannys mynde;
The drede of God ys al to-drawe;
For now the bysom ledys the b[l]ynde.

Now brocage ys made offycerys,
And baratur ys made bayly;
Knyȝtus be made custemerys,
. . . . . .
Flatererys be made kyngus perys;
Lordys be led all out of kynde;
Pore men ben knyȝtus ferys;
For now the bysom ledys the blynde.

The constery ys combryd with coveytyse,
For trouth ys sonkyn undur the grounde;
W[ith] offycyal nor den no favour ther ys,
But if sir Symony shewe them sylver rounde.
Ther among sp[irit]ualté it ys founde,
For peté is clent out of ther mynde.
Lord! whan thy will is, al ys confounde,
For now the bysom ledys the blynde.

He ys lovyd that wele can lye,
And penys tru men honge;
To God I rede that we cry
That this lyfe last not longe.
This werld is turnyd up so doun among;
For frerys ar confessourys, ageyn a kynde,
To the chefe ladyes of this londe;
Therfor the byson ledys the blynde.

Lordys the lawe they lere,
. . . . . .
Japerys syt lordys ful nere;
Now hath the devyll all hys devys;
Now growyth the gret flour de lyis.
Wymmonys wyttes ar full of wynd;
Now ledres ladyn the le ward at her de breis; (sic)
For caus the bysom ledes [the] blynde.

Now prelatis don pardon selle,
And holy chyrche ys chaffare;
Holynes comyth out of helle,
For absolucions waxyn ware.
Tabberys gloson eny whare,
And gode feyth comys all byhynde;
Ho shall be levyd the se the wyll spare?
For now the bysom ledys the bleynde.

The grete wyll the sa the spare,
The comanys love not the grete;
Therfor eny man may care,
Lest the wede growe over the whete.
Take hede how synne hath chastysyd Frauns,
Whan he was in hys fayrest kynde,
How that fal undrys hath myschaunys,
For caus the bysom ledyth the blynde.

Therfor eny lord odur avauns,
And styfly stond yn ych a stoure;
Among 3ou make no dystaunce,
But lordys buskys 3ou out of boure.
For to hold up this londus honour,
With strenkyth our enmys for to bynde,
That we may wynne the hevynly tour,
For here the bysom ledys the blynde.

*Explicit.*

On the last page, in the same hand, after the Song.

M$^{dm}$ that all thyng reknyd betwene Thomas Rychard, and Wyllyam Hendyman on Monday aftyr seynt Bartylmeweys day the xxxiiij 3ere of kyng Harry the vj, and the seyd Wyllyam owyth to the forsey Thomas } S. iij$^{li}$ xij$^{s.}$

*Wrt.*

## CEREMONIAL VERSES FOR PALM-SUNDAY.

From MS. Sloane, 2478, fol. 43, r°. of the fourteenth century. The last lines are nearly illegible.

*Cayphas.*

Allehayle! and wel y-met,
Alle ȝee schulleth beo the bet,
nou icham y-come.
Blysful and blythe ȝee mowe boe,
Suche a prelat her y-soe
i-tolled to this trome.

ȝe boeth wel wery aboute y-go,
So icham my sulf also,
ich bysschop Cayface:
Ich moste her sone synge
The prophecye of hevene kynge,
that whyle ich seyde by grace.

Thy stondeth a stounde and bloweth breth,
And ȝif icham as ȝee soeth,
ichulle bere me bolde,
And synge ȝou sone a lytel song,
Ha schal boe schort and nothyng long,
that rather ichaddytold.

Ich was bysschop of the lawe,
That ȝer that Crist for ȝou was slawe;
ȝe mowe boe glade therfore.
Hit com to sothe that ich tho seyde,
Betere hit were that o man deyde,
than al volk were y-lore.

¶ Expedit, etc.

Ichot ȝe mowe nouȝt longe dwelle,
Thy are ȝe go ichow wol telle
of Crist ane litel tale.
And of ȝour palm ȝe bereth an honde,
Ich schal habbe leve, ichonderstonde,
of grete men and smale.

A wel sooth sawe sothlich ys seyd,
Ech god game ys god y-pleyd,
lovelyche and lyȝt ys leve.
The denes leve and alle manne,
To rede and synge, ar ich go hanne,
ich bydde that ȝou ne greve.

O decane reverende,
In adjutorium meum intende;
Ad informandum hic astantes
Michi sitis favorantes;
Si placet, bone domine,
Jube benedicite.

Karissimi, hodie cantatur quidam cantus, Occurrunt turbæ cum floribus et palmis Redemptori obviam, etc. Et nos similiter debemus ei occurrere cum floribus virtutum et palmis victoriarum. Palma enim victoriam significat. Unde scribitur, Justus ut palma florebit, et secundum Gregorium, Ex qualitate palmarum designatur proficiens vita justorum, ad no. quod omnem a crucifixo habemus, unde ipse dicit, Si mundi hoc faciunt, in arido quid fiet? In summa ergo, dum processionem facimus, Christum ad nos venientem suscipimus, cum pueris obviam imus, si innocentiam servamus, olivas gerimus, si pacis et misericordiæ operibus indulgemus, palmas portamus, si vitiis et diabolo victoriam optinemus, virentes flores et frondes gestamus, si virtutibus exornamur, vestimenta sternimus carnem mortificantes, ramos carpimus, sanctorum vestigia imitantes. De istis aliqua pro laicis intendo pertractare, et sic in brevi expediam vos.

Wolcome boe ȝee that stondeth aboute,
That habbeth y-siwed this grete route,
sone ychulle ȝou synge.
ȝou alle to-day ic mot y-mete,
Ichabbe leve of the grete
wysdom forto wrynge.

A bysschop ich was in Cristes tyme,
Tho Gywys vawe wolde dobyme,
what ic ham evere radde.
Judas to ous Jhesus solde,
Tho Annas and ice panes tolde,
our byȝete was badde.

¶ Pontifex anni illius qui consilium dederat Judæis.

Wharfore ich and Annas
To-fonge Jhesus of Judas,
vor thrytty panes to paye.
We were wel faste to helle y-wronge,
Vor hym that for ȝou was y-stonge,
in rode a Godefridaye.

¶ Tamen expedit unum hominem mori.

That Latyn that ic lascht out nou ryȝt,
To ȝoure Jhesus hit was y-dyȝt,
and is thus moche to telle:
Hit is betere that oman deye
Than al folk evere boe in eye,
in the pyne of helle.

The prophetie that ich seyde thar,
Ich hit seyde tho os astar,
ich nuste what ich mende.
Ich wende falslyche jangli tho,
Of me that wyt naddych no,
bote as Jhesu sende.

Man, at fullo3t, as chabbeyrad,
Thy saule ys Godes hous y-mad,
and tar ys wassche al clene.
Ac after fullou3t thoru3 fulthe of synne,
Sone is mad wel hory wythinne,
alday hit is y-sene.

Man, thou hast throe wel grete fon,
That fondeth evere hou mo don
to foule Godes hous;
That is thi flechs wyth lecherye,
The world wyth coveytise and envye,
ther to hi buth wel vous.

The thrydde fo is the devel of helle,
That fondeth in thi saule dwelle,
and holde Cryst tharoute;
Wyth prude and wreche he wole com yn,
Thi of hym and hys engyn
3ee scholde habbe doute.

Laste 3our soule boe fuld a3ee,
Wyth thoes throe foon syker 3e boe
3ee mote boe wel chybbe;
To floe ham and the sunnes sevene,
Wylneth schryft, 3yf 3e wol hevene,
good lyf 3e mote lybbe.

Wyth sorwthe of herte and schryft of mouthe,
Doth deedbote this tyme nouth,
3yf 3e wolle God awynne;
And loketh hys hous boe wel clene,
That non hore tharyn boe sene,
3yf he schal come thar ynne.

And hwanne 3e habbeth overcome thanne voend,
Thanne y-meteth Cryst 3our froend,
wyth palm and bowes grene;
That ys a tokne that alle and some
Habbeth the develes al overcome,
ham to sorwe and teene.

To Jerusalem, as to-day,
Jhesus rood hys ryȝte way,
up ane slowe asse;
Vale thar were that on hym lyfde,
That lovede hym and faste hym sywede,
more men and lasse.

Chyldren of Hebreys hym y-mette,
Meklyche wyth song hy hym grette,
and knooled to har kynge;
Wyth hare clothes hy spraddys way,
In gret worschepe of hym to day,
and blessed hym syngynge.

Hy bere bowes of olyf troe,
And floures the vayriste hy myȝte y-soe,
wy mury song and game;
Anon as hy myȝte hym y-soe,
Hy seyde blessed mot ha boe,
that cometh in Godes name.

¶ Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini, etc.

Cryst com as mocklyche as a lom,
To habbe for ȝou dethes dom,
to dethe a wolde hym pulte.
ȝyf he ne deyde, ne blod ne bledde,
Evere yn helle ȝe hadde ba wedde,
for Adames gulte.

Nou ȝee that bereth to-day ȝour palm,
Wel auȝte ȝe queme such a qualm,
to Crist ȝour herte al ȝyve;
As dude the chyldren of tholde lawe,
ȝyf ȝe hym lovede, ȝe scholde wel vawe
boe by tyme schryve.

Lewede, that bereth palm an honde,
That nuteth what palm ys tonderstonde,
anon ichulle ȝou telle;
Hit is a tokńe that alle and some
That buth y-schryve, habbeth overcome
alle the develes of helle.

ȝyf eny habbeth braunches y-broȝt,
And buth un-schryve, har bost nys noȝt
aȝee the fend to fyȝte;
Hy maketh ham holy as y were,
Vort hy boe schryve hy shulleth boe skere
of loem of hevene lyȝte.

Ich moste synge and bago,
Schewe me the bok that ic haddydo,
the song schal wel an heyȝ;
Ich may noȝt synge hym albirote,
Vorto tele eche note,
hy boeth y-worȝte wel neyȝ.

Cantat Expedit.

Ich warny alle schrewen un-schryve,
To Symon cumpayngnoun ic habbe y-ȝyve
power of disciplyne;
He wol boe redy ase ȝee,
Ich rede tha come nou to me,
anaunter last ha whyne.

Nou gawe hou hit is for days,
Wose maye tyd . . . were no plays,
the belle wol sone rynge,
And so that ich canne ȝou thonk,
Why bere . hy aȝeyn . . . . onk,
lat me here ȝou synge.

*Wrt.*

## PROPHETIC VERSES ON SCOTLAND.

From a MS. in the Royal Library at Paris. The following verses, and the note of the Historical Treatises relating to England contained in the same MS., were communicated by a kind and very learned friend, M. D'Avezac, Secretary General of the Geographical Society of Paris.

Ex MS. Regio Parisiensi 4126, olim Colbertino, antea Gulielmi Cecilii militis, domini de Burghley, in fol. ineunte Sec. XIV. exarato.

Regnum Scotorum fuit inter cætera regna
Terrarum quondam nobile, forte, potens.
Reges magnifici, Bruti de Stirpe, regebant
Fortiter egregie Scotiæ regna prius.
Ex Albanacto trinepote potentis Enææ
Dicitur Albania, litera prisca probat.
A Scota vate Pharaonis regis Egypti,
Ut veteres tradunt, Scotia nomen habet.
Post Britones, Danaos, Pictos, Dacosque repulsos,
Nobiliter Scoti jus tenuere suum.
Fata ducis celebris super omnia Scotia flebit,
Qui loca septa salo junget ubique sibi.
Principe magnifico tellus viduata vacabit
Annis bis trinis, mensibus atque novem.
Antiquos reges justos, largos, locupletes,
Formosos, fortes, Scotia mœsta luget.

Ut Merlinus ait, post reges victoriosos,
Regis more carens regia sceptra feret.
Serviet Angligeno regi per tempora quædam
Proth dolor! Albania fraude subacta sua.
Quos respirabit post funus regis avari
Versibus antiquis prisca Sibilla canit:
Rex borealis enim, numerosa classe potitus,
Affliget Scotos ense, furore, fame;
Extera gens tandem Scotorum fraude peribit,
In bello princeps Noricus ille cadet.
Gallia quem gignet, qui gazis regna replebit,
O dolor! o gemitus! primus ab ense cadet.
Candidus Albanus, patriotis causa ruinæ,
Traditione sua Scotia regna premet.
Posteritas Bruti Albanis associata
Anglia regna premet morte, labore, fame;
Quem Britonum fundet Albani juncta juventus,
Sanguine Saxonico tincta rubebit humus;
Flumina manabunt hostili tincta cruore,
Perfida gens omni lite subacta ruet.
Regnabunt Britones Albani gentis amici;
Antiquum nomen insula tota feret.
Ut profert Aquila veteri de turre locuta,
Cum Scotis Britones regna paterna regent.
Regnabunt pariter in prosperitate quieta
Hostibus expulsis Judicis usque diem.
Historiæ veteris Gildas luculentus orator
Quæ retulit, parvo carmine plura notans.
Mens, cor, cur capiunt lex Christi vera jocundi,
Prima cunctorum tibi dat formam futurorum;
Draco draconem rubeus album superabit;
Anglorum nomen tollet, rubei renovabit.

Solis in occasu leopardi viscera frigent,
Verticis et cerebrum Cambria tollet ei;
Quo duce sublato Trinovantia regna peribunt;
Saxoniæ soboli lilia frena dabunt.
Universis Germanici leopardi tincta veneno
Lilia vincendi frangere præsto cadet.
Eufrates et Tigris, Forth, Thamesis, Ronaque, Nilus,
Per mundi metas lilia subtus erunt.

fol. 120, v°.

Incipit præfatio in Historia . . Britannorum extracta a libro qui dicitur Policronicon.

fol. 133, v°.

Prologus Alfridi (sic)

fol. 134, v°.

Parce, domine, animæ fratris Roberti de Populteun, qui me compilavit.

Cronica Galfridi Monumetensis. Incipit Historia Britonum.

Explicit cronica Galfridi Monumetensis in Hystoriam Britonum. Sequitur continuatio regum Saxonum secundum cronicas Alfridi Beverlacensis et Henrici Huntingdonensis. Ora pro Popiltoun, qui me compilavit Eboraci.

Explicit historia magistri Alfridi thesaurarii Beverlacensis, incipiens ad Brutum et finiens in Henricum 4^tum^, annorum duorum milium ducentorum. Sequitur continuatio Hystoriæ secundum cronicam Ranulphi monachi Cestrensis in suo Policronicon usque ad Edwardi tertii regis tempora. Ora pro fratre Roberto de Populton.

Explicit. (anno 1326.)

*Wrt.*

## A SONG AGAINST THE FRIARS.

MS. Trin. Coll. Cambridge, O. 2. 40, of the fifteenth century.

Freeres, freeres, wo ȝe be! *ministri malorum,*
For many a mannes soule bringe ȝe *ad pœnas infernorum.*
Whan seyntes felle fryst from hevene, *quo prius habitabant,*
In erthe leyfft the synnus .vii. *et fratres communicabunt(?).*
Falnes was the ffryst fflaure *quæ fratres pertulerunt,*
For falnes and ffals derei *multi perierunt.*
Freeres ȝe can weyl lye *ad falandum gentem,*
And weyl can blere a mannus ye *pecunias habentem.*
Yf thei may no more geytte, *fruges petunt isti,*
For falnes walde thei not lette, *qui non sunt de grege Christi.*
Lat a freer of sum ordur *tecum pernoctare,*
Odur thi wyff or thi doughtour *hic vult violare,*
Or thi sun he weyl prefur, *sicut furtam fortis;*
God gyffe syche a freer peyne *in inferni portis!*
Thei weyl asseylle boyth Jacke and Gylle, *licet sint prædones;*
And parte off pennans take hem tylle, *qui sunt latrones.*
Ther may no lorde of this cuntré *sic ædificare,*
As may thes freeres, where thei be, *qui vadunt mendicare.*
Mony-makers I trow thei be, *regis perditores,*
Therfore yll mowyth thei thee, *falsi deceptores.*
Fader fyrst in trinité, *filius atque flamen.*

*Omnes dicant* AMEN.

*Wrt.*

## SIR PRIDE THE EMPEROR.

From MS. Harl. No. 209, fol. 5, r°. written early in the fourteenth century.

*Sire Orguylle ly emperour*
*Enveyt ses lettris par cy entour.*

Escotez, seyngnours, un tretiz
De moun sir Orguyl ly postifs,
Ky emperour est corounée,
E teent ly mound de souz pée.
Jà n'est rue ne estreit sente
Hoù moun sir Orguyl n'eyt tere ou rente.
E par ces lettres ad maundée
A haut e bas, e comaundé
Ke touz seyent à ly pliaunz,
De parfere ses comaunz.
Le court de Rome ad resceu,
en quele est contenu :
Assignent à ly sus sentence,
E ky ly facent obedience,
E unt remaundé, "Saver voloums
Ky vous estes ke fetis somouns
A nus, ke sumes cheveteyns
De touz ke sount pres hou loynteyns."
"Joe su," fet-il, "emperour,
Orguyl appellé de meynt jour;
A ky vous avez avant cest hur
Fet courteysée e grant honour,
Dount jeo suy un poy esmu
Ke hore demaundez ke joe su."
Il unt remaundé par messager,
"Monstrez," founț-il, "vostre poer,
Par queu resun nus devez guyer;
E vous nus verrez assez plyer."
"Moun pouer," dit il, "est si grant,
Ke nul home ke seyt en tere ad taunt.
Plus ay moustré de mestrie
Ke nus homme ke seyt en vie.
Jeo fiz jadis Lucifer
Sayller du ceel dekes en enfer.
Jeo fiz Adam fere eschaunges,
Unkes homme si estraunges.
Jeo feyz Caym soun pecché defendre!
Le fiz Jacob lur frere vendre;

Vif en tere Datan decendre;
E Absalon par chewus pendre.
Jeo suy ke abesay Roboam,
E enhauzay Jeroboam.
Jeo fiz David noumbrer sa gent,
E Saul inobediente.
De Holeferne jeo tolly sa teste;
E de un rey jeo fesei un best.
Ne est çeo merveyl, vous est avis,
Teu pouer aver en pays?"
" Oyl," fount-il, " çeo est auncienrie;
Moustrez nous novele mestrie."
" Novele mestrie vous purray dire,
Plus ke tens ne put suffrire.
Jeo fu gleaus à la bataylle,
E à Evesham saunz fayille,
E à Northamtoun, e à Wyncestre;
E à Cestrefeud, e à Gloucestre;
Partut estey-jeo sire e mestre.
Me hore ne juhe en chevestre,
Kaunt tuz pays e regnez
A ma devise sunt guyez.
De Escoce, de Gales, e de Engletere
Si ay-jeo fet jà un tere,
E ma baner ho ma launce
Si est entrée la tere de Fraunce.
En Normandye ne en Burgonye
Nul si hardi ke se assoynne."
La court de Rome kant oy çeo dire,
Ke moun Sir Orguyl est tenu sire,
Ly maundent lettres, de souz lur seuz,
Ke il ly serrount feus e leuz
A teu covenaunt ke il les truve
Argent touz jours nuve e nuve;
Hors pris pollars e cokedeyns,
Ke jà ne vendrount en nos meyns.
" Assez averez, e plus ke assez,"
Dit l'emperour, " si vous me amez."
" Certis," fount-il, " e nus le froum;
Ceo wut la nobeleye ke apent à Roum."
" E jeo vous merci," dit l'emperour,
" Ke vus me volez fere honour."
Un autre lettre ad pus maundé
A courz de rey, e comaundé
Ke il se teyngnent en reddour
Encountre pitée, pur sue amour,

E ke il ne suffrunt le poverayl
Espleyter busoyngne pur travayl;
Mès ceus ke unt à doner
Le taunt toust pusent espleyter.
" Certis," fount-il, " mout volunters
Par taunt nus vendrunt plus deneres."
Un autre lettre à joustises
Pus ad maundé pur ses mises,
Ke force ne fasent de male prises,
Ne de sermenz de grant assises.
Si ad maundé le vescounte,
De torte e force ne heyt jà hounte;
Mès ke il prengne de tote parz,
E de sa coscience ne seit escars;
E ke il die à ses clers
Ke à sa volunté seyent aheers;
Pur eus enrichir e lur seyngnur
Au pays facent grant reddour.
Si ad comaundé les baillifs,
E ke il escorchent le genz vifs
Taunt cum dure lur mestrie,
E force ne facent ky lur maudie.
Il unt respoundu à sir Orguyl,
" Pur vostir amour nous averoum le huyl,
En checun vile de pays
Pur un diner nous leveroum dys."
" Jeo vous merci," fet l'emperour,
" Mes countregardens à chief de tour."
Pus ad maundé à prelaz
Une lettre pur soun solaz,
Ceo que pernent de povre genz,
Ke il le donnent à riche genz.
" Jeo wuyl," dit-il, " ke la mer
Seit ennoyté par la river,
E ke le bacun seyt oynt de pou
De la grece de kayllou."
Pus ad maundé les bachilers,
Ke wount à places volunteres,
Ke facent lever beu deneres
De povre paysaunz e charueeres.
" Ceo me est," dit-il, " mout trecher,
Ke vous augez tourner;
E si vous seez been batuz,
Jeo vous prie ne seez esmuz.
Kar jeo vous oyndray du vent de vole,
E bee[n] vous garderay par lange vole."

" Certis, sire, e nous le froum :
Resun wut ke si le fazoum.
Primes waster nos beens demeyne,
E pus mestre nos genz en payne,
Par toutes e par tayllages,
Pur aquiter hors nos gages."
A vavasours ad pus maundé,
Ke tenent houstel e meynné.
" Ceo est," dit-il, " mon desir,
Ke daungerez seez à servir ;
Le queel vos genz communement
Facent been hou malement,
Jeo vous prie, esparniez
Ke largement ne seyent blamez.
E par amours vus, servanz,
A seyngnurs seez contrariaunz ;
Pur un mot responez diz,
Par taunt serrez mes amys."
Sa lettre est venu as esquiers,
De contrefere les chevalers,
Ke reen y eyt diversetée
Fors en pellure e lorreyn dorrée.
Il unt remandé courteysement,
" E nus le froum certeynment,
Par gentif saunk dount sumus estret,
Ataunt avaunt cum chevaler est."
A genti femmes, ke mout ad cheer,
Un lettre ad fet maunder,
Pur fere sun houstel atyrer
En lur chiefs, ke lusent cler ;
E comaundé estreitement
Ke sa chaubre nettement
De lounge traynne seyt baalée,
Jà taunt le drap ne eyt coustée.
" Sire," fount-ele, " mout nous plet,
Ke vostre comaunde seyt parfet.
Nous averoum assez le dount,
Nos bele granges l'aquiterount!"
" Assez pernez," dyt Orguyl ;
" Mès que facez çeo ke wuyl!"
" E nous le feroum, par seynt Richard!
Jà taunt ne grouce la papelard."
Pus ad maundé ses messagers
A les chapeleyns seculers,
De countrefere les esquiers ;
Sy lur dit en teu maners ;

" Gardez," fet-il, " la chevelure,
E mettez la coyf pardesure;
Fetez tayller la vesture
A fur de esquiers à mesure.
Vos matins dites roundement,
La messe chauntez brevement.
A diner venez prestement;
A tables juhez jolivement.
Ne esparnez nul serement,
Ne jà ne chargez dit de gent.
A boys alez à la chace;
Si vous avez de chanter grace,
Ne lessez pas de karoler
En coumpanye de esquier.
Si jelouz fusez de vostre estat,
Vos serrez tenu un papelard.
Dount jeo vous pri, par amours,
Ke vous suez les courteours.
Ceus sunt la gent de ceste vye,
Ke plus me fount de courteysie.
Usez le secle taunt cum dure,
De vos prelaz ne tenez cure."
" Sire," fount-il, " e nus le froum,
Pur nos prelaz been le poum.
Reen ne aparceyvent fors argent,
Par taunt nous suffrent à talent."
" Ceo say-jeo bien," fet l'emperour:
" Pur ceo lur donay teu myrour,
Ke la se pussunt myrier adès,
E suffrer mès serchaunz vivre en pes."
Pus ad maundé un esquier
A religiouns, pur espier
Si il se puse en eus affyer,
Hou il les deyt par mal defier.
Il unt remaundé meyntenant,
" Nus veum been ke petit e graunt
Counte e baroun e serchaunt,
Checun vous fet honour sy grant,
Ke nous ke sumes genz entendaunz
Ne dewoum pas estre à touz descordaunz.
Eynz voloums estre à vous pliaunz
De parfere vos comaunz."
" Mout vus merci," fet l'emperour;
Mès hore vous coveent au primour
Vostre manere un poy chaunger,
Ke jadis soliez trop huser.

Vous soliez lesser, pur Dieu amour,
Propre voluntée e terrien honour ;
Hore vous prie, pur mes amours,
Aforcez vous de quere honours,
Vus ke avez assez dount,
Fetes sicum les riches fount.
Estourjoun, laumpré, à vostre huz
De vessele d'argent, vus priez,
E de palfreis dreit quarrez,
Preez e pasturs encloeez,
E commune bestis hors tenez.
La vie seynt Benet jeo mesprise ;
Il n'ount ke fere de meen aprise,
Ne seynt Domynick, ne seynt Franceis,
Ne volient estre de souz mes leys.
Mès vous ke estis lur successours,
Jeo vous merci de touz honours.
Ceus ke ne unt cure de teres,
Il me pleisent par autre afferes,
Les uns par inobedience,
Les autres par lur science,
Les uns par lur chanter
Les autres par forment jurer."
" Sire," fount il, " mout volunteres
Nous volum estre a vous chers."
Des veisins du payes unt sa lettre
Ke checun se deit entremettre
De grever autre à tort e à dreit.
Il unt remaundé à grant espleyt,
" E nous le froum mout voluters,
Par taunt serroum tenuz à feers,
E tut le pays nous honura
Pur nos maus, e dotera."
" Ha!" dit Orguyl, " cum çeo been dit,
Vous estes espires de moun espirit.
Hauntez hore çeo ben dedut,
Aveyenne après ke avenir put!"
La letter est venu à matrones,
Ke vers ly seyent leles e bones ;
" Aforcez," dit-il, " de estriver,
Pur vostre estal amouster."
" Sire," fount ele, " çeo est resun,
Ke femme honoure soun baroun.
Ataunt de tere ad le meen,
Cum dist ma veysine ke ad le seen.
Pur quey dounk me dey retrere ?

Par derere le dey-jeo fere?"
"Nanal! veyr," ceo dist Orguyl,
"En nul manere ne le wuyl.
En taunt me grevent les genti femes:
Tut portent ele au chief les gemmes:
Checun boute autre avaunt,
Par tut me servent fors en taunt;
En tut le facent par courteysie,
En lur queers mon been m'afie."
Les garzouns de court ad maundé,
Si il ne facent sovent medlé
Par folye e baudesce,
Ke il les mettra en destresce.
"Jeo wuyl," dit-il, "en tote fins,
Ke vous seez ver mal enclyns,
Par sovent tencer e medire,
Hore ly cumpanyoun, hore ly sire.
E sy vous eez de reen mespris,
E vos mestres vus unt repris,
Jeo vus pry, mes cheer fiz,
Ke autrefez facez piz.
E poy chargez lur daunger,
Taunt cum poez seyngnur chaunger.
Jeo ay greynnur deyntè de un garzoun,
Ke jeo ne eye de un baroun.
Kar le baroun ad vers mey resoun,
E ly garzoun ne ad nul enchesoun.
Ke poy moy dit e mout me fet,
Par moy ne avera chaud ne freyt."
Hore ad sire Orguyl assemblé
Soun host e sa meynné,
E va rachaunt tere e meer
Ses mestries pur moustrer.
De base chose seet fere haut,
De graunt plentée grant defaut;
Ke meyns waut fet hauteyns,
Ke plus vaut fet valer meyns;
Tourne seingnur en servage,
E met ly serf en seynurage.
Pur les merveylles ke seez fere,
A ly se plie tut la tere.
Mès une chose vus eert apeert,
Ke fou se tendra ke meuz le seert.

AMEN.

*Wrt.*

## POLITICAL VERSES.

From the Cottonian Rolls. II. 23.

*Verses addressed to Hen. VI. on his friendship for the Duke of Suffolk.*

For feer or for favour of ony fals man
Loose not the love of alle the commynalté;
Beware and sey by Seint Julian,
Duke, jwge, baron, archebisshop, and he be,
he woll repent it within this monthes thre

Let folke accused excuse theymselff and they can,
Reseyve no good, let soche bribry be;
Support not theym this wo bygan,
And let theym suche clothis as they span,
and take from theym ther wages and ther fee,
by God and seint Anne.

Som must go hens, hit may non other weys be,
And els is lost all this lond and we;
Hong up suche men to our soverayn lord
That ever counseld hym with fals men to be acord.
Anno 1450.

*Hlll.*

## SONG ON THE VIRGIN.

From MS. Cotton. Calig. A. ii. fol. 89, r°. on vellum, of the fifteenth century.

Upon a lady my love ys lente,
Withowten change of any chere,
That ys lovely and contynent,
And most at my desyre.

Thys lady ys yn my herte pyghte,
Her to love y have gret haste,
With all my power and my myȝthe,
To her y make myne herte stedfast.

Therfor wylle y non other spowse,
Ner none other loves for to take;
But only to her y make my vowe,
And other to forsake.

Thys lady ys gentylle and meke,
Moder she ys and welle of alle,
She ys never for to seke,
Nother to grete ner to smalle.

Redy she ys nyghe and day
To man and wommon and chylde yn fere,
ȝyf that they wylle awȝt to her say,
Our prayeres mekely for to here.

To serve this lady we alle be bownde,
Bothe nyȝth and day, yn every place;
Where ever we be yn felde or towne,
Or elles yn any other place.

Pray we to this lady bryȝthe,
In the worshyp of the trinité,
To brynge us alle to heven lyȝthe;
Amen! say we for charyté.

*Hllll.*

## ALLITERATIVE SCRAPS.

From MS. Harl. No. 913, fol. 15, v°. of the beginning of the fourteenth century.

Folię fet qe en force s'afie,
fortune fet force failir:
Fiaux funt fort folie
fere en favelons flatire.
Fere force fest fiaux fuir,
faux fiers fount feble fameler:
Fausyne fest feble fremir,
feie ferme fra fausyn fundre.

*Proverbia Comitis Desmoniæ.*

Soule su, simple, e saunz solas,
seignury me somount sojorner;
Si suppris sei de moun solas,
sages se deit soul solacer.
Soule ne solai sojorner,
ne solein estre de petit solas.
Sovereyn se est de se solacer,
qe se sent soule e saunz solas.

*Wrt.*

# POEMS OF MATTHÆUS VINDOCINENSIS.

From a Manuscript in the Imperial Library at Vienna, kindly communicated to me by professor Dr. Endlicher of Vienna.

Codex Cremitanensis, chartaceus, saec. XV^ti.

*Math. Vindocinensis commendatio papæ.*

Orbis ad exemplum papæ procedit, honestas
Scintillat, ratio militat, ordo viget.
Religione sacer est, voce modestus, honesti
Cultor, consilio providus, orbis apex;
Quo duce provehitur ratio, sedet ira tepescens
In pacem, pietas officiosa viget.
Non sapit humanum sua conversatio, culpam
Dedignans hominis, concipiensque Deum.
Condolet afflicto, misero miseretur, anhelat
Ad leges, reprimit crimina, jura fovet.
Papa docenda docet, prohibet prohibenda, reatus
Castigat, sceptrum spirituale tenet.
Hic animas ligat, et solvit, solvendo ligando
Cœlestis partes opilionis agit.
Nos proles, nos ejus oves, nos membra, tuetur
Membra caput, genitor pignora, pastor oves.
Disputat in papa virtutum concio, virtus
Virtutis certat anticipare locum;
Pro parte virtutum conflictus litigat, instat,
Quodque sacri pectus primitiare viri.
Justitia prior esse studet, moderantia certat,
Blanda sibi pietas appropriare patrem.
Quinta tribus prior esse studet, sapientia certat;
Pro patre sit dos, cum dote sorore soror.
Jura rigent, mulcet pietas, moderantia placat,
Sub perpendiculo singula sensus agit.
Quatuor his constat quadratus papa, propinat
Quadratura statum, perpetuatque fidem.
Hac quadratura fretus non nugat in usum
Criminis, et nescit nescius esse Dei.
Papa regit reges, dominos dominatur, acerbis
Principibus stabili jure jubere jubet.
Provenit humanum pretium, fragilesque relegans
Affectus, certat evacuare virum.
Trans hominum gressus extendit ab hospite vita,
Ad cœlum patriam præmeditatur iter.

Commutare studet fixis fluitantia, certis
Vana, polo terras, hospitiumque domo.
Mens sacra vas ægrum fastidit, carcere carnis
Necti conqueritur spiritualis honor.
Mens sitit æternam sedem, pastorque frequentat
Hospitium terræ corpore, mente polum.
Non sacra sacrilego denigrant pectora morsu
Crimina, nec pretium depretiare licet.
Est bonus, est melior, est optimus, et bonitatem,
Si liceat, quarto quærit habere gradu.

*Commendatio militis.* (l. *Cæsaris.*)

Fulgurat in bello constantia Cæsaris, obstat
Oppositis, frangit fortia, sæva domat.
Ejus in afflictos pietas tepet, hostibus hostem
Se probat, et mitis mitibus esse studet.
Præradiat virtute duces, exemplar equestris
Officii pretio vernat, honore præit.
In vetitum præcedit iter, suspirat ad usum
Militis, ad requiem torpet, ad arma volat;
Bella sitit, gladium lateri confœderat, ejus
Virtus defectus nescia, terga fugæ.
In gladium sperare juvat, jus judice ferro
Metitur, gladio præside carpit iter.
Cæsaris ad nutus nutat fortuna biformis;
Casus ceu visus prosperitatis habet.
Cæsar in adversis surgit, nec jungit honorem
Vultus iratæ prosperitatis hiems.
Sæva premit, miseros fovet, et libamine juris
Compensat pacis, nequitiæque vices.
Jura pio sociat moderantia, de pietatis
Blanditiis ferrum judiciale tepet.
Militat ergo modus, pietas ne jure supinet
Ne vita pueri diffiteatur opus.
Imperii gravitas mentem non pauperat, immo
Ad partes virtus particulata volat.
Dotibus ingenii vernat, non exulat artes,
Non studium regimen imperiale fugat.
Ambitiosa sitis fidei non derogat, immo
In regnante sapit deliciosa fides.
Cæsar ab effectu nomen tenet, omnia cedens,
Nominis exponens significata manus.
Cui requies, requie privari, deesse labori,
Cui labor est, cujus passio, nulla pati.
Cui timor absenti vincit, cui fama laborat,
Ad tumulum cujus prælia nomen agit.

Cæsaris adventus pro Cæsare disputat, umbra
Nominis armati militat, arma gerit.
Strenuus, indomitus, pugnax, premit, asserit, urget
Hostes, bella, reos, ense, rigore, metu.
Audax, intrepidus, probus, inbuit, ampliat, inplet
Arma, decus, vultum, sanguine, marte, minis.
Concipit, instaurat, ponit, vigil, inpiger, instans,
Spe, dubiis, gladio, prælia, certa, reos.
Virtus, forma, fides, replet, adjuvat, instruit actus,
Virtutem, mentem, robore, laude, statu.
Hoc pretio servivit ei sub jure tribuni
Roma, suo majus ausa videre caput.

*Commendatio militis.*

Purpurat eloquium, sensus festivat Ulixen,
Intitulat morum gratia, fama beat.
Linguæ deliciis exuberat acer Ulixes,
Eloquio, sensu providus, arte potens.
Ne languescat honor mentis, facundia vernans
Ampliat, et reficit quod minus esse potest.
Ne sit lingua potens sensu viduata, maritat
Se linguæ sensus interioris honor;
Fœderat ingenium studio, cultusque maritus
Seminis in messem fructificare studet.
Concipit ingenium sensu dictante, magistra
Discernit ratio, lingua ministra sonat.
Seminat ingenium, studium colit, asserit usus,
Elimat ratio, consiliumque fovet.
Sensus præcursor, ratioque præambula, linguam
Hæredem faciunt dogmatis esse sui.
Non cellæ capitis in Ulixe vacant, epitetum
Officiale tenent, prima, secunda, sequens.
Prima videt, media discernit, tertia servat;
Prima capit, media judicat, ima ligat.
Prima serit, media recolit, metit ultima, tandem
Prima, secunda capit, tertia claudit iter.
Prima ministrat opus reliquis, sic hostia prima,
Hospitumque media, posteriorque domus.
Prima, secunda, sequens, includit, judicat, arcet
Obvia, visa, fugam, peste, sapore, sera.
Stat medio rationis apex, et utrinque salutat
Hostia sincipitis, occipitisque seram.
Naturam virtute præit, fidusque magister
Intimus est hominis interioris homo.
Moribus egreditur hominem, præponderat ægre
Naturæ sensus, subvenientis honor.

Ponderat ancipites casus sapientia, justum
Seu reprobum, trutina judice pendet opus.
Non nisi consulto liberamine juris in actus
Prodit, consulto mentis amica manus.
Contrariis vicibus confert contraria, dictis
Respondere suis consona facta facit.
Propositum facto vicino mancipat, ori
Concolor, est mentis expositiva manus.
Non ætas animi virtutem pauperat, immo
Cortice de tenero spirat adultus odor.
Ætatem virtute domat, sua cana juventus
Consilio redolet interiore senem.
Vota juventutis virtute supervenit ævi
Jura supergreditur mentis honore sui.
Mentis canities ævi castigat habenas,
Mensque stupet teneros anticipare dies.
Non animi florem fastus deflorat, honoris
Tanti delicias non premit ulla lues.
Non fortuna premit fortem, sentitque biformis
Unanimem, rigidum mota, caduca gravem.
Non valet Antiphates, seu Circes, sive Caribdis
Mentis Ulixææ debilitare fidem.
Vincit, alit, cumulat, fortis, consultus, honestus,
Aspera, jura, fidem, vi, ratione, statu.
Prudens, facundus, largus, beat, ornat, honorat,
Pectora, verba, manum, mente, decore, datis.
Tullius eloquio, conflictu Cæsar, Adrastus
Consiliis, Nestor mente, rigore Cato.

*Vituperium stulti.*

Scurra vagus, parasitus edax, abjectio plebis,
Est Davus rerum dedecus, ægra lues;
Fomentum sceleris, mundi sentina, ruina
Justitiæ, legum læsio, fraude potens;
Semen nequitiæ, veri jejunus, abundans
Nugis, deformis corpore, mente nocens;
Forma Tersites, ad fraudes Argus, ad æquum
Tiresias, Verres crimine, fraude Symon.
Militat ad vitium, virtutis nescius, hostis
Naturæ, justum dampnat, honestum premit.
Noxius ingenium nocuos dispensat in usus,
Se totum sceleris vendicat esse domum.
Spirat ad illicitum, confusio pacis, amoris
Scisma, malis pejor, pessimus esse studet.
Effluit huc illuc, rimarum plenus, abundans
Nugis, justa premit facta, tacenda refert.

Vas sceleris, puteus vitiorum, plenus aceto,
Nequitiæ nescit nescius esse suæ.
Mens inbuta malis, nescit nescire reatum,
Peccandique potest esse magistra manus.
Est grave consuetis vitiis desuescere, vergit
Noxius ad solitæ noxietatis iter.
Pullulat in speciem naturæ, concolor usus
Et quasi naturæ filius esse potest.
Non nequit esse nocens Davus, natusque nocere
Dum nequit esse nocens degener esse putat.
Est scelus innatum Davo, fraus omnis in unum
Confluit, in proprium vendicat omne scelus.
Qui fidei, qui juris inops, qui fraude laborat,
Qui volat in vetitum, qui pietatis eget.
Cujus honor, quod honore caret, cujus tenor esse
Absque tenore fides, non habuisse fidem.
Cui scelus est vitare scelus, cui crimen egere
Crimine, cui fraudis est puduisse pudor.
Quem leporem timor esse probat, quem præda leonem,
Cauda caprum, vulpem furta, rapina lupum.
Quo duce mendicat ratio, quo præside virtus
Migrat in exilium, pullulat ægra fides.
Sola vocativi casus inflexio, Davo
Parcet, ibi non vox articulata tacet.
Aeris est Davus fæx unica, digna cathenis,
Digna Jovis trifido, fulmine digna mori.
Blandimenta minis, odio conpescat amorem,
Peste bonum, raptu munera, fraude fidem.
Ecce mali cumulus mens est scelerata, profanum
Est corpus, fallax lingua, nephanda manus.
Se negat hypocritam, nucleo nux consona, sordent
Pari tabe, simili peste locale locus.
Ne pro se ponatur idem, consordeat intus
Et foris in Davo, metonomia perit.
Conspectum dolet ad risum, risusque dolorem
Pensat, et eventu prosperiore gemit.
Fæcis massa, pudor naturæ, sarcina terræ,
Mensarum baratrum, stercoris ægra domus.
Invidiæ stimulis coquitur mens fœda, colorem
Captivat mentis, migrat in ora lues.
Cursitat ad mensas, post prandia torpet, amicus
Ventris, consumit pinguia, spernit olus.
Non malus est, sed triste malum, consumere natus
Fruges, ad numerum non numerale facit.
Ejus in adventum calices siccantur, egeno
Mendicat dapibus mensa, lagena mero;

Cui deus est venter, cui templa coquina, sacerdos
Est coquus, et fumus thura Sabæa sapit,
Lance sedet, mensasque dapes incarcerat, unde
Pullulat et nimium ventris amica Venus.
In pateris patinisque studet, ructante tumultu
Et stridente tuba ventris, utrinque tonat.
Inflictis dapibus moles præturgida, ventos
Concipit, et Davus Æolus esse studet.
Davus hians æger ventorum turbine fracto
Carcere, dispensat quos cohibere nequit.
Pergit ad incestum, Venus excitat ægra bilibres
Fratres, membra tepent cætera, cauda riget.
Metri dactilici prior intrat sillaba, crebro
Impulsu quatiunt menia fœda breves.
Nequitia rabiem servilem prædicat, actu
Enucleat servæ conditionis opus.
Urget blanda, furit ad libera terga rebellis,
Ne vetito rectus limite carpat iter.
Imbuit innocuos vitiis, exuberat ægri
Pectoris, in multos particulata lues.
Saccus nequitiæ, lucis caligo, macelli
Tempestas, pestis sæva, vorago patens.
Noxius, æger, iners, conmutat, destruit, urget,
Gaudia, jura, bonos, scismate, fraude, dolo.
Nudus, inops, vacuus, pretio, virtutis, honesto,
Lite, furore, fide, gaudet, abundat, eget.
Eligit, optat, amat, depravat, spernit, abhorret,
Jurgia, probra, scelus, fœdera, templa, deos,
Quo nascente, suum virtus dum comperit hostem,
Bella mihi video, bella parantur, ait.

*Commendatio matronæ.*

Marcia præradiat virtutum dote, redundat
Morum deliciis, religione præit.
Matronale decus exemplo suscitat, expers
Fastus, incestus nescia, pura dolis.
Dotibus innumeris est picturata, modesta
Verbo, consilio provida, mente virens.
Lascivos reprimit motus, descire laborat
Marem, sexus inmemor esse studet.
Mollitiem solidat sexus, fraudesque relegans
Femineas, redolet mente fideque virum.
Visitat infirmam naturam, gratia morum
Innatum mulier exuit ausa (sic) malum.
Est mulier non re, sed nomine, mens epiteton
Naturæ refugit, evacuatque dolum.

Prædicat oris honor pretium virtutis, honesti
Propositi, vultus esse propheta potest.
Non meritis levitas valet esse noverca pudoris,
Sed matronali disputat ore color.
Umbra supercilii frontisque modestia signa
Portendunt, mentis expositiva sacræ.
Non favor intuitus Veneris suspirat ad usum,
Non oculi loquitur mobilitate stuprum.
Marcia marte potens vitium captivat et ægrum
In melius sexum degenerare facit.
Mentitur levitas sexus, nucleique saporem
Dissimilat facies perniciosa nucis.
Vasis pernicies spirat virtutis honorem,
Pullulat ex taxi cortice mellis odor.
Taxus mellificat, redolet mellita cicuta,
Dum viget in fragili pectore firma fides.
Res nova! vernat hiems, cornix albescit, acetum
Dat nectar, taxus mella, mirica rosam.
Marcia femineum sexum festivat, honestat
Naturam, taxum mellificare facit.
Increpat innatum facinus, nec inertia sexus
Legat in exilium spirituale decus.
Cum nuce rixatur nuclei præstantia, pugnant
Ægra superficies interiorque favus.
Marcia fraude carens, pia, casta, modesta, stupescit
Oppositis sexum consiliare bonis.
Tot dotes solidat custos patientia, nutrix
Morum, virtutis deliciosa comes.
Justo justa, sacro sacra, digna Catone, Catonis
Marcia, promeruit intitulata legi.

*Commendatio pulchræ mulieris.*

Pauperat artificis naturæ dona venustas
Tindaridis, formæ flosculus, oris honor.
Humanam faciem fastidit forma, decoris
Prodiga, syderea sic gravitate nitens.
Nescia forma paris, odii præconia, laudes
Judicis invidiæ promeruisse potest.
Auro respondet coma, non replicata magistro
Nodo, descensu liberiore jacet.
Dispensare jubar humeris permissa, decorem
Explicat, et melius dispatiata placet.
Pagina frontis quasi verba faventis, inescat
Visus, nequitiæ nescia, labe carens.
Blanda supercilia via lactea separat, arcus
Dimidii prohibent luxuriare pilos.

Nulli præradiant oculi, Venerisque ministri
Esse favorali simplicitate volunt.
Candori socero rubor interfusus in ore
Militat, a roseo flore tributa petens.
Linea procedit naris non ausa jacere,
Aut inconsulto luxuriare gradu.
Non hospes colit ora color, ne purpura vultus
Languescat, niveo disputat ore rubor.
Oris honor rubei suspirat ad oscula, risu
Succincto, modica lege labella tument.
Pendula ne fluitent, modico succincta tumore
Plena Dionea melle labella rubent.
Dentes contendunt ebori serieque retenta
Ordinis esse pares in statione student.
Colla polita munere certant superare tumorem,
Increpat et lateri parva mamilla sedet.
Respondent ebori dentes, frons libera lacti,
Colla nivi, stellis lumina, labra rosis.
Arctatur laterum descensus ad ilia, donec
Surgat ventriculo luxuriante tumor.
Intima festivat loca cella pudoris, amica
Naturæ, Veneris deliciosa domus.
Quod latet in regno Veneris dulcedo saporis
Index contactus esse propheta potest.
Pes brevis, articuli districti, carnea crura,
Nec vacua fluitat pelle polita manus.
Ne cumulo careat species sua dona maritant
Corporeæ dotes, effigiale bonum.
Materiæ pretium, formæ præstantia, quæque
Membra relativa sedulitate beant.
Materiam picturat opus prædulce, venusto
Materiæ pretio, materiata placent.
Non floris pretium marcescit turbine fastus,
Ceu teneræ parcat spina miserta rosæ.
Hoc facit ad Venerem, mihi tales eligo, tales
Describit quales Vindocinensis amat.
Hoc pretio Phrigios læsit bedea (sic) rapina
Priamidem, Trojæ flamma, ruina ducum.
Cur hanc Priamides rapuit si Græcia quærit,
Illic Hypolitum pone, Priapus erit.

*Vituperium vetulæ.*

Est Berta rerum scabies, fæx livida, vultu
Horrida, naturæ desipientis opus;
Altera Thesiphone, confusio publica, larvæ
Consona, conspectu sordida, tabe gravis;

Corpore terribilis, aspectu fœda, quietas
Cervicis scabies non sinit esse manus.
Dum latitat scabies, rigido larvata galero,
Debita deesse sibi pabula musca dolet.
Pelle, pilis caput est nudum, frutexque rigescit
Fronte minax, turpis, livida, sorde fluens.
Silva supercilii protenditur hispida, sordem
Castigat, fruticis obice claudit iter.
Triste supercilium tabem retinere laborat
Cervicis, nares progrediendo tegit.
Auris sorde natat, non orbiculata, redundat
Vermibus, huc illuc pendet obesa madens.
Livescunt oculi, sanies discurrit, inundat
Fluxus, lippa tegit, lumina fæce tepent.
Dum volitant avidæ circum sua lumina muscæ,
Palpebra viscatas muscipulare solet.
Naris sima jacet fœtens, obliqua meatu
Distorto, flamen exitiale vomit.
Proxima labra madant, fluxu distillat et ægrum
Naris ad hospitium pendula spuma redit.
In rugas crispata riget gena fœta lituris
Insita, quas oculos tabe fluente notat.
Pendula palescunt et marcida labra, saliva
Cerbereos rictus stercorat ægra sinus.
In dentes rubigo furit, quos spiritus egit,
Et tineæ duplici perditione premunt.
Non parcet scabies collo vicina, quod horret
Nodis, quod sordet ulcere, tabe natat.
Venis distrahitur pectus, similatque mamillis
Consona vesicæ panniculosa cutis.
Livida costarum macies exire minatur,
Pellitum queritur carnis egere latus.
Turgescit stomachus scabie quam proxima lethe
Suscitat inferni janua triste chaos.
Hoc ibi pernicies staturam contrahit go, (sic.)
Inscriptum breviter terga tumere facit.
Sentibus horrescit descensus ad infima, latrat
Cerberus, exundat fæce lacuna patens.
Emeritis hirsuta pilis hiat olla lacunæ,
Consona fluminei gurgitis unda rubet.
Est genuum conpago rigens inbuta fluenti
Diluvio, spargi se Flegetonte dolet.
Tibia tumescit scabie, cogitque ciragra
Reciprocos digitos osse podagra pedes.

*Temporum descriptio.*

Ver roseum tenero lascivat flore, laborat
Picturare Ream floridiore coma.
Solis amica calet æstas æstuque redundans
Nititur interpres nominis esse sui.
Vinitor autumpnus, Bachi pincerna, propinat
Uvæ delicias, horrea messa replet.
Horret hiems triplici panno pellita, noverca
Florum, lascivi pectoris ægra comes.
Sunt partes anni bis binæ, ver tepet, æstas
Æstuat, autumpnus uva dat, alget hiems.
Ver florum genitor, æstas nutricula, fructu
Ditior autumpnus, prodiga vestis hiems.
Ver turbat renes, in vere furit Diogenes;
Ver Veneri juvenes implicit et senes.
Lucifer astra fugat, solis præcursor, ad ortum
Respirat, melior exule nocte dies.
Legat in exilium tenebras Aurora, cubile
Titani viduans, purpurat ora Jovis.
Hirsuto comitata gelu, lux serpit et ortus,
Tempora canicies anticipare studet.
Uberius radios Phœbus dispensat, anhelant
Quadrupedes curru dimidiante diem.
Migrat ad antipodes Phœbus, declivior axis
Vergit ad occasum languidiore rota.

*Descriptio loci.*

Naturæ studium locus est quo veris abundant
Deliciæ, veris gratia, veris opes.
Tellus luxuriat crinito gramine, gramen
Vernat flore, tepet aurula, spirat odor.
Blanditur natura loco, donando favoris
Prodiga, donatis rebus egere potest.
Donandi transgressa modum sibi ullam refervens,
Purpurat ornatu floridiore locum.
Perpetuat Zephirus flores, hirsutaque bruma
Non infestat humum pauperiore coma.
Pullulat in flores humus, humida gleba maritat
Se glebæ, redolet flosculus, herba sapit.
Non rabies canis aut cancri, vernantis honorem
Floris conmutat pauperiore toga.
Natali tumulo dulcis rosa dives amictu
Vernat, odoratus deliciosa comes.
Fœniculus crispata viret, quæ dives odore
Castigare solet spirituale malum.

Mollia nigrescunt vaccinia, naris amica;
Lilia procedunt candidiora coma.
Vertitur ad solem cyane, grave vulnus amoris,
Phœbæi nutus prædicat herba sequax.
Salvia procedit, piperi quem leve maritat,
Qui facit inmensas luxuriare dapes.
Artemisia viget, quæ vultu glauca, saporem
Bachi deliciis luxuriare solet.
Quem castum redolet, pallet narcissus amoris
Indicium facie pallidiore gerens.
Qui procul Bachi festivat, surgit ysopus
Intitulare potens dolia plena deo.
Quod gustu commendat ovis vel dama popello
In triviis, raris crinibus, herba viret.
Petrosilla apis certantia vultu (sic)
Et simili similis denegat esse sapor.
Statura brevi trifolium sedet esca popelli,
Et jejunanti cœnula festa viro.
Quæ renes cessare jubet lactuca noverca
Exurgit Veneris, religionis amans.
Ad Venerem faciens genitrix eruca rigescit,
Suscitet ut semen candida cepa potens.
Vicinatur humi residens plantago, tumorem
Castigans carnis et residere jubens.
Prodit humo dormire studens papaver, aneti
Vernant deliciæ, naris amicus odor.
Purgatrix stomachi, faciensque tonitrua, purgit,
Surgit ab officii nomine nomen habens.
Lilia sectantur vestis candore, ligatur
Ad vulnus, faciens lanceolata jacet.
Pallescit rubor in violis, mediusque videtur
Nescio quis neuter inter utrumque color.
Oris deliciæ prodit gingember acutus,
Vernantes certat perpetuare comas.
Florescunt tima, victus apum quæ duplice fructu
Ditant luminibus templa, sapore gulam.
Disputat, et melius redolet, conflictus odoris,
Et quæ non possunt singula, multa juvant.
Gustas apis florem carpendo, labore magistro,
Monstrans humanæ commoditatis iter.
Non prædatori boreæ de flore tributum
Solvit, gratuitas inviolata loci.
Ne pereat nutricis inops infantia floris,
Commodat altrices fons redivivus aquas.
Vestit humum decus arboreum, frigusque propinans
Solis ad exilium nititur umbra tepens.

Quercus alumna suis cœlum vertice maritat,
Votivoque suum respicit ore Jovem.
Laurus vatis honos, hibernas despicit iras,
Et spolii gaudet integritate frui.
Ulmus lata viret, triviis umbratilis, umbra,
Titire, consurgit fagus amica tibi.
Albescit palmæ coma, ramus ejus osanna
Audit, christicola vociferante viro.
Astra petens, patulos in ramos pullulat ylex,
Quæ solet esse domus mellificantis apis.
Initiale mali semen vitæque noverca,
Ficus adest primo noxia prima patri.
Vicinatur humi buxus quæ sistra propinat
Exubiis, tegimen ministeriale cruci.
Artificis mediante manu dans vasa Liei,
Pluribus in nodis præsolidatur acer.
Qui Bachi pateras prohibet requiescere, prodit
Vespertina gerens prandia, curva pirus.
Pomus progreditur dans succimentia rauco,
Hercula carboni conficienda mero.
Cerasa plena rubent, sed jacturam brevitatis
Illorum redimit deliciosus honor.
Arborei generis surgit regina cypressus,
Quæ regem regum tangere digna fuit.
Testis amicitiæ Paridis, nymphæque repulsæ,
Pullulat in molles populus alba comas.
Frondescit platanus, cornus nodosa, noverca
Taxus apum, redolens cyamus, uda salix.
Egregio pollet effectu myrra, liquore
Vivifico, carnem luxuriare potens.
Altior ad nubes tollit caput ardua pinus,
Undis judicibus expositura rates.
Virga propinatrix thuris consurgit, honorem
Votivæ mentis exhibitura Deo.
Prodit amigdaleus fructus quem febris avita
Torquet languenti sana dieta viro.
Pullulat ex cujus spolio tractura colorem
Artificem præstans vestibus, alnus adest;
Flore rubet sapido, rubens mitescit odore
Armorum feritas, asperitasque togæ.
Ardua morus adest, cui momentanea proles
Sanguine Pirameo premitus alba rubet.
Æsculus egreditur ævo majore reservans
Fructum mellitum concavitate cadi.
Vitis adest, nostro major Jove tempore, plebis
Deliciæ, plebis gloria, plebis amor.

Plurima restat adhuc arbor, sed Musa labellum
Comprimit, et brevitas auris amica placet.
Non infestat aquas solis tepor, immo teporem
Ramorum series orbiculata sonet;
Humor amicitiæ solis sua jura maritans
Destinat in florum fructificare comas.
Altera gratuitas superest, cumulantque decorem
Egregie studio garrulitatis aves.
Vociferans 'occide,' dolens philomena querelas
Et sua jocundo dampna dolore canit.
Vox merulæ resonat, quæ facta domestica, nostræ
Vocis adulterio nobilis esse solet.
Psitacus exclamat præsentatura triumphis
Cæsareis, lingua degenerante, 'vale.'
In scelus, in litem certans armatur alauda,
Læta prophetanti concinat ore diem.
Argi luminibus stellatus pavo superbus
Et picturatæ vestis honore nitet.
Nidificat ramis Veneri dicata columba,
Incestum redimens simpliciore coma.
Turtur amica gemit, primo jurata marito,
Continuativi pignus amoris amans.
Hic canit, hic habitat maculis distincta coturnix,
Et rigido perdix excrucianda veru.
Qui proprias canit exequias, mortisque propinquus
Despicit articulum, fonte resultat olor.
Materiam logici conflictus pica propinans,
Nescio quo medio membra colore tegit.
Birex nanus adest, qui staturæ brevitatem
Nominis intitulat nobilitate sui.
Non piccus fabricator abest, ovi fabrica rostrum
Dum sibi de sociis hospita tecta fodit.
Garrula pigrescit et avara monedula, sueta
Exilio nostros concelebrare lares.
Vel patitur vel agit passer, cui nomina ponit
Et lumbis fluitans irrequieta Venus.
Non cornix, non corvus adest, non noctua sacrum
Blasphemat gemitus asperitate locum.
Non aquilæ primatus abest, nisi carmina plebis
Rumpat regalis conditionis honor.
Ergo relativos volucrum queremonia cantus
Dum movet, organicum carmen adesse putes.
Flos sapit, herba viret, parit arbor, fructus abundat,
Garrit avis, rivus murmurat, aura tepet.
Voce placent volucres, umbra calor, aura tepore,
Fons potu, rivus murmure, flore solum.

Gratum murmur aquæ, volucrum vox consona, florum
Suavis odor, amnis frigidus, unda tepens.
Sensus quinque loci prædicti gratia pascit,
Si collative quæque notata putes.
Unda juvat tactum, gustum sapor, et sonus aurem ;
Est volucris visus gratia, naris odor.
Non elementa vacant, quia tellus concipit, aer
Blanditur, fervor suscitat, humor alit.
Ciceides Musæ, paulo majora canamus,
Vobis freta, freto vela secunda damus.
Non omnes arbusta juvant humilesque miricæ,
Immo juvat lauri participare vicem.

*Loci brevis descriptio.*

Hic genius studet in melius, ver gramine pictum
Eximio terræ gremio præsentat amictum.
Pullulat herbula, nunciat aurula veris honorem ;
Flosculus emicat, et rosa prædicat orta teporem.
Fons vitreus, fons nectareus, nova germina florum
Vivificat, fovet, amplificat, spirans odorem.
Non spoliat nec depreciat rigor hostis iniquus
Temperiem, retinet speciem flos veris amicus.

*De amore protervo et procacitate amantis.*

Plurima cum soleant sacros evertere mores,
Altius evertit femina, census, honos.
Femina, census, honos, monimenta facesque malorum,
In scelus, in gladios, corda manusque trahunt.
Femina res fragilis, nunquam nisi crimine constans,
Nunquam sponte sua desinit esse nocens.
Femina flamma vorax, furor ultimus, unica clades,
Et docet et discit quidquid obesse potest.
Femina vile forum, res publica, fallere nata,
Successisse putat, cum licet esse ream.
Femina triste jugum, querimonia juris et æqui,
Turpe putat quociens turpia nulla gerit.
Femina tam gravior, quanto privatior hostis,
Invitat crimen munere, voce, manu.
Omnia consumens, vitio consumitur omni,
Et prædata viros, præda fit ipsa viris.
Corpus, opes, animos enervat, diripit, angit,
Tela, manus, odium, suggerit, armat, alit.
Femina mente Pari, (sic) vita spoliavit Uriam,
Et pietate David et Salomon[a] fide.
Femina sustinuit jugulo dampnare Johannem,
Ypolitum leto conpedibusque Joseph.

Femina mente gerit, vita probat, actibus inplet,
Quo lex, quo populus, quo præsul, ipsa ruit.
Nec minus inmutat animos quando eruit aurum,
Nec minus illicitum currere monstrat iter.
Vir et quem pudeat viro pervertere rectum,
Quem pigeat pretio quolibet esse reum.
Auro perficitur quicquid captatur inique,
Non caret affectu qui dare multa potest.
Auro flectitur dux, miles, parcitur hosti;
Nemoque protenso munere vana rogat.
Aurum corda movens, oculorum præda sacrorum,
In facinus puras armat agitque manus.
Auro sæpe labat virtus et robur eorum
Quorum corda Deus, cætera laudat homo.
Et quem vitares cervicem impendere leto,
Spe modici fructus cuncta licere potest.
Hostis atrox judexque gravis tortorque severus
Spe pretii laxant prælia, jura, manus.
Aurum castra locat, classem parat, extrahit enses,
Spernere vim, ventos, æquora, tela docet.
Solvit conjugium, prorumpit claustra pudoris,
Sacras cæde manus inquinat, ora dolis.
Auro perjurus Polimestor, adultera Dane,
Perfida Tarpeya,*
Auro Crassus obit, miro ruit Amphiaranus,
Auro castra, duces, jus, populique cadunt.
Quem vero nec res nec femina frangere possunt,
Ambitus expugnat conscleratque pium.
Ambitus in vetitum mores deflectit, et infra
Posse suum quemque non sinit esse reum.
Hujus opes turbare duces, mutare coronas,
Innocuis letum, sceptra parare reis.
Urbibus excidium, templis præparare ruinam,
Sternere patricios ensibus, igne lares.
Naturam vitiis, superos offendere ritu,
Parcere tunc tantum dum nocuisse nequit.
Quem semel arripiunt tantæ contagia cladis,
Cuncta licere putat, dum sibi regna parat.
Sustinet hic gladios in patrem ferre, nec unquam
Fraude, cruore, dolis, mens, manus, ora vacant.

* This line is defective in the MS.

*Wrt.*

## A FABLE, IN ENGLISH VERSE.

From the Bodleian Library, MS. Digby, No. 86, fol. 138, r°, written in the reign of Edward the First.

*Of the Vox and of the Wolf.*

A VOX gon out of the wode go,
Afingret so, that him wes wo;
He nes nevere in none wise
Afingret erour half so swithe.
He ne hoeld nouther wey ne strete,
For him wes loth men to mete;
Him were levere meten one hen,
Than half an oundred wimmen.
He strok swithe over all,
So that he of-sei ane wal;
Withinne the walle wes on hous,
The wox wes thider swithe wous;
For he thohute his hounger aquenche,
Other mid mete, other mid drunche.
Abouten he biheld wel ȝerne;
Tho eroust bigon the vox to erne,
Al fort he come to one walle.
And som therof wes a-falle,
And wes the wal over al to-breke,
And on ȝat ther wes i-loke;
At the furmeste bruche that he fond,
He lep in, and over he wond.
Tho he wes inne, smere he lou,
And ther of he hadde gome i-nou;
For he com in withouten leve
Bothen of haiward and of reve.
ON hous ther wes, the dore wes ope,
Hennen weren therinne i-crope
Five, that maketh anne flok,
And mid hem sat on kok.
The kok him wes flowen on hey,
And two hennen him seten ney.
"Wox," quad the kok, "wat dest thou thare?
Go hom, Crist the ȝeve kare!
Houre hennen thou dest ofte shome;
Be stille, ich hote, a Godes nome!"
Quath the wox, "Sire chauntecler,

Thou fle adoun, and com me ner.
I nabbe don her nout bote goed,
I have leten thine hennen blod;
Hy weren seke ounder the ribe,
That hy ne miȝtte non lengour libe,
Bote here heddre were i-take;
That I do for almes sake.
Ich have hem leten eddre blod,
And the chauntecler hit wolde don goed;
Thou havest that ilke ounder the splen;
Thou nestes nevere daies ten;
For thine lif-dayes beth al a-go,
Bote thou bi mine rede do;
I do the lete blod ounder the brest,
Other sone axe after the prest."
" Go wei," quod the kok, " wo the bi-go!
Thou havest don oure kunne wo.
Go mid than that thou havest nouthe;
Acoursed be thou of Godes mouthe!
For were I a-doun, bi Godes nome!
Ich miȝte ben siker of owre shome.
Ac weste hit houre cellerer,
That thou were i-comen her,
He wolde sone after the ȝonge,
Mid pikes, and stones, and staves stronge;
Alle thine bones he wolde to-breke,
Then we weren wel awreke."

HE wes stille, ne spak namore,
Ac he werth athurst wel sore;
The thurst him dede more wo,
Then hevede rather his hounger do.
Over al he ede and sohute;
On aventure his wiit him brohute
To one putte wes water inne,
That wes i-maked mid grete ginne.
Tuo boketes ther he founde,
That other wende to the grounde,
That wen me shulde that op-winde,
That other wolde a-doun winde.
He ne hounderstod nout of the ginne,
Ac nom that boket, and lop therinne;
For he hopede i-nou to drinke:
This boket beginneth to sinke.
To late the vox wes bi-thout,
Tho he wes in the ginne i-brout:
I-nou he gon him bi-thenche,

Ac hit ne halp mid none wrenche;
A-doun he moste, he wes therinne;
I-kaut he wes mid swikele ginne.
Hit miȝte han i-ben wel his wille
To lete that boket hongi stille:
Wat mid serewe, and mid drede,
Al his thurst him over-hede.
Al thus he come to the grounde,
And water i-nou ther he founde.
Tho he fond water, ȝerne he dronk,
Him thoute that water there stonk,
For hit wes to-ȝeines his wille:
"Wo worthe," quath the vox, "lust and wille,
That ne con meth to his mete!
ȝef ich nevede to muchel i-ete,
This ilke shome neddi nouthe,
Nedde lust i-ben of mine mouthe.
Him is wo in euche londe,
That is thef mid his honde.
Ich am i-kaut mid swikele ginne,
Other soum devel me broute her-inne;
I was woned to ben wiis,
Ac nou of me i-don hit hiis."

THE vox wep, and reuliche bigan:
Ther com a wolf gon after than
Out of the depe wode blive,
For he was afingret swithe.
Nothing he ne founde in al the niȝte,
Wer-mide his honger aquenche miȝtte.
He com to the putte, thene vox i-herde;
He him kneu wel by his rerde,
For hit wes his neiȝebore,
And his gossip, of children bore.
A-doun bi the putte he sat.
Quod the wolf, "Wat may ben that,
That ich in the putte i-here?
Hertou cristine, other mi fere?
Say me soth, ne gabbe thou me nout,
Wo haveth the in the putte i-brout?"
The vox hine i-kneu wel for his kun,
And tho eroust kom wiit to him;
For he thoute mid soumme ginne,
Him self houp bringe, thene wolf therinne.
Quod the vox, "Wo is nou there?
Ich wene hit is Sigrim that ich here."
"That is soth," the wolf sede,

"Ac wat art thou, so God the rede?"
"A," quod the vox, "ich wille the telle,
On alpi word ich lie nelle:
Ich am Reneuard, thi frend,
And ȝif ich thine come hevede i-wend,
Ich hedde so i-bade for the,
That thou sholdest comen to me."
"Mid the?" quod the wolf, "war-to?
Wat shulde ich ine the putte do?"
Quod the vox, "Thou art ounwiis,
Her is the blisse of paradiis;
Her ich mai evere wel fare,
Withouten pine, withouten kare:
Her is mete, her is drinke,
Her is blisse withouten swinke;
Her nis hounger never mo,
Ne non other kunnes wo;
Of alle gode her is i-nou."
Mid thilke wordes the volf lou.
"ART thou ded, so Gode the rede,
Other of the worlde?" the wolf sede.
Quod the wolf, "Wenne storve thou,
And wat dest thou there nou?
Ne beth nout ȝet thre daies a-go,
That thou and thi wif also,
And thine children, smale and grete,
Alle to-gedere mid me hete."
"That is soth," quod the vox,
"Gode thonk, nou hit is thus,
That ihc am to Criste vend,
Not hit non of mine frend.
I nolde, for alle the worldes goed,
Ben ine the worlde, ther ich hem foud.
Wat shuldich ine the worlde go,
Ther nis bote kare and wo,
And livie in fulthe and in sunne?
Ac her beth joies fele cunne:
Her beth bothe shep and get."
The wolf haveth hounger swithe gret,
For he nedde ȝare i-ete;
And tho he herde speken of mete,
He wolde bletheliche ben thare:
"A!" quod the wolf, "gode i-fere,
Moni goed mel thou havest me binome;
Let me a-doun to the kome,
And al ich wole the for-ȝeve."

"ȝe," quod the vox, "were thou i-srive,
And sunnen hevedest al forsake,
And to klene lif i-take,
Ich wolde so bidde for the,
That thou sholdest comen to me."
"TO wom shuldich," the wolfe seide,
Ben i-knowe of mine misdede?
Her nis nothing alive,
That me kouthe her nou srive.
Thou havest ben ofte min i-fere,
Woltou nou mi srift i-here,
And al mi liif I shal the telle?"
"Nay," quod the vox, "I nelle."
"Neltou," quod the wolf, "thin ore,
Ich am afingret swithe sore;
Ich wot to-niȝt ich worthe ded,
Bote thou do me soume reed.
For Cristes love, be mi prest."
The wolf bey a-doun his brest,
And gon to siken harde and stronge.
"Woltou," quod the vox, "srift ounderfonge,
Tel thine sunnen on and on,
That ther bileve never on."
"SONE," quad the wolf, "wel i-faie
Ich habbe ben qued al mi lif-daie;
Ich habbe widewene kors,
Therfore ich fare the wors.
A thousent shep ich habbe abiten,
And mo, ȝef hy weren i-writen.
Ac hit me of-thinketh sore.
Maister, shall I tellen more?"
"ȝe," quad the vox, "al thou most sugge,
Other elles-wer thou most abugge:"
"Gossip," quod the wolf, "forȝef hit me,
Ich habbe ofte sehid qued bi the.
Men seide, that thou on thine live
Misferdest mid mine wive;
Ich the aperseivede one stounde,
And in bedde to-gedere ou founde.
Ich wes ofte ou ful ney,
And in bedde to-gedere ou ley;
Ich wende, al so othre doth,
That ich i-seie were soth,
And therfore thou were me loth;
Gode gossip, ne be thou nohut wroth."

"VUOLF," quad the vox him tho,
"Al that thou havest her bifore i-do,
In thohut, in speche, and in dede,
In euche otheres kunnes quede,
Ich the forȝeve at thisse nede."
"Crist the forȝelde!" the wolf seide.
"Nou ich am in clene live,
Ne recche ich of childe ne of wive.
Ac sei me wat I shal do,
And ou ich may comen the to."
"Do?" quod the vox, "ich wille the lere.
I-siist thou a boket hongi there?
Ther is a bruche of hevene blisse,
Lep therinne, mid i-wisse,
And thou shalt comen to me sone."
Quod the wolf, "That is liȝt to done."
He lep in, and way sumdel;
That weste the vox ful wel.
The wolf gon sinke, the vox arise;
Tho gon the wolf sore agrise.
Tho he com amidde the putte,
The wolf thene vox opward mette.
"Gossip," quod the wolf, "wat nou?
Wat havest thou i-munt, weder wolt thou?"
"Weder ich wille?" the vox sede,
"Ich wille oup, so God me rede!
And nou go doun, with thi meel,
Thi biȝete worth wel smal.
Ac ich am therof glad and blithe,
That thou art nomen in clene live.
Thi soul-cnul ich wile do ringe,
And masse for thine soule singe."
The wrecche binethe nothing ne vind,
Bote cold water, and hounger him bind;
To colde gistninge he was i-bede,
Wroggen haveth his dou i-knede.
THE wolf in the putte stod,
Afingret so that he ves wod;
I-nou he cursede that thider him broute;
The vox ther of luitle route.
The put him wes the house ney,
Ther freren woneden swithe sley.
So that hit com to the time,
That hoe shulden arisen ime,
For to suggen here houssong.
O frere ther wes among,

Of here slep hem shulde awecche,
Wen hoe shulden thidere recche.
He seide, "Ariseth on and on,
And kometh to houssong hevereuchon."
This ilke frere heyte Ailmer,
He wes hoere maister curtiler;
He wes hofthurst swithe stronge,
Riȝt amidward here houssonge,
Alhone to the putte he hede;
For he wende bete his nede.
He com to the putte, and drou,
And the wolf was hevi i-nou;
The frere mid al his maine tey
So longe, that he thene wolf i-sey:
For he sei thene wolf ther sitte,
He gradde, "The devel is in the putte!"
TO the putte hy gounnen gon
Alle, mid pikes, and staves, and ston,
Euch mon mid that he hedde,
Wo wes him that wepne nedde.
Hy comen to the putte, thene wolf op-drowe;
Tho hede the wreche fomen i-nowe,
That weren egre him to slete
Mid grete houndes, and to bete.
Wel and wrothe he wes i-swonge,
Mid staves and speres he wes i-stounge.
The wox bicharde him, mid i-wisse,
For he ne fond nones kunnes blisse,
Ne hof duntes forȝeveness. *Explicit.*

*Mdn.*

## BOUNDS BETWEEN CAMBRIDGE, HUNTINGDON AND NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

From MS. Cotton. Nero D. x. folio 140, of the thirteenth century.

Istæ sunt metæ inter comitatus Huntyngdon. Norhamton. et Cantebr. compertæ per inquisitionem factam die Jovis proximo ante festum Sancti Hillarii apud Huntyngdon. anno regni regis Henrici filii regis Johannis xxviij° per multos probos homines et legales, qui dixerunt super sacramentum suum quod hæ sunt metæ inter comitatus Huntyngdon. Norh. et Canteb. viz. quod quædam aqua quæ vocatur Nene dividit comitat. Hunt. et Norh. ad Aylyngtone, et de Aylyngtone extendit usque ad pontem de Walmesforde, excepto feodo domini Henrici Cengayne,* et postea ad Medewelle de sub Burgo, et ad Medewelle incipiunt comitatus Hunt. et Cantebr., et post Medewelle usque Chyselawe, et inde usque ad Wodehevede, et inde usque ad Suthmustesmuthe, et inde usque ad Olthe, et inde usque ad Frydayslake, et inde usque ad Sadelbowe, et inde usque ad Dedemile, et inde usque ad Wysahammuthe, et ibi cadit Nene in Huse, et inde per medium Benewyke usque ad pontem de Herhythe, et inde usque ad Haliwelle, et usque ad prioratum Sancti Ivonis, et inde usque ad Stanton-Gysebryt, et includit Hiltone, et inde usque ad Pappeworthe-Anneys, et inde usque ad Gyllynge, et inde usque ad Touleslond, et inde usque ad Welde, et inde usque ad Magnam-Grantesdene, et inde ad Wereslee, et inde ad Abboteslee, et inde ad Catteworthe, et inde ad Evertone, et inde ad Bereforde, et inde ad Sanctum Neotum, et inde ad Hayleswestone, et inde ad Magnam Stottone, et inde ad Kymbanton, et inde ad Swyneshevede, et inde ad Conyngton, et inde ad Keston, et inde ad Wynewyke, et inde ad Thernynge, et inde ad Lillyngtone, et inde ad Lodyngtone, et inde ad Aylyngtone.

*H. E.*

* *forte* Engaine.

## LYARDE.

From MS. Eccl. Cath. Lincoln, fol. paper, sæc. XV. compiled by Robert Moreton, in the reign of Henry the Sixth.

Lyarde es ane olde horse, and may noght wele drawe,
He salle be putt into the parke holyne for to gnawe;
Barefote withowttyne schone, thare salle he goo,
For he es ane olde horse, and may no more doo.
Whilles that lyarde myght drawe, the whilles was he luffed,
Thay putt hym to provande, and therwyth he provede;
Now he may noghte do his dede, as he myght by-forn,
Thay lyg by-fore hym pese-straa, and beris away the corn.
Thay lede hym to the smethy, to pulle of his schone,
And puttis hym to grenwode, ther for to gone.
Wha so may noghte do his dede, he salle to park,
Barefote withowttene schone, and ga with lyarde.
Take hym unto his pilche, and to his pater noster,
And pray for hym that may do, for he es bot a wastur.
For-thi serve thou thy wyfe, as thi covaunde was,
Or gete hir an other, and bryng hym to thi place.
Thou made in thi forwarde to bedd and to bourde,
Thu may noghte for schame agayne say that word.
Alle the wyfes of this land, thay ere at assente,
Thay hafe purcheste thame a parke at the parlement;
The kynge hase thame grauntide by the comone lawe,
That alle salle in to the parke that may not wele drawe;
He that may not do his dede one evyne nor on morowe,
He salle be put into the parke, with mekille harde [sorowe?]
He that may wele do his dede in a fo[urtenyghte?]
He salle be at hame with skille . . . . . .
He that faylis in thre w[ekes] . . . . . .
He salle be put . . . . . .
He that may . . . . . .
He salle be geldid or he go of bathe his balloke stonys,
And pulled of his schone, and putt to the pasture,
Fro the tyme of Michelmes tille it be after Ester.
Whene that he hase travelde ther the wynter halfe ȝere,
Thane he salle be takyne owte, and mad a sekke ferere
In the howse of dyng, thriste in that abbaye,
Be he anes theder broghte, he commes never awaye.
Smale swywynge menne thedir salle be fettyne
* * * * * * * * * *
Thay salle be brynte on the hippe, chapmans merke,
Bothe in froste and in snawe to go with lyarde.

Alle that passe the age of thre score of ȝere,
That may noghte in bedd do, salle be a frere;
Thay salle were non other serke bot the harde hayere.
And ȝitt salle thay be coussid awaye at Appilby faire,
As wyfes makis bargans, a horse for a mare,
Thay lefe ther the febille and brynges ham the freche ware.
Clense wele your eghne, and standis on bakke,
For here es comene a presepe, swykke menne to take.
Elevyne myle on lenghe the parke es mett,
And twenty on brede the some es sette;
And ȝett it es filled fro the to syd to the tother,
And yitt standis ther owtt twenty wayne fothere.
ȝit ther salle into the parke many on maa,
Of everilke towne in Yrlande ane or twa.
The laste manne in the parke was a graye frere,
Therin he dwelte the wynter halfe ȝere,
And ever more after barefote he gose;
And the gray freris, for that sorye lose,
Freris hase thame umbythoght, and sworne ilkane to other,
Salle never no counte betyne mane bycomen ther brother;
Bot if he may wele swyfe, and bere hym aryghte,
Twyse or thrise at the leste on a schorte somer nyghte,
That thane he salle the habete take, and by-come ther brother,
And this thay hafe mad ther house of one and of other.
[Thay] mak alle thaire howses of gud swyvers,
. . . . . dose downe the parke for love of the wyfes.
. . . . . ȝit hafe I noght done,
. . . . . kene forthir wole I sone,
. . . . . hase takyne thame to sone.
. . . . . to feche thair brother home,
And now hafe thay sworne by God and sayne John
That thay wille byg thame a house of lyme and of stonne.
Thay sett up, and lete crye in everylke a townne
For ther solde come to the house menne of relegeone;
Be he monke, be he frere, be he chonoune,
Thay chalange hym for brother that beris any crownne.
The mayster of the parke ansuerde with naye,
"Thare es a frere in this parke of ȝour abbaye,
For he myghte noghte do bot once in a ȝere,
Wyfes tuke hym the horne, and made hym fostere."
"Ful falle hym," sayde the freres, "that ever was he borne!
He es bot a lewed frere, he had never crowne schorne;
And that salle we prove by a gud skille:
Wyfes that hase geese, thay knawe this fulle wele,
Tak a ganedir that may not trede, and pulle hym in the crownne,
I-wysse a better trede foulle schalle none be in the towne.

And swa it faris by freris, that hase a crowne schorne,
Thay fare like the comone bulle that gase in menus corne,
Mete and drynke thay hafe ynoghe, bot swyvyng thame wanntis;
And for thay go so seldom to, thay gete grete sayntes."
" Santis in the devels name!" said the parkere,
" The frere sone of Oxenforthe was hanged for a mere;
And als I come hamewarde, another I mette
With a rape abowte his nekke to the gebette.
Other sayntis gett thay none, therfor thay wille noghte thee,
And therfore thay clyme alle to God one a schorte tree."
" By God! thou lyes," said the frere, " and that wille I prove,
And ther to fighte within lystis I wagge to the my glove;
Byd thi brethir make thame redy, if that thay wille fyghte,
For thay salle be assayllede within this fourtenyghte."
Than thay busked, and made thame bownne on everylk a syde,
Agaynes the nexte Mononday in the Whytsontyde,
Twenty thowsand ther come of flaterande freris,
And als many agaynes thame alle of parkers.
Thane smalle swywynge menne sett up a crye,
" God and sayne Silvester send us the maystrye!
Send the maystry to daye to us in this place."
" Sayne Frauncesse," said the freris, " gyffe ȝow sory grace,
And sende us the maystry, menne of relygeone!"
Thay made assawte to the parke and drewe it alle downe,
Thay pulled tham alle downe and mad it fulle playne,
And lete alle sory swywers gang hame agayne.
Twenty thowsand of the werste stale sone awaye,
The freris went ham agayne to ther abbaye.
And now are sary swywers brokyne owte of bande,
Thay fille alle fulle this Ynglande, and many other lande.
In everilk a toune ther es many one,
And everilk wyfe wenys hir selfe thar scho hafes one;
Scho wille saye to hir selfe, whene scho es in bedde,
" Myne husbande hase bene in the parke, I laye myne hede to wedde.
Whene he commes to the bedde, he slomers one slepe,
I wole that sayne Silvester had hym thane to kepe."
Whene maydens ere maryede, it es thaire maste karke,
Lesse thay be maryed to menne that hase bene in the parke.
For thus faris the worlde, for it es possebylle,
Ever a faire aud a fowlle, a fresche and a febylle.
Alle lyardes menne, I warne ȝowe byfore.
Bete the cownte with ȝour neffes, whene ȝe may do no more.
Thus endis lyarde, at the laste worde,
Yf a manne thynke mekille, kepe somewhate in horde.

*Here endys Lyarde.*

## SCRIPTURAL CHRONOLOGY,

### IN ANGLO-SAXON.

From MS. Cotton. Vespas. D. IV, fol. 69, v°. of the tenth century.

Fram Adame þam ærestan mænn ȝ fram fræmðe middan-geardes oððane flod wæs ger gerimes twa hund wintra ȝ twa ðusenda ȝ twa ȝ fiowertig. þonne fram ðam flode oð Abrahames acennesse wæron niogen hund wintra ȝ twa ȝ feowertig. ðonne fram Habrahame oð Moyses ȝ Israhela ut-gange of Egiptum wæron fif hund wintra ȝ eac fife. ðonne fram Moyse oð Salomon ȝ oððæt frum-ge-weorc ðæs temples on Hierusalæm wæron feower hund wintra ȝ eahta ȝ hund siofentig.

Fram fruman middan-gearde oð Cristes hider-cyme wæron fif ðusendo wintro ȝ twa hund ȝ eahta ȝ twentig. Fram frymðe middan-geardes oððæs temples ge-weorc wæron fiowær ðusenda wintra ȝ seofan ȝ sextig ȝ hund tiontig. ȝ ðara werhtana wæs þe ðane stan bæron to ðam ge-weorce, hund siofentig ðusenda ȝ hund eahtodig manna. ȝ ðara werhtena þe ðanæ stan sneoddon ȝ fegdon þara wæs hund siofentig ðusenda ȝ ðrio hund. ȝ ðanan wæs to Cristes ðrowunga twa ðusenda wintra ȝ seofen ȝ ðritig. ȝ ðanne wæs fram fremðe middan-geardes oð Rome burhge ge-weorc fiowær ðusendo wintro ȝ siofen ȝ hund eahtodig.

*Wrt.*

## SONG ON JACK STRAW'S REBELLION.

From a MS. in the Lib. of Corpus Chr. Coll. Cambr. No. 369. The lines inclosed in parenthesis are supplied from another copy in the Bodleian library, MS. Digby, 196. A line, or perhaps two, appears to be wanting in my transcript from the Digby MS.

Tax has tenet us alle, *probat hoc mors tot validorum,*
The kyng therof hade smalle, *fuit in manibus cupidorum ;*
Hit hade harde honsalle, *dans causam fine dolorum ·*
Revrawnce nede most falle, *propter peccata malorum.*
In Kent this kare began, *mox infestando potentes,*
In rowte the rybawdus ran, *sua pompis arma ferentes ;*
Folus dred no mon *regni regem neque gentes,*
Churles were hor chevetan *vulgo pure dominantes.*
Thus hor wayes thay wente, *pravis pravos emulantes,*
To London fro Kent, *sunt prædia depopulantes ;*
Ther was an uvel covent, *australi parte vagantes :*
Sythenne thay sone were schent, *qui tunc fuerant superantes.*
Bondus they blwñ (?) bost, *nolentes lege domari,*
Nede thay fre be most, *vel nollent pacificari ;*

Charters were endost, *hos libertate morari ;*
Ther hor fredam thay lost, *digni procede negari.*
Laddus loude thay lo3e, *clamantes voce sonora,*
The bisschop wen thay slo3e, *et corpora plura decora :*
Maners down thay drow3e, *in regno non meliora ;*
Harme thay dud i-no3e, *habuerunt libera lora.*
[Jak Strawe made yt stowte *in profusa comitiva,*
And seyd al schuld hem lowte *Anglorum corpora viva.*
Sadly can they schowte, *pulsant pietatis oliva,*
The wycche were wont to lowte *aratrum traducere otiva.*(?)
Hales that dowghty kny3ght, *quo splenduit Anglia tota,*
Dolefully he was dy3ght, *cum stultus pace remota,*
There he my3ght not fyght, *nec Christo solvere vota.*
* * * * * * * * *
Savoy semely sette, *heu ! funditus igne cadebat,*
Arcadon there they bett, *et eos virtute premebat,*
Deth was ther dewe dett, *qui captum quisque ferebat.*]
Owre kyng hadde no rest, *alii latuere caverna,*
To ride he was ful prest, *recolendo gesta paterna,*
Jak Straw down he kest Smythfeld *virtute superna,*
Lord, as thu may best, *regem defende, guberna.*

*Vulpes cum cauda caneat, cum cantat alauda,*
*Ne rapide pecus voculus capiatur et equus.*

*Wrt.*

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